

MISCELLANIES
IN
PROSE
AND
VERSE.

THE
THIRD VOLUME

To which are added
Several POEMS, and other Curious
Tracts not in the *English* Edition.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON Printed,
And Re-printed in DUBLIN, by and for Sam.
Fairbrother, at the *King's-Arms* in *Skinner-*
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70. b. 50.

MISCELLANIES

PROSE

AND

VERSE

THE D. D. D.

To be read

at the D. D. D.

at the D. D. D.

The D. D. D.

1840

And printed in London
at the D. D. D.
and opposite to the D. D. D.

ADVERTISEMENT
 For the Reader may be af-
 fured no other Edition is either Ge-
 neral or Complete, and that they are
 all the Issues of this Kind which will



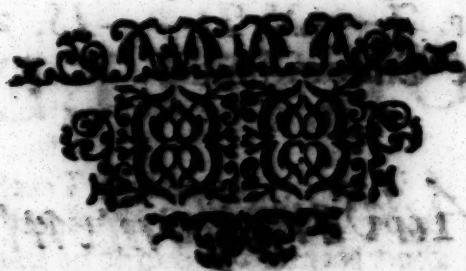
THE BOOKSELLERS *Advertisement.*

OF the following Volume, we
 O need only say, that it contains
 the Remainder of those Miscel-
 laneous Pieces, which were in some
 sort promised in the Preface to the for-
 mer Volumes, or which have been writ-

ii ADVERTISEMENT.

ten since. The Reader may be assured no other Edition is either Genuine or Compleat, and that they are all the Things of this Kind which will ever be Printed by the same Hands.

There are in this Volume, as in the former, one or two small pieces by other Hands.



THE



[P. 1]
THE
NARRATIVE

OF
Dr. Robert Norris,

CONCERNING

The *Strange* and *Deplorable* FRENZY
of Mr. *J—N D—IS*, an Officer
of the Custom-house.

It is an acknowledg'd Truth, that no-
thing is so dear to an honest Man as his
good Name, nor ought he to neglect the
just Vindication of his Character, when
it is injuriously attack'd by any Man. The Person
I have at present Cause to complain of, is indeed
in very melancholy Circumstances, it having
pleas'd God to deprive him of his Senses, which
may extenuate the Crime in Him. But I should
be wanting in my Duty, not only to my self, but
also to my Fellow-Creatures, to whom my Ta-
lents may prove of benefit, shou'd I suffer my
Profession or Honesty to be undeservedly aspers'd.
I have therefore resolv'd to give the Publick an
account

account of all that has past between that unhappy Gentleman and my self.

On the 20th instant, while I was in my Closet pondering the Case of one of my Patients, I heard a Knocking at my Door; upon opening of which enter'd an old Woman with Tears in her Eyes, and told me, that without my Assistance her Master would be utterly ruin'd. I was forc'd to interrupt her Sorrow by enquiring her Master's Name and Place of Abode. She told me he was one Mr. D—is an Officer of the Custom-house, who was taken ill of a violent Frenzy last April, and had continu'd in those melancholy Circumstances with few or no Intervals. Upon this I ask'd her some Questions relating to his Humour and Extravagancies, that I might the better know under what Regimen to put him, when the Cause of his Distemper was found out. Alas, Sir, says she, this Day fortnight in the Morning a poor simple Child came to him from the Printer's; the Boy had no sooner enter'd the Room, but he cry'd out *the Devil was come*. He often stares ghastfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his Teeth the Word *Cator*, or *Cato*, or some such thing. Now, Doctor, this *Cator* is certainly a *Witch*, and my poor Master is under an evil Tongue; for I have heard him say *Cator* has bewitch'd the whole Nation. It piti'd my very Heart, to think that a Man of my Master's Understanding and great Scholarship, (who, as the Child told me, had a Book of his own in Print,) should talk so outrageously. Upon this I went and laid out a Groat for a Horse-shoe, which is at this time nail'd on the Threshold of his Door; but I don't find my Master is at all the better for it; he perpetually starts and runs to the Window when any one knocks, crying out, *S' death! a Messenger from the French King! I shall die in the Bastile.*

Having

Having said this, the Old Woman presented me with a Viol of his Urine; upon Examination of which, I perceiv'd the whole Temperament of his Body to be exceeding *hot*. I therefore instantly took my Cane and my Beaver, and repair'd to the Place where he dwelt.

When I came to his Lodgings near *Charing-Cross*, up *three* Pair of Stars, (which I should not have publish'd in this manner, but that this Lunatick conceals the Place of his Residence, on purpose to prevent the good Offices of those charitable Friends and Physicians, who might attempt his Cure) when I came into the Room, I found this unfortunate Gentleman seated on his Bed, with Mr. *Bernard Linnott*, Bookseller, on the one side of him, and a grave elderly Gentleman on the other, who, as I have since learnt, calls himself a *Grammarian*; the Latitude of whose Countenance was not a little eclips'd by the Fullness of his Peruke. As I am a black lean Man of a pale Visage, and hang my Clothes on somewhat slovenly, I no sooner went in but he frown'd upon me, and cry'd out with violence, ' *S' Death, a French-man! I am betray'd to the Tyrant! who cou'd have thought the Queen wou'd have deliver'd me up to France in this Treaty, and least of all that you, my Friends, wou'd have been in a Conspiracy against me!* ' — Sir, said I, here is neither Plot nor Conspiracy, but for your advantage. The Recovery of your Senses requires my Attendance, and your Friends sent for me on no other account. I then took a particular Survey of his Person, and the Furniture and Disposition of his Apartment. His Aspect was furious, his Eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he roll'd about in an uncommon manner. He often open'd his Mouth, as if he wou'd have utter'd some Matter of Importance, but the Sound seem'd lost inwardly. His Beard was grown, which they told me he would not suf-

fer to be shav'd, believing the modern Dramatick Poets had corrupted all the Barbers in the Town, to take the first Opportunity of cutting his Throat. His Eye-brows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with Indignation when any thing was spoken, insomuch that he seem'd not to have smoothen'd his Forehead for many Years. His Flanel Night-Cap, which was exceedingly begrim'd with Sweat and Dirt, hung upon his Left Ear; the Flap of his Breeches dangled between his Legs, and the Rolls of his Stockings fell down to his Ankles.

I observ'd his Room was hung with *old Tapestry*, which had several Holes in it, caus'd, as the Old Woman inform'd me, by his having cut out of it the Heads of divers *Tyrants*, the Fierceness of whose Visages had much provoked him. On all sides of his Room were pinned a great many Sheets of a Tragedy called *Cato*, with Notes on the Margin with his own Hand. The Words *Absurd, Monstrous, Execrable*, were every where written in such large Characters, that I could read them without my Spectacles. By the Fire-side lay Three-farthings-worth of Small-coal in a *Spittoir*, and behind the Door huge Heaps of Papers of the same Title, which his Nurse inform'd me she had convey'd thither out of his sight, believing they were Books of the Black Art; for her Master never read in them, but he was either quite *mop'd*, or in *raging Fits*: There was nothing neat in the whole Room, except some Books on his Shelves very well bound and gilded, whose Names I had never before heard of, nor I believe are any where else to be found; such as *Gibraltar, a Comedy*; *Remarks on Prince Arthur*; *the Grounds of Criticism in Poetry*; *an Essay on publick Spirit*. The only one I had any Knowledge of was a *Paradise Lost*, interleav'd. The whole Floor was cover'd with Manuscripts, as thick as a Pastry Cook's Shop on a Christmas

Christmas Eve. On his Table were some Ends of Verse and of Candles; a Gallipot of Ink with a yellow Pen in it, and a Pot of half-dead Ale cover'd with a *Longinus*.

As I was casting my Eyes round on all this odd Furniture with some Earnestness and Astonishment, and in a profound Silence, I was on a sudden surpriz'd to hear the Man speak in the following manner:

"Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as
"with your Predecessor the famous *Hippocrates*,
"whom the mistaken Citizens of *Abdera* sent for
"in this very manner to cure the Philosopher
"Democritus; he return'd full of Admiration at
"the Wisdom of that Person whom he had sup-
"pos'd a Lunatick. Behold, Doctor, it was thus
"Aristotle himself and all the great Antients spent
"their Days and Nights, wrapt up in Criticism,
"and beset all around with their own Writings.
"As for me, whom you see in the same manner,
"be assur'd I have none other Disease than a Swel-
"ling in my Legs, whereof I say no more, since
"your Art may further certify you.

I began now to be in hopes that his Case had been misrepresented, and that he was not so far gone; but some timely Medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper Queries, which with the Answers made to me, I shall set down in Form of Dialogue, in the very Words they were spoken, because I would not omit the least Circumstance in this Narrative; and I call my Conscience to witness, as if upon Oath, that I shall tell the Truth without addition or diminution.

Doct. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this Swelling?

Denn. By a Criticism.

Doct. A Criticism! that's a Distemper. I never read of.

Denn. S'Death, Sir, a Distemper! It is no Distemper, but a Noble Art. I have sat fourteen Hours a Day at it; and are you a Doctor, and don't know there's a Communication between the Legs and the Brain?

Doct. What made you sit so many Hours, Sir?

Denn. Cato, Sir.

Doct. Sir, I speak of your Distemper, what gave you this Tumor?

Denn. Cato, Cato, Cato.*

Old Wom. For God's sake, Doctor, name not this evil Spirit, 'tis the whole Cause of his Madness: Alas, poor Master's just falling into his Fits.

Mr. Lintott. Fits! Z—— what Fits? A Man may well have Swellings in his Legs, that sits writing fourteen Hours in a Day. He got this by the Remarks.

Doct. The Remarks! what are those?

Denn. S'Death! have you never read my Remarks? I will be damn'd if this Dog *Lintott* ever publish'd my Advertisements.

Mr. Lint. Z——! I publish'd Advertisement upon Advertisement; and if the Book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G—, as much has been done for the Book, as cou'd be done for any Book in Christendom.

Doct. We do not talk of Books, Sir; I fear those are the Fuel that feed his *Delirium*; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this Discourse.

I desire a Word in private with this other Gentleman, who seems a grave and sensible Man: I suppose, Sir, you are his Apothecary.

Genl. Sir, I am his Friend.

Dr. I doubt it not. What Regimen have you observ'd since he has been under your Care? You re-

* Remarks on Cato, publish'd by Mr. D. in the Year, 1712.

of the Frenzy of, &c.

remember, I suppose, the Passage of *Celsus*, which says, if the Patient, on the third Day, have an Interval, suspend the Medicaments at Night; let Fumigations be used to corroborate the Brain; I hope you have upon no Account promoted Ster-
mulation by Hellebore.

Gent. Sir, no such matter, you utterly mistake.

Dr. Mistake? Am I not a Physician? and shall an Apothecary dispute my *Nostrums*— You may perhaps have fill'd up a Prescription or two of *Ratcliff's*, which chanced to succeed, and with that very Prescription injudiciously prescrib'd to different Constitutions, have destroy'd a Multitude. *Pharmacopola componat, Medicus solus prescribat.* Fumigate him, I say, this very Evening, while he is relieved by an Interval.

Denn. S'Death, Sir, my Friend an Apothecary! a base Mechanic! He who, like my self, professes the noblest Sciences in the Universe, Criticism and Poetry. Can you think I would submit my Writings to the Judgment of an Apothecary? By the Immortals, he himself inserted three whole Paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a Hand in my *Publick Spirit*, nay, assisted me in my Description of the *Furies*, and infernal Regions in my *Appius*.

Mr. Lintott. He is an Author; you mistake the Gentleman, Doctor, he has been an Author these twenty Years, to his Bookseller's Knowledge, and no Man's else.

Denn. Is all the Town in a Combination? Shall Poetry fall to the Ground? Must our Reputation be lost to all foreign Countries? O Destruction! Perdition! **Opera! Opera!* As Poetry once rais'd Cities, so when Poetry fails, Cities are overturn'd, and the World is no more.

* He wrote a Treatise proving the Decay of Publick Spirit to proceed from Italian *Opera's*.

Dr.

Dr. Norris's Narrative

Dr. He raves, he raves; Mr. Lintott, I pray you pinion down his Arms, that he may do no Mischief.

Denn. O I am sick, sick to Death!

Dr. That is a good Symptom, a very good Symptom. To be sick to Death (say the modern Physicians) is an excellent Symptom. When a Patient is sensible of his Pain, 'tis half a Cure. Pray, Sir, of what are you sick?

Denn. Of every thing, Of every thing, I am sick of the *Sentiments*, of the *Diction*, of the *Protests*, of the *Epitaphs*, and the *Catastrophe*— Alas, what is become of the *Drama*, the *Drama*?

Old Wom. The *Tram*, Sir? Mr. Lintott drank up all the Gin just now; but I'll go fetch more presently!

Denn. O shameful Want, scandalous Omission! By all the Immortals, here is no *Peripetia*, no Change of Fortune in the Tragedy; Z— no Change at all.

Old Wom. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, I'll fetch Change.

Dr. Hold your Peace, Woman, his Fit increases, good Mr. Lintott hold him.

Mr. Lintott. Plague on't! I am damnably afraid they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earnest. If he should be really mad, who the Devil will buy the *Remarks*?

[Here Mr. Lintott scratched his Head.]

Dr. Sir, I shall order you the cold Bath to morrow — Mr. Lintott, you are a sensible Man; pray send for Mr. Verdier's Servant, and as you are a Friend to the Patient, be so kind as to stay this Evening whilst he is cupp'd on the Head. The Symptoms of his Madness seem to be desperate; for *Avicen* says, that if Learning be mix'd with a Brain that is not of a Contexture fit to receive it, the Brain ferments till it be totally exhausted. We must eradicate these undigested Ideas

of the Frenzy of, &c.

Ideas out of the *Perecranium*, and reduce the Patient to a competent Knowledge of himself.

Denn. Caitiffs stand off; unhand me, Miscreants! Is the Man, whose whole Endeavours are to bring the Town to Reason, mad? Is the Man, who settles Poetry on the Basis of Antiquity, mad? Dares any one assert there is a *Peripatia* in that vile Piece that's foisted upon the Town for a Dramatick Poem? That Man is mad, the Town is mad, the World is mad. See *Longinus* in my right Hand, and *Aristotle* in my left; I am the only Man among the Moderns that support them. Am I to be assassinated? and shall a Bookseller, who hath liv'd upon my Labours, take away that Life, to which he owes his Support?

Gent. By your Leave, Gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I must not see my Friend ill treated; he is no more affected with Lunacy than my self: I am also of the same Opinion as to the *Peripatia*.—Sir, by the Gravity of your Countenance and Habit, I would conceive you to be a graduate Physician; but by your indecent and boisterous Treatment of this Man of Learning, I perceive you are a violent sort of Person, I am loath to say *Quack*, who, rather than his Drugs should lie upon his own Hands, would get rid of them, by cramming them into the Mouths of others: The Gentleman is of good Condition, sound Intellectuals, and unerring Judgment: I beg you will not oblige me to resent these Proceedings.

THESE were all the Words that pass'd among us at this Time; nor was there need for more, it being necessary we should make use of Force in the Cure of my Patient.

I privately whisper'd the old Woman to go to *Verdier's* in *Long Acre*, with Orders to come immediately with Cupping Glasses; in the meantime, by the Assistance of Mr. *Lintott*, we lock'd his

his Friend into a Closet, (who, 'tis plain from his last Speech, was likewise toucht in his Intellects) after which we bound our Lunatick Hand and Foot down to the Bedsted, where he continued in violent Ravings, notwithstanding the most tender Expressions we could use to persuade him to submit to the Operation, till the Servant of *Verdier* arrived. He had no sooner clap'd half a dozen Cupping-Glasses on his Head, and behind his Ears, but the Gentleman above-mention'd bursting open the Closet, ran furiously upon us, cut Mr. D—'s Bandages, and let drive at us with a vast Folio, which sorely bruise'd the Shin of Mr. *Lintott*; Mr. *John D—* is also starting up with the Cupping Glasses on his Head, seized another Folio, and with the same dangerously wounded me in the Skull, just above my right Temple. The Truth of this Fact Mr. *Verdier's* Servant is ready to attest upon Oath, who, taking an exact Survey of the Volumes, found that which wounded my Head to be *Gruterus's Lampas Critica*, and that which broke Mr. *Lintott's* Shin was *Scaliger's Poetices*. After this, Mr. *John D—* is strengthen'd at once by Rage and Madness, snatch'd up a Peruke-Block, that stood by the Bed-side, and wielded it round in so furious a Manner, that he broke three of the Cupping Glasses from the Crown of his Head, so that much Blood trickled down his Visage. He look'd so ghastly, and his Passion was grown to such a prodigious Height, that my self, Mr. *Lintott*, and *Verdier's* Servant, were oblig'd to leave the Room in all the Expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. *Lintott* home with me, in order to have our Wounds dress'd, and laid hold of that Opportunity of entering into Discourse with him about the Madness of this Person, of whom he gave me the following remarkable Relation:

That

That on the 17th of May, 1712. between the Hours of 10 and 11 in the Morning, Mr. John D— is enter'd into his Shop, and opening one of the Volumes of the *Spectator*, in the large Paper, did suddenly, without the least Provocation, tear out that of No— where the Author treats of Poetical Justice, and cast it into the Street. That the said Mr. John D— is on the 27th of March, 1712. finding on the said Mr. Lintott's Counter a Book called an *Essay on Criticism*, just then publish'd, he read a Page or two with much Frowning, till coming to these two Lines;

*Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
Turn'd Criticks next, and prov'd plain Fools at last.*

He flung down the Book in a terrible Fury, and cried out, By G— he means Me.

That being in his Company on a certain Time, when *Shakespeare* was mention'd as of a contrary Opinion to Mr. Dennis, he swore the said *Shakespeare* was a *Rascal*, with other defamatory Expressions, which gave Mr. Lintott a very ill Opinion of the said *Shakespeare*.

That about two Months since, he came again into the Shop, and cast several suspicious Looks on a Gentleman that stood by him, after which he desired some Information concerning that Person. He was no sooner acquainted, that the Gentleman was a new Author, and that his first Piece was to be publish'd in a few Days, but he drew his Sword upon him, and had not my Servant luckily catch'd him by the Sleeve, I might have lost one Author upon the spot, and another the next Sessions.

Upon recollecting all these Circumstances, Mr. Lintott was entirely of Opinion, that he had been mad for some Time; and I doubt not, but this whole Narrative must sufficiently convince the World of the Excess of his Frenzy. It now remains,

mains, that I give the Reasons which obliged me in my own Vindication to publish this whole unfortunate Transaction.

In the first place, Mr. *John D—* had industriously caused to be reported that I enter'd into his Room *Vi & Armis*, either out of a Design to deprive him of his Life, or of a new Play called *Coriolanus*, which he had ready for the Stage these four Years.

Secondly, He hath given out about *Fleetstreet* and the *Temple*, that I was an Accomplice with his Bookfeller, who visited him with Intent to take away divers valuable Manuscripts, without paying him Copy-Money.

Thirdly, He hath told others, that I am no Graduate Physician, and that he had seen me upon a Mountebank Stage in *Moorfields*, when he had Lodgings in the College there.

Fourthly, Knowing that I had much Practice in the City, he reported at the *Royal Exchange*, *Custom-house*, and other Places adjacent, that I was a foreign Spy, employ'd by the *French King* to convey him into *France*; that I bound him Hand and Foot; and that, if his Friend had not burst from his Confinement to his Relief, he had been at this Hour in the *Bastile*.

All which several Assertions of his are so very extravagant, as well as inconsistent, that I appeal to all Mankind whether this Person be not out of his Senses. I shall not decline giving and producing further Proofs of this Truth in open Court, if he drives the Matter so far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may restore him, to the full Enjoyment of his Understanding: So wisheth, as becometh a Christian,

From my House on
Snow-hill, July
the 30th. 1713.

Robert Norris, M. D.

God Save the Queen.

A



A full and true
A C C O U N T
 O F A

Horrid and Barbarous

Revenge by Poison,

On the Body of

Mr. **EDMUND CURLL**, Bookseller;

With a faithful COPY of his

Last **WILL** and **TESTAMENT**.

~~EXCISE~~ **ISTORY** furnishes us with Examples
 of many Satyrical *Authors*, who have
 fallen Sacrifices to Revenge, but not of
 any *Booksellers* that I know of, except
 the unfortunate Subject of the following Paper;
 I mean Mr. *Edmund Curll*, at the *Bible and Dial*
 in *Fleetstreet*, who was yesterday poison'd by Mr.
Pope, after having liv'd many Years an Instance of
 the mild Temper of the *British Nation*.

Every Body knows, that the said Mr. *Edmund Curll*, on Monday the 26th Instant, publish'd a Satyrical

tyrical Piece, entituled *Court Poems*, in the Preface whereof they were attributed to a Lady of Quality, Mr. Pope, or Mr. Gay; by which indiscreet Method, though he had escap'd one Revenge, there were still two behind in reserve.

Now on the *Wednesday* ensuing, between the Hours of Ten and Eleven, Mr. Lintott, a neigb'ring Bookseller, desir'd a Conference with Mr. Curll about settling a *Title-Page*, inviting him at the same Time to take a Whet together. Mr. Pope, (who is not the only Instance how Persons of bright Parts may be carry'd away by the Instigation of the Devil) found Means to convey himself into the same Room, under pretence of Business with Mr. Lintott, who it seems is the Printer of his *Homex*. This Gentleman with a seeming Coolness, reprimanded Mr. Curll for wrongfully ascribing to him the aforesaid Poems: He excused himself by declaring, that one of his Authors (Mr. *Oldmixon* by Name) gave the Copies to the Press, and wrote the *Preface*. Upon this Mr. Pope (being to all appearance reconcil'd) very civilly drank a Glas of Sack to Mr. Curll, which he as civilly pledged; and tho' the Liquor in Colour and Taste differ'd not from common Sack, yet was it plain by the Pangs this unhappy Stationer felt soon after, that some poisonous Drug had been secretly infused therein.

About eleven a Clock he went home, where his Wife observing his Colour chang'd, said, *Are you not Sick, my Dear?* He reply'd, *Bloody Sick*; and incontinently fell a vomiting and straining in an uncommon and unnatural Manner, the Contents of his vomiting being as green as Grass. His Wife had been just reading a Book of her Husband's printing, concerning *Jane Wenham*, the famous Witch of *Hertford*, and her Mind misgave her that he was bewitch'd; but he soon let her know that he suspected Poison, and recounted to her, between

Poisoning of Edmund Curll. 15

tween the Intervals of his Yawnings and Reachings, every Circumstance of his Interview with Mr. Pope.

Mr. Lintott in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the sudden Alteration he observ'd in him: Brother Curll, says he, *I fear you have got the Vomiting Distemper, which (I have heard) kills in half an Hour. This comes from your not following my Advice, to drink old Hock in a Morning, as I do, and abstain from Sack.* Mr. Curll reply'd, in a moving Tone, *Your Author's Sack I fear has done my Business.* Z——ds, says Mr. Lintott, *my Author!* ——— *Why did you not drink old Hock?* Notwithstanding which rough Remonstrance, he did in the most friendly Manner press him to take warm Water; but Mr. Curll did with great Obstinacy refuse it; which made Mr. Lintott infer, that he chose to die as thinking to recover greater Damages.

All this Time the Symptoms encreas'd violently, with acute Pains in the lower Belly. Brother Lintott, says he, *I perceive my last Hour approaching; do me the friendly Office to call my Partner, Mr. Pemberton, that we may settle our Worldly Affairs.* Mr. Lintott, like a kind Neighbour, was hastening out of the Room, while Mr. Curll rav'd aloud in this Manner: *If I survive this, I will be reveng'd on Tonson; it was he first detected me as the Printer of these Poems, and I will reprint these very Poems in his Name.* His Wife admonish'd him not to think of Revenge, but to take care of his Stock and his Soul: And in the same Instant, Mr. Lintott (whose Goodness can never be enough applauded) return'd with Mr. Pemberton. After some Tears jointly shed by these human Booksellers, Mr. Curll being (as he said) in his perfect Senses; though in great bodily Pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal Will (Mrs. Curll having first put on his Night-cap) in the following Manner.

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, in the first Place, I do sincerely pray Forgiveness for those indirect Methods I have pursued in inventing new Titles to old Books, putting Authors Names to Things they never saw, publishing private Quarrels for publick Entertainment; all which, I hope will be pardon'd, as being done to get an honest livelihood.

I do also heartily beg Pardon of all Persons of Honour, Lords Spiritual and Temporal, Gentry, Burgesses, and Commonalty, to whose Abuse I have any or every way contributed by my Publications. Particularly, I hope it will be consider'd, that if I have vilify'd his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, I have likewise aspers'd the late Duke of *Ormond*; if I have abused the honourable Mr. *Walpole*, I have also libel'd the Lord *Bolingbroke*; so that I have preserv'd that *Equality* and *Impartiality*, which becomes an *honest Man* in Times of Faction and Division.

I call my Conscience to witness, that many of these Things, which may seem malicious, were done out of *Charity*; I having made it wholly my Business to print for poor disconsolate Authors, whom all other Booksellers refuse. Only God bless Sir *Richard Blackmore*! you know, he takes no *Copy-money*.

The second Collection of Poems, which I groundlessly call'd Mr. *Prior's*, will sell for Nothing, and hath not yet paid the Charge of the Advertisements, which I was oblig'd to publish against him: Therefore you may as well suppress the Edition, and beg that Gentleman's Pardon in the Name of a dying Christian.

The *French Cato*, with the Criticism showing how superior it is to Mr. *Addison's*, (which I wickedly ascribed to Madam *Dacier*) may be suppress'd at a reasonable Rate, being damnably translated.

I protest

Poisoning of Edmund Curll. 17

I protest I have no Animosity to Mr. Rowe, having printed part of *Callipædia*, and an incorrect Edition of his Poems without his Leave, in Quarto. Mr. Gildon's *Rehearsal* or *Boys the Younger*, did more harm to me than to Mr. Rowe; tho' upon the Faith of an honest Man, I paid him double, for abusing both him and Mr. Pope.

Heaven pardon me for publishing the *Trials of Sodomy* in an *Elzevir* Letter! but I humbly hope, my printing Sir Richard Blackmore's *Essays* will atone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of these last, (which is near the whole Impression, Presents excepted) and let my poor Widow have in exchange the sole Propriety of the Copy of *Madam Mascranny*.

[Here Mr. Pemberton interrupted, and would by no Means consent to this Article, about which some Dispute might have arisen unbecoming a dying Person, if Mr. Lintott had not interposed, and Mr. Curll vomited.]

What this poor unfortunate Man spoke afterwards, was so indistinct, and in such broken Accents, (being perpetually interrupted by Vomitings) that the Reader is intreated to excuse the Confusion and Imperfection of this Account.

Dear Mr. Pemberton, I beg you to beware of the Indictment at *Hicks's Hall*, for publishing *Rochester's* bawdy Poems; that Copy will otherwise be my best Legacy to my dear Wife, and helpless Child.

The Case of *Impotence* was my best Support, all the last long Vacation.

[In the last Paragraph Mr. Curll's Voice grew more free, for his Vomitings abated upon his Dejections, and he spoke what follows from his Close-stool.]

For

For the Copies of Noblemen's and Bishop's *Last Wills and Testaments*, I solemnly declare I printed them not with any Purpose of Defamation; but merely as I thought these Copies lawfully purchased from *Doctors Commons*, at *One Shilling* a piece. Our Trade in Wills turning to small Account, we may divide them blindfold.

For Mr. *Mansouring's* Life, I ask Mrs. *Oldfield's* Pardon; Neither *His*, nor my Lord *Halifax's* Lives, though they were of service to their Country, were of any to me: But I was resolved, since I could not print their Works while they liv'd, to print their Lives after they were dead.

While he was speaking these Words, Mr. *Oldmixon* enter'd, *Ab! Mr. Oldmixon* (said poor Mr. *Curll*) *to what a Condition have your Works reduced me! I die a Martyr to that unlucky Preface. However, in these my last Moments, I will be just to all Men; you shall have your third Share of the Court Poems, as was stipulated. When I am dead, where will you find another Bookseller? Your Protestant Packet might have supported you, had you writ a little less scurrilously; there is a Mean in all things.*

Here Mr. *Lintott* interrupted. Why not find another Bookseller, Brother *Curll*? and then took Mr. *Oldmixon* aside and whisper'd him: Sir, *As soon as Curll is dead, I shall be glad to talk with you over a Pint at the Devil.*

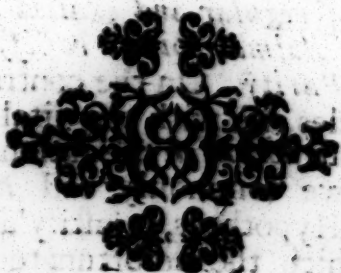
Mr. *Curll* now turning to Mr. *Pemberton*, told him, he had several *Taking Title-Pages* that only wanted Treatises to be wrote to them; and earnestly desired that when they were writ, his Heirs might have some Share of the Profit of them.

After he had said this, he fell into horrible Gripings, upon which Mr. *Lintott* advis'd him to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He desir'd his Wife to
step

Poisoning of Edmund Curll. 19

step into the Shop for a *Common-Prayer-Book*, and read it by the Help of a Candle, without Hesitation. He clos'd the Book, fetch'd a Groan, and recommended to Mrs. Curll to give Forty Shillings to the Poor of the Parish of St. Dunstan's, and a *Week's Wages* advance to each of his Gentlemen-Authors, with some small Gratuity in particular to Mrs. Centlivre.

The poor Man continued for some Hours with all his disconsolate Family about him in Tears, expecting his final Dissolution; when of a sudden he was surprizingly relieved by a plentiful foetid Stool, which obliged them all to retire out of the Room. Notwithstanding, it is judged by Sir Richard Blackmore, that the Poison is still latent in his Body, and will infallibly destroy him by slow Degrees, in less than a Month. It is to be hoped, the other Enemies of this wretched Stationer will not further pursue their Revenge, or shorten this small Period of his miserable Life.





A FURTHER
ACCOUNT

Of the most Deplorable Condition of
Mr. *EDMUND CURLL*, Bookseller.

THE Publick is already acquainted with the Manner of Mr. *Curll's* Imposition, by a faithful tho' unpolite Historian of *Grubstreet*. I am but the Continuer of his History; yet I hope a due Distinction will be made between an undignify'd Scribbler of a Sheet and half, and the Author of a Three-penny stitch'd Book, like my self.

* *Wit* (saith Sir *Richard Blackmore*) proceeds from a Concurrence of regular and exalted Ferments, and an Affluence of Animal Spirits rectify'd and refin'd to a Degree of Purity. On the contrary, when the igneous Particles rise with the vital Liquor, they produce an abstraction of the rational Part of the Soul, which we commonly call *Madness*. The Verity of this Hypothesis, is justify'd by the Symptoms with which the unfortunate Mr. *Edmund Curll*, Bookseller, hath been afflicted ever since his swallowing the Poison at the *Swan Tavern* in *Fleetstreet*. For tho' the Neck of his Retort, which carries up the Animal Spirits to the Head, is of an

* *Blackmore's Essays*, Vol. 1.

ex-

extraordinary length ; yet the said Animal Spirits rise muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable Particles of this uncommon Poison.

The Symptoms of his Departure from his usual Temper of Mind, were at first only *speaking civilly to his Customers, singeing a Pig with a new purchas'd Libel, and refusing Two-and-Nine-Pence for Sir Richard Blackmore's Essays.*

As the poor Man's Frenzy encreas'd, he began to void his Excrements in his Bed, read Rochester's bawdy Poems to his Wife, gave Oldmixon a slap on the Chops, and wou'd have kiss'd Mr. Pemberton's A— by Violence.

But at last he came to such a pass, that he wou'd dine upon nothing but Copper-Plates, took a Clyster for a whipt Syllabub, and made Mr. Lintott eat a Suppository for a Raddish with Bread and Butter.

We leave it to every tender Wife to imagine, how sorely all this afflicted poor Mrs Curll : At first she privately put a Bill into several Churches, desiring Prayers of the Congregation for a wretched Stationer distemper'd in Mind. But when she was sadly convinc'd that his Misfortune was publick to all the World, she writ the following Letter to her good Neighbour Mr. Lintott.

A true Copy of Mrs. Curll's Letter to Mr. Lintott.

Worthy Mr. Lintott,

‘ YOU, and all the Neighbours know too well,
‘ the Frenzy with which my poor Man is
‘ visited, I never perceived he was out of him-
‘ self, till that melancholy Day that he thought
‘ he was poison'd in a Glass of Sack ; upon this,
‘ he run a Vomiting all over the House, nay, in
‘ the new-wash'd Dining-room. Alas ! this is the
Vol. III, B greatest

' greatest Adversity that ever beset my poor Man,
 ' since he lost *one Testicle* at School by the bite of
 ' a black Boar. Good Lord ! if he should die,
 ' where should I dispose of the *Stock* ? unless Mr.
 ' *Pemberton* or you would help a distressed Widow ;
 ' for God knows he never publish'd any Books
 ' that lasted above a Week, so that if we wanted
 ' *daily Books*, we wanted *daily Bread*. I can write
 ' no more, for I hear the Rap of Mr. *Curll's Ivory-*
 ' *beaded Cane* upon the Counter. — Pray recom-
 ' mend me to your *Pastry-Cook*, (who furnishes
 ' you yearly with Tarts in exchange for your
 ' Papers) for Mr. *Curll* has disoblig'd ours, since
 ' his Fits came upon him ; — before that, we ge-
 ' nerally liv'd upon bak'd Meats. — He is coming
 ' in, and I have but just time to put his *Son* out
 ' of the way for fear of Mischief: So wishing you
 ' a merry *Easter*, I remain your

Most humble Servant,

C. Curll.

' P. S. As to the Report of my poor Husband's
 ' stealing a *Calf*, it is really groundless, for he al-
 ' ways binds in *Sheep*.

But return we to Mr. *Curll*, who all *Wednesday*
 continued outrageously mad. On *Thursday* he
 had a *lucid Interval*, that enabled him to send a
 general Summons to all *his Authors*. There was
 but one Porter, who cou'd perform this Office, to
 whom he gave the following Bill of Directions
 where to find 'em. This Bill, together with Mrs.
Curll's Original Letter, lie at Mr. *Lintott's* Shop
 to be perus'd by the Curious.

In-

*Instructions to a Porter, how to find
Mr. Curll's Authors.*

‘ **A**T a Tallow-chandlers in *Petty France*, half
‘ way under the blind Arch: Ask for the
‘ *Historian*.

‘ At the Bedsted and Bolster, a Musick-house in
‘ *Morefields*, two Translators in a Bed together.

‘ At the *Hercules* and *Still* in *Vinegar-Yard*, a
‘ Schoolmaster with Carbuncles on his Nose.

‘ At a Blacksmith's Shop in the *Friars*, a Pin-
‘ darick Writer in red Stockings.

‘ In the Calendar Mill-Room at *Exeter-Change*,
‘ a Composer of Meditations.

‘ At the Three Tobacco-Pipes in *Dog and Fitch*
‘ Yard, one that has been a Parson, he wears a blue
‘ Camblet-coat trim'd with black: my best Writer
‘ against *Reveal'd Religion*.

‘ At Mr. *Summers* a Thief-catchers, in *Lewknors*
‘ Lane, the Man that wrote against the Impiety
‘ of Mr. *Rowe's* Plays.

‘ At the Farthing Pye-House in *Tooting Fields*,
‘ the young Man who is writing my new *Pastorals*.

‘ At the Laundresses, at the Hole in the Wall
‘ in *Curstors Alley*, up three pair of Stairs, the
‘ Author of my *Church History*—— if his Flux be
‘ over —— you may also speak to the Gentleman,
‘ who lies by him in the Flock Bed, my *Index-*
‘ *maker*.

‘ The *Cook’s Wife* in *Buckingham Court* ; bid her
 ‘ bring along with her the *Similes* that were lent
 ‘ her for her next new Play.

‘ Call at *Budge Row* for the Gentleman you use
 ‘ to go to in the *Cockloft* ; I have taken away the
 ‘ *Ladder*, but his Landlady has it in keeping.

‘ I don’t much care, if you ask at the *Mint* for
 ‘ the old Beettle-brow’d Critick, and the purblind
 ‘ Poet at the Alley over-againſt *St. Andrew’s*
 ‘ *Holburn*. But this as you have time.

All theſe Gentlemen appear’d at the Hour appointed, in *Mr. Curll’s Dining-Room*, two excepted ; one of whom was the Gentleman in the *Cockloft*, his Landlady being out of the way, and the *Gradus ad Parnaffum* taken down ; the other happened to be too cloſely watch’d by the Bailiffs.

They no ſooner enter’d the Room, but all of them ſhew’d in their Behaviour ſome *Suſpicion* of each other ; ſome turning away their Heads with an Air of Contempt ; others ſquinting with a Leer that ſhew’d at once *Fear* and *Indignation*, each with a haggard abſtracted Mien, the lively Picture of *Scorn*, *Solitude*, and *ſhort Commons*. So when a Keeper feeds his hungry Charge of Vultures, Panthers, and of *Lybian Leopards*, each eyes his Fellow with a fiery Glare : High hung, the bloody Liver tempts their Maw. Or as a Houſewife ſtands before her Pales, ſurrounded by her Geefe ; they fight, they hiſs, they gaggle, beat their Wings, and Down is ſcatter’d as the Winter’s Snow, for a poor Grain of Oat, or Tare, or Barley. Such Looks ſhot through the Room tranſverſe, oblique, direct ; ſuch was the ſtir and din, till *Curll* thus ſpoke, (but without riſing from his Cloſe-ſtool.

‘ *Whores*

‘ *Whores* and *Authors* must be paid beforehand,
‘ to put them in good Humour; therefore here
‘ is half-a-Crown a-piece for you to drink your
‘ own Healths, and Confusion to Mr. *Addison*, and
‘ all other successful Writers.

‘ Ah Gentlemen! What have I not done, what
‘ have I not suffer’d, rather than the World should
‘ be depriv’d of your Lucubrations? I have taken
‘ involuntary Purges, I have been vomited, three
‘ times have I been can’d, once was I hunted,
‘ twice was my Head broke by a Grenadier, twice
‘ was I toss’d in a Blanket; I have had Boxes on
‘ the Ear, Slaps on the Chops; I have been fright-
‘ ed, pump’d, kick’d, slander’d, and beslitten. —
‘ I hope, Gentlemen, you are all convinc’d that
‘ this Author of Mr. *Lintott*’s could mean nothing
‘ else but starving you, by poisoning me. It re-
‘ mains for us to consult the best and speediest
‘ Methods of Revenge.

He had scarce done speaking, but the *Historian*
propos’d a History of his Life. The *Exeter-Ex-*
change-Gentleman was for penning Articles of
his Faith. Some pretty smart *Pindarick*, (says the
Red-Stocking Poet) would effectually do his Bu-
siness. But the *Index-maker* said there was nothing
like an *Index* to his *Homer*.

After several Debates they came to the follow-
ing Resolutions.

‘ *Resolv’d*, That every Member of this Society,
‘ according to his several Abilities, shall contri-
‘ bute some way or other to the Defamation of
‘ Mr. *Pope*.

‘ *Resolved*, That towards the Libelling of the
‘ said *Pope*, there be a Sum employ’d not exceed-
‘ ing Six Pounds Sixteen Shillings and Nine Pence
‘ (not including Advertisements.)

‘ *Resolv’d*, That he has on purpose, in several
 ‘ Passages, perverted the true ancient *Heathen*
 ‘ Sense of *Homer*, for the more effectual Propaga-
 ‘ tion of the *Papist* Religion.

‘ *Resolv’d*, That the Printing of *Homer’s Battles*
 ‘ at this Juncture, has been the Occasion of all
 ‘ the Disturbances of this Kingdom.

‘ *Ordered*, That Mr. *Barnivelt* be invited to be
 ‘ a Member of this Society, in order to make fur-
 ‘ ther Discoveries.

‘ *Resolv’d*, That a number of effective *Errata’s*
 ‘ be rais’d out of *Pope’s Homer* (not exceeding
 ‘ 1746,) and that every Gentleman, who shall send
 ‘ in one Error, for his Encouragement shall have
 ‘ the whole Works of this Society *gratis*.

‘ *Resolv’d*, That a Sum not exceeding Ten Shil-
 ‘ lings and Six-pence be distributed among the
 ‘ Members of this Society for *Coffee* and *Tobacco*,
 ‘ in order to enable them the more effectually to
 ‘ defame him in *Coffee-Houses*.

‘ *Resolv’d*, That towards the further lessening
 ‘ the Character of the said *Pope*, some Persons be
 ‘ deputed to abuse him at Ladies *Tea-Tables*, and
 ‘ that in consideration our Authors are not *well*
 ‘ *dress’d* enough, Mr. C——y, and Mr. Ke——l be
 ‘ deputed for that Service.

‘ *Resolv’d*, That a *Ballad* be made against Mr.
 ‘ *Pope*, and that Mr. *Oldmixon*, Mr. *Gildon*, and
 ‘ Mrs. *Centlivre*, do prepare and bring in the same.

‘ *Resolv’d*, That above all, some effectual Ways
 ‘ and Means be found to encrease the Joint Stock
 ‘ of the Reputation of this Society, which at pre-
 ‘ sent

‘ sent is exceedingly low, and to give their Works
‘ the greater Currency ; whether by raising the
‘ Denomination of the said Works by counterfeit
‘ Title-Pages, or mixing a greater Quantity of
‘ the fine Metal of other Authors, with the Alloy
‘ of this Society.

‘ *Resolv’d*, That no Member of this Society for
‘ the future mix *Stout* in his *Ale* in a Morning,
‘ and that Mr. B—— remove from the *Hercules*
‘ and *Still*.

‘ *Resolved*, That all our Members, (except the
‘ Cook’s Wife) be provided with a sufficient Quan-
‘ tity of the *vivifying Drops*, or *Byfield’s Sal Vi-*
‘ *latile*.

‘ *Resolv’d*, That Sir R—— B—— be appoint-
‘ ed to endue this Society with a large Quantity
‘ of *regular and exalted Ferments*, in order to en-
‘ liven their *cold Sentiments* (being his true Re-
‘ ceipt to make Wits.)

These Resolutions being taken, the Assembly
was ready to break up, but that they took so near
a-part in Mr. Curll’s Afflictions, that none of them
could leave him without giving him some Advice
to re-instate him in his Health.

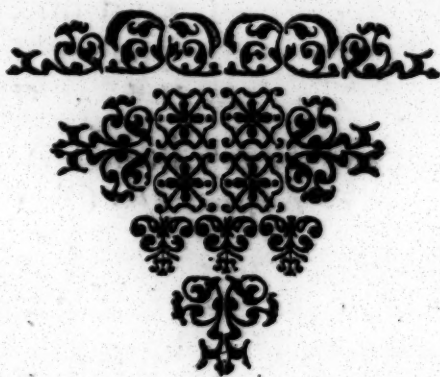
Mr. Gildon was of opinion, That in order to
drive a *Pope* out of his *Felly*, he should get the
Mummy of some deceas’d *Moderator* of the *Ge-*
neral Assembly in *Scotland*, to be taken inwardly as
an effectual Antidote against *Antichrist* ; but Mr.
Oldmixon did conceive, that the *Liver* of the Per-
son, who administred the *Poison*, boil’d in *Broth*,
would be a more certain Cure.

While the Company were expecting the Thanks of Mr. Curll, for these demonstrations of their Zeal, a whole Pile of Sir Richard's *Essays* on a sudden fell on his Head ; the Shock of which in an Instant brought back his Delirium. He immediately rose up, over-turn'd the Close-stool, and besh-t the *Essays* (which may probably occasion a *second Edition*) then without putting up his Breeches, in a most furious Tone he thus broke out to his Books, which his distemper'd Imagination represented to him as alive, coming down from their Shelves, fluttering their Leaves, and flapping their Covers at him.

Now G—d damn all *Folio's*, *Quarto's* *Octavo's* and *Duodecimo's* ! ungrateful Varlets that you are, who have so long taken up my House without paying for your Lodging ? — Are you not the beggarly Brood of fumbling *Journey-men* ; born in *Garrets*, among *Lice* and *Cobwebs*, nurs'd up on *Grey Peas*, *Bullocks Liver*, and *Porter's Ale* ? — Was not the first Light you saw, the *Farthing-candle* I paid for ? Did you not come before your Time into *dirty Sheets* of brown Paper ? — And have not I cloath'd you in double *Royal*, lodg'd you handsomely on *decent Shelves*, lac'd your *Backs* with *Gold*, equipt you with splendid *Titles*, and sent you into the World with Names of *Persons of Quality* ? Must I be *always* plagu'd with you ? Why flutter ye your Leaves, and flap your Covers at me ? Damn ye all, ye *Wolves* in *Sheeps Cloathing* ; Rags ye were, and to Rags ye shall Return. Why hold you forth your *Texts* to me, ye paltry *Sermons* ? Why cry ye — at every Word to me. ye *bawdy Poems* ? — To my Shop at *Tunbridge* ye shall go, by G — and thence be drawn like the rest of your Predecessors, bit by bit, to the *Passage-House* : For in this present Emotion of my Bowels, how do I compassionate those, who have great need, and nothing to wipe their Breech with ?

Having

Having said this, and at the same Time recollecting that his own was yet unwiped, be abated of his Fury, and with great Gravity, apply'd to that Function the unfinish'd Sheets of the Conduct of the Earl of N——m.





A Strange but True

RELATION

HOW

EDMUND CURLL,
of Fleetstreet, Stationer,

*Out of an extraordinary Desire of
Lucre, went into Change-Alley, and
was converted from the Christian Re-
ligion by certain Eminent Jews: And
how he was circumcis'd and initiat-
ed into their Mysteries.*

~~VARICE~~ VARICE (as Sir Richard in the Third
A Page of his Essays hath elegantly ob-
serv'd) is an inordinate Impulse of the Soul
towards the amassing or heaping together
a Superfluity of Wealth without the least Regard of
applying it to its proper Uses.

And how the Mind of Man is possessed with
this Vice, may be seen every Day both in the City
and Suburbs thereof. It has been always esteem-
ed by Plato, Puffendorf and Socrates, as the darling
Vice of old Age: But now our young Men are
turn'd Usurers and Stock-jobbers; and, instead of
lusting

lusting after the real Wives and Daughters of our rich Citizens, they covet nothing but their Money and Estates. Strange Change of Vice! when the Concupiscence of Youth is converted into the Covetousness of Age, and those Appetites are now become *VENAL*, which should be *VENEREAL*.

In the first Place, let us shew you how many of the ancient Worthies and Heroes of Antiquity, have been undone and ruin'd by this Deadly Sin of Avarice.

I shall take the Liberty to begin with *Brutus*, that noble Roman. Does not *Ætius* inform us, that he received Fifty Broad Pieces for the Assassination of that renowned Emperor *Julius Cæsar*, who sell a Sacrifice to the *Jews*, as *Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey* did to the *Papists*?

Did not *Themistocles* let in the *Goths* and *Vandals* into *Carthage* for a Sum of Money, where they barbarously put out the other Eye of the famous *Hannibal*? As *Herodotus* hath it in his ninth Book upon the Roman Medals.

Even the great *Cato* (as the late Mr. *Addison* hath very well observ'd) though otherwise a Gentleman of good Sense, was not unsully'd by this pecuniary Contagion: For he sold *Athens* to *Artaxerxes Longimanus* for a hundred *Rix-Dollars*, which in our Money will amount to two *Talents* and thirty *Sestertii*, according to Mr. *Demoivre's* Calculation. See *Hesiod* in his 7th Chapter of Feasts and Festivals.

Actuated by the same Diabolical Spirit of Gain, *Scylla* the Roman Consul shot *Alcibiades* the Senator with a Pistol, and robb'd him of several Bank Bills and Chequer Notes to an immense Value; for which he came to an untimely End, and was deny'd Christian Burial. Hence comes the Proverb *incidat in Scyllam*.

To come near to our own Times, and give you one modern Instance (tho' well known, and often quoted)

quoted by Historians, viz. *Echard, Dionysius Halicarnassæus, Virgil, Horace, and others*) 'Tis that, I mean, of the famous *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, one of the great Heroes of the Holy War, who rob'd *Cleopatra* Queen of *Egypt* of a Diamond Necklace, Ear-Rings, and a *Tompion's* Gold Watch (which was given her by *Mark Anthony*) all these things were found in *Godfrey's* Breeches Pocket, when he was kill'd at the Siege of *Damascus*.

Who then can wonder after so many great and illustrious Examples, that Mr. *Edmund Curll* the Stationer, should renounce the *Christian Religion* for the *Mammon* of Unrighteousness, and barter his precious Faith for the filthy Prospect of Lucre in the present Fluctuation of *Stocks*.

It having been observ'd to Mr. *Curll* by some of his ingenious Authors, (who I fear are not overcharg'd with any Religion) what immense Sums the *Jews* had got by *Bubbles, &c.* he immediately turn'd his Mind from the Business in which he was educated, but thriv'd little, and resolv'd to quit his Shop, for *Change-Alley*. Whereupon falling into Company with the *Jews* at their Club at the Sign of the *Cross* in *Cornhill*, they began to tamper with him upon the most important Points of the *Christian Faith*, which he for some time zealously, and like a good *Christian* obstinately defended. They promised him *Paradise*, and many other Advantages hereafter, but he artfully insinuated that he was more inclinable to listen to present Gain. They took the Hint, and promis'd him that immediately upon his Conversion to their Persuasion he should become as rich as a *Jew*.

They made use likewise of several other Arguments, to wit,

That the wisest Man that ever was, and inasmuch the richest, beyond all peradventure, was a *Jew*, videlicet *Solomon*. That

Circumcision of Edmund Curll. 33

That *David*, the Man after God's own Heart, was a *Jew* also. And most of the Children of *Israel* are suspected for holding the same Doctrine.

This Mr. *Curll* at first strenuously deny'd, for indeed he thought them *Roman Catholics*, and so far was he from giving way to their Temptations, that to convince them of his *Christianity* he call'd for a *Pork-Grisking*.

They now promis'd if he would poison his Wife and give up his *Grisking*, that he should marry the rich *Ben Meymon's* only Daughter. This made some Impression on him.

They then talk'd to him in the *Hebrew Tongue*, which he not understanding, it was observ'd had very great Weight with him.

They, now perceiving that his *Godliness* was only *Gain*, desisted from all other Arguments, and attack'd him on his weak side, namely that of *Avarice*.

Upon which *John Mendez* offer'd him an Eighth of an advantageous Bargain for the *Apostles Creed*, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then sold the *Nine and Thirty Articles* for a *Bull*; but insisted hard upon *Black-Puddings*, being a great Lover thereof.

Joshua Perrara engag'd to let him share with him in his *Bottomrye*, upon this he was persuaded out of his *Christian Name*; but he still adher'd to *Black-Puddings*.

Sir Gideon Lopez tempted him with *Forty Pounds* Subscription in *Ram's Bubble*; for which he was content to give up the *Four Evangelists*, and he was now compleated a perfect *Jew*, all but *Black-Pudding* and *Circumcision*; for both of which he would have been glad to have had a Dispensation.

But on the 17th of *March*, Mr. *Curll* (unknown to his Wife) came to the Tavern aforesaid. At his Entrance into the Room he perceived a meagre Man, with a fallow Countenance, a black
forky

forky Beard, and long Vestment. In his Right Hand he held a large Pair of Sheers, and in his Left a red hot Searing-Iron. At Sight of this, Mr. Curll's Heart trembled within him, and feign would he retire; but he was prevented by six Jews, who laid Hands upon him, and unbuttoning his Breeches threw him upon the Table, a pale pitiful Spectacle!

He now entreated them in the most moving Tone of Voice to dispense with that *unmanly Ceremony*, which if they would consent to, he faithfully promis'd that he would eat a Quarter of *Paschal Lamb* with them the next Sunday following.

All these Protestations availed him nothing, for they threatned him, that all Contracts and Bargains should be void unless he would submit to bear all the *outward and visible Signs of Judaism*.

Our Apostate hearing this, stretched himself upon his Back, spread his Legs, and waited for the Operation; but when he saw the High-Priest take up the *Cleft Stick*, he roared most unmercifully, and swore several Christian Oaths, for which the Jews rebuked him.

The Savour of the *Effluvia* that issued from him, convinced the Old *Levite* and all his Assistants that he needed no present *Purgation*, wherefore without farther *anointing* him, he proceeded in his Office; when by an unfortunate Jerk upward of the impatient Victim, he lost five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They finding that he was too much circumcis'd, which by the *Levitical Law* is worse than not being circumcis'd at all, refused to stand to any of their Contracts: Wherefore they cast him forth from their Synagogue; and he now remains a most piteous, woful and miserable Sight at the Sign of the *Old Testament* and *Dial* in *Fleet-street*, his Wife, (poor Woman) is at this Hour lamenting

Circumcision of Edmund Curll. 35

ing over him, wringing her Hands and tearing her Hair; for the barbarous Jews still keep, and expose at Jonathan's and Garraway's, the Memorial of her Loss, and her Husband's Indignity.

PRAYER. (*To save the Stamp.*)

KEEP us, we beseech thee, from the Hands of such barbarous and cruel Jews, who, albeit, they abhor the Blood of Black Puddings, yet thirst they vehemently after the Blood of White Ones. And that we may avoid such like Calamities, may all good and well-disposed Christians be warn'd by this unhappy Wretch's woful Example, to abominate the heinous Sin of Avarice, which sooner or later will draw them into the cruel Clutches of Satan, Papists, Jews, and Stock-jobbers. Amen.



GOD's



GOD's Revenge

AGAINST

P U N N I N G.

*Shewing the miserable Fates of Persons
addicted to this Crying Sin, in Court
and Town.*

⚔⚔⚔⚔ Anifold have been the Judgments which
 ⚔⚔ M ⚔⚔ Heav'n from Time to Time, for the
 ⚔⚔ ⚔⚔ Chastisement of a Sinful People, has
 ⚔⚔⚔⚔ inflicted on whole Nations. For when
 the Degeneracy becomes Common, 'tis but Just
 the Punishment should be General : Of this kind,
 in our own unfortunate Country, was that destruc-
 tive Pestilence, whose Mortality was so fatal, as
 to sweep away, if Sir *William Petty* may be be-
 liev'd, Five Millions of Christian Souls, besides
 Women and Jews.

Such also was that dreadful Conflagration en-
 suing, in this famous Metropolis of *London*, which
 consumed, according to the Computation of Sir
Samuel Morland, 100000 Houses, not to mention
 Churches and Stables.

Scarce had this Unhappy Nation recover'd these
 Funest Disasters, when the Abomination of Play-
 houses rose up in this Land : From hence hath
 an

an Inundation of Obscenity flow'd from the Court, and overspread the Kingdom: Even Infants disfigured the Walls of holy Temples with exorbitant Representations of the Members of Generation; nay, no sooner had they learnt to Spell, but they had Wickedness enough to Write the Names thereof in large Capitals; an Enormity, observ'd by Travellers to be found in no Country but *England*.

But when Whoring and Popery were driven hence by the Happy *Revolution*; still the Nation so greatly offended, that *Socinianism*, *Arianism*, and *Whistonism* triumph'd in our Streets, and were in a manner become Universal.

And yet still, after all these Visitations, it has pleased Heaven to visit us with a Contagion more Epidemical, and of consequence more Fatal: This was foretold to Us, First, By that unparallel'd Eclipse in 1714: Secondly, By the dreadful Coruscations in the Air this present Year: And Thirdly, By the Nine Comets seen at once over *Soho-Square*, by Mrs. *Katherine Wadlington*, and Others; a Contagion that first crept in amongst the First Quality, descended to their Footmen, and infused itself into their Ladies; I mean, the woful Practice of PUNNING. This does occasion the Corruption of our Language, and therein of the Word of God translated into our Language; which certainly every sober Christian must tremble at.

Now such is the Enormity of this Abomination, that our very Nobles not only commit *Punning* over Tea, and in Taverns, but even on the *Lord's-Day*, and in the King's Chappel: Therefore to deter Men from this evil Practice, I shall give some True and Dreadful Examples of God's Revenge against *Punsters*.

The Right Honourable—— (but it is not safe to insert the Name of an eminent Nobleman in this Paper, yet I will venture to say that such a one

one has been *seen*; which is all we can say, considering the largeness of his Sleeves,) This young Nobleman was not only a flagitious *Punster* himself, but was accessary to the Punning of others, by Consent, by Provocation, by Connivance, and by Defence of the Evil committed; for which the Lord mercifully spared his Neck, but as a Mark of Reprobation *wryed his Nose*.

Another Nobleman of great Hopes, no less guilty of the same Crime, was made the Punisher of himself with his own Hand, in the Loss of 500 Pounds at Box and Dice; whereby this unfortunate young Gentleman incurr'd the heavy Displeasure of his Aged Grandmother.

A Third of no less illustrious Extraction, for the same Vice, was permitted to fall into the Arms of a *Dalilah*, who may one Day cut off his curious Hair, and deliver him up to the *Philistines*.

Colonel F—, an ancient Gentleman of grave Deportment, gave into this Sin so early in his Youth, that whenever his Tongue endeavours to speak Common Sense, he Hesitates so as not to be understood.

Thomas Pickle Gentleman, for the same Crime, banish'd to *Minorca*.

Muley Hamet, from a healthy and hopeful Officer in the Army, turn'd a miserable Invalid at *Tilbury-Fort*.

— *Eustace Esq*; for the Murder of much of the King's *English* in *Ireland*, is quite depriv'd of his Reason, and now remains a lively Instance of Emptiness and Vivacity.

Poor *Daniel Button*, for the same Offence, depriv'd of his Wits.

One *Samuel* an *Irishman*, who for his forward Attempt to *Pun*, was stunted in his Stature, and hath been visited all his Life after with Bulls and Blunders.

George

George Simmons, Shoemaker at *Turnstile* in *Holborn*, was so given to this Custom, and did it with so much Success, that his Neighbours gave out he was a Wit. Which Report coming among his Creditors, no body would Trust him ; so that he is now a Bankrupt, and his Family in a miserable Condition.

Divers eminent Clergymen of the University of *Cambridge*, for having propagated this Vice, became great Drunkards and Tories.

From which Calamities, the Lord in his Mercy defend us All, &c, &c.





THE WONDERFUL WONDER of WONDERS.

T HERE is a certain Person lately arriv-
ed at this City, whom it is very proper
the World should be informed of. His
Character may, perhaps, be thought very
Inconsistent, Improbable, and Unnatural; how-
ever I intend to draw it with the utmost Regard
to Truth. This I am the better qualified to do,
because he is a sort of a *Dependant* upon our Fa-
mily, and *almost* of the same *Age*; tho' I cannot
directly say, I have ever *seen* him. He is a Na-
tive of this Country, and hath lived long among
us, but what appears wonderful, and hardly cre-
dible, was never seen *before*, by any Mortal.

It is true, indeed, he always chuses the *lowest*
Place in Company, and contrives it so, to keep
out of Sight. It is reported, however, that in his
younger Days he was frequently *exposed to View*,
but always against his Will, and was sure to *smart*
for it.

As to his Family, he came into the World a
Younger Brother, being of *six* Children, the *fourth*
in order of (1) Birth; of which the Eldest is now
Head of the House, the second and third carry
Arms; but the two Youngest are only *Footmen*:
Some indeed, add, that he hath likewise a Twin-
Brother,

Brother, who lives *over-against* him, and keeps a (2) *Victualling-House* : He has the Reputation to be a *close, griping, squeezing Fellow* ; and that when his Bags are full, he is often *Needy* ; yet, when the Fit takes him, as fast as he gets, he *lets it fly*.

When in *Office*, no one *dischargeth* himself, or does his *Business* better. He hath sometimes *strained hard* for an *Honest Livelyhood*, and never got a *Bit*, till every Body else had *done*.

One Practice appears very blameable in him, that every Morning he privately frequents *unclean Houses*, where any modest Person would blush to be seen. And altho' this be generally known, yet the World, as Censorious as it is, is so kind to overlook this Infirmary in him. To deal Impartially, it must be granted, that he is too great a Lover of himself, and very often consults his own *Ease* at the Expence of his best Friends. But this is one of his *blind Sides* ; and the best of Men I fear are not without *them*.

He hath been constituted by the *higher Powers* in the Station of *Receiver-General*, in which Employment some have censured him for playing *fast and loose*. He is likewise *Overseer* of the *Golden Mines*, which he daily inspects when his Health will permit him.

He was long bred under a (3) *Master of Arts*, who instilled *good Principles* in him, but these were soon *Corrupted*. I know not whether this deserves mention, that he is so very Capricious, as to take it for an equal Affront to talk either of *kissing* or *kicking* him, which hath occasion'd a Thousand Quarrels : However no body was ever so great a Sufferer for Faults, which he neither was, nor possibly could be guilty of.

In his Religion he has thus much of the Quaker, that he stands *always covered*, even in the Presence of the King ; in most other Points, a perfect (4) *Idolater*, altho' he endeavours to conceal it ; for he

is known to offer daily Sacrifices to certain *Subterraneous Nymphs*, whom he worships in an *humble Posture*, prone on his Face, and *stript stark Naked*, and so leaves his Offerings behind him, which the (5) *Priests* of those *Goddeffes* are careful enough to remove upon certain Seasons, with the utmost Privacy at *Midnight*, and from thence maintain'd themselves and Families. In all *urgent Necessities* and *Pressures* he applies himself to these Deities, and sometimes even in the *Streets* and *High-ways*, from an Opinion that those Powers have an Influence in all Places, altho' their peculiar Residence is in *Caverns* under Ground. Upon these *Occasions* the fairest Ladies will not refuse to lend their *Hands* to assist him : For, altho' they are ashamed to have him *seen* in their Company, or even so much as to hear him *Named* ; yet it is well known, that he is one of their *constant Followers*.

In *Politicks*, he always submits to what is *uppermost*, but he peruses Pamphlets on *both Sides* with great Impartiality, tho' seldom till *every Body else have done with them*.

His *Learning* is of a mixed kind, and he may properly be called a *Helluo librorum*, or another *Jacobus de Voragine* ; tho' his Studies are chiefly confined to *School-men*, *Commentators*, and *German Divines*, together with *Modern Poetry* and *Criticks* : And he is an *Atomick* Philosopher, strongly maintaining a *Void* in *Nature*, which he seems to have fairly proved by many *Experiments*.

I shall now proceed to describe some *Peculiar Qualities*, which in several Instances seem to distinguish this Person from the common Race of other Mortals.

His *Grandfather* was a Member of the *Rump Parliament*, as the *Grandson* is of the *Present*, where he often *rises*, sometimes *grumbles*, but never *speaks*. However, he lets nothing pass *willingly*, but what is *well digested*. His *Courage* is indisputable,

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putable, for he will take the boldest Man alive by the Nose.

He is generally the *first a Bed* in the Family, and the *last up*, which is to be lamented, because when he happens to *rise before* the rest, it hath been thought to forebode some good Fortune to his Superiors.

As Wisdom is acquired by Age, so by every new (6) *Wrinkle* in his Face, he is reported to gain some new Knowledge.

In him we may observe the true Effects and Consequences of Tyranny in a Stare: For, as he is a great Oppressor of all below him, so there is no Body more oppressed by those above him: Yet in his Time, he hath been so highly in Favour, that many Illustrious Persons have been entirely indebted to him for their Prosperments.

He hath discovered from his own Experience the true Point, wherein all human Actions, Projects, and Designs do chiefly terminate; and how mean and sordid they are at the Bottom.

It behoves the Publick to keep him quiet, for his frequent Murmurs are a certain Sign of intestine Tumults.

No Philosopher ever lamented more the Luxury, for which these Nations are so justly taxed; it hath been known to cost him (7) *Tears of Blood*: For in his own Nature he is far from being Profligate, tho' indeed, he never stays a Night at a Gentleman's House, without leaving something behind him.

He receives with great Submission whatever his Patrons think fit to give him; and when they lay heavy Burthens upon him, which is frequent enough, he gets rid of them as soon as he can; but not without some Labour and much Grumbling.

He is a perpetual Hanger-on; yet no Body knows how to be without him. He patiently suffers himself to be kept under, but loves to be well used, and
in

in that Case will sacrifice his *Vitals* to give you *Ease*; and he has hardly one Acquaintance, for whom he hath not been *Bound*; yet, as far as we can find, was never known to *lose* any thing by it.

He is observ'd to be very (8) *unquiet* in the Company of a *Frenchman* in *New Cloaths*, or a young *Coquet*.

He is, in short, the Subject of much *Mirth* and *Raillery*, which he seems to take well enough, tho' it hath not been observ'd that ever any *good Thing* came from himself.

There is so general an Opinion of his Justice, that sometimes very *hard Cases* are left to his Decision: And while he *sits* upon them, he carries himself exactly *even between both sides*, except where some *knotty Point* arises, and then he is observed to *lean* a little to the *Right* or *Left* as the *Matter* inclines him, but his Reasons for it are so manifest and convincing, that every Man approves them.

POSTSCRIPT.

Gentle Reader,

THO' I am not insensible how many Thousand Persons have been, and still are, with great Dexterity handling this Subject, and no less aware of what infinite Rheams of Paper have been laid out upon it; however in my Opinion, no Man living has touch'd it with greater Nicety, and more delicate Turns, than our Author. But because there is some intended Obscurity in this Relation, and Curiosity, inquisitive of Secrets, may possibly not enter into the Bottom and Depth of the Subject, 'twas thought not improper to take off the Veil, and gain the Reader's

WONDER of WONDERS. 45

Reader's Favour by enlarging his Insight. Ars enim non habet Inimicum, nisi ignorantem. 'Tis well known, that it has been the Policy of all Times, to deliver down Important Subjects by Emblem and Riddle, and not to suffer the Knowledge of Truth to be derived to us in plain and simple Terms, which are generally as soon forgot as conceived. For this Reason, the Heathen Religion is mostly couched under Mythology. For the like Reason (this being a FUNDAMENTAL in its kind) the Author has thought fit to wrap up his Treasure in clean Linnen, which it is our Business to lay open, and set in a due Light; for I have observed, upon any accidental Discovery, the least Glimpse has given great Diversion to the eager Spectator, as many Ladies could testify, were it proper, or the Case would admit.

The politest Companies have vouchsafed to smile at the bare Name, and some People of Fashion have been so little scrupulous of bringing it in Play, that, it was the usual saying of a Knight and a Man of good Breeding, That whenever he rose, his A--le rose with him.

NOTES.

(1) *He alludes to the Manner of our Birth, the Head and Arms appearing before the Posteriors and the two Feet, which he calls the Footmen.*

(2) *Victualling-House.] The Belly, which receives and digests our Nourishment.*

(3) *Master of Arts.] Persius, Magister Artis, Ingenique Largitor Venter.*

(4) *Idolater.] Alludes to the Sacrifices offer'd by the Romans to the Goddess Cloacina.*

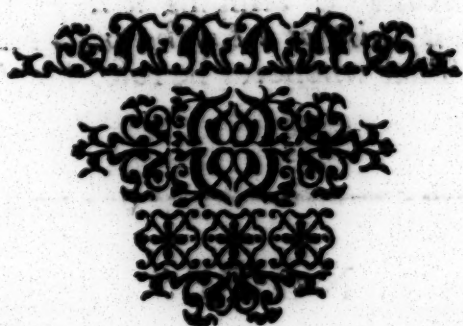
(3) *Priests.] Gold-finders, who perform their Office in the Night-time: but our Author further seems*

to have an Eye to the Custom of the Heathen Priests stealing the Offerings in the Night; of which see more in the Story of Bell and the Dragon.

(6) Wrinkle.] *This refers to a Proverb — You have one Wrinkle in your A-se, more than you had before.*

(7) Tears of Blood.] *Hæmorrhoids, according to the Physicians, are a frequent Consequence of Intemperance.*

(8) Unquiet.] *Their Tails being generally observed to be most restless.*



THE



T H E W O N D E R

Of all the WONDERS, that ever the
World wonder'd at.

For all Persons of QUALITY and
Others.

~~CHORUS~~ E W L Y arriv'd at this City the famous
A N D Artist *John Emanuel Scholtz*, who, to
the great Surprise and Satisfaction of all
~~CHORUS~~ Spectators, is ready to do the following
Wonderful Performances, the like before never
seen in this Kingdom.

He will heat a Bar of Iron red hot, and thrust
it into a Barrel of Gunpowder before all the Com-
pany, and yet it shall not take fire.

He lets any Gentleman charge a Blunderbuss
with the same Gunpowder, and twelve Leaden
Bullets, which Blunderbuss the said Artist dis-
charges full in the Face of the said Company,
without the least hurt, the Bullets sticking in the
Wall behind them.

He takes any Gentleman's own Sword, and runs
it through the said Gentleman's Body, so that the
Point appears bloody at the back, to all the Spec-
tator's,

tators ; then he takes out the Sword, wipes it clean, and returns it to the Owner, who receives no manner of hurt.

He takes a Pot of scalding Oyl, and throws it by great Ladles full directly at the Ladies, without spoiling their Cloaths, or burning their Skins.

He takes any Person of Quality's Child from two Years Old to six, and lets the Child's own Father or Mother take a Pike in their Hands ; then the Artift takes the Child in his Arms and tosses it upon the Point of the Pike, where it sticks, to the great Satisfaction of all Spectators ; and is then taken off without so much as an hole in his Coat.

He mounts upon a Scaffold just over the Spectators, and from thence throws down a great Quantity of large Tiles and Stones, which fall like so many Pillows, without so much as discomposing either Perukes or Head-dresses.

He takes any Person of Quality up to the said Scaffold, which Person pulls off his Shoes, and leaps nine Feet directly down on a Board prepar'd on Purpose, full of sharp Spikes six Inches long, without hurting his Feet, or damaging his Stockings.

He places the said Board on a Chair, upon which a Lady sits down with another Lady in her Lap, while the Spikes, instead of entring into the under Lady's flesh, will feel like a Velvet Cushion.

He takes any Person of Quality's Footman, tyes a Rope about his bare Neck, and draws him up by Pullies to the Cieling, and there keeps him hanging as long as his Master or the Company pleases, the said Footman to the Wonder and Delight of all Beholders, with a Pot of Ale in one Hand and a Pipe in the other ; and when he is let down, there will not appear the least Mark of the Cord about his Neck.

He bids a Lady's Maid put her finger into a Cup of clear Liquor like Water, upon which her
Face

Face and both her Hands are immediately wither'd, like an Old Woman of fourscore, her Belly swells as if she were in a Week of her Time, and her Legs are as thick as Mill-posts; but upon putting her finger into another Cup, she becomes as Young and Handsome as she was before.

He gives any Gentleman leave to drive forty Twelve-penny Nails up to the Head in a Porter's Backside, and then places the said Porter on a Loadstone Chair, which draws out every Nail, and the Porter feels no Pain.

He likewise draws the Teeth of half a Dozen Gentlemen, mixes and jumbles them in a Hat, gives any Person leave to blindfold him, and returns each their own, and fixes them as well as ever.

With his Fore-finger and Thumb he thrusts several Gentlemen's and Lady's Eyes out of their Heads, without the least Pain, at which time they see an unspeakable Number of beautiful Colours, and after they are entertain'd to the full, he places them again in their proper Sockets, without any Damage to the sight.

He lets any Gentleman drink a Quart of hot melted Lead, and by a Draught of prepared Liquor, of which he takes part himself, he makes the said Lead pass through the said Gentleman before all the Spectators, without any Damage: After which it is produced in a Cake to the Company.

With many other Wonderful Performances of Art, too tedious here to mention.

The said Artist has perform'd before most Kings and Princes in *Europe* with great Applause.

He Performs every Day (except *Sundays*) from Ten of the Clock to One in the Forenoon; and from Four till Seven in the Evening, at the New Inn in *Smithfield*.

The Wonder, &c.

The first Seat a *British* Crown, the second a *British* Half-Crown, and the lowest a *British* Shilling.

N.B. The best Hands in Town are to play at the said Show.



To



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
The MAYOR and ALDERMEN
of the City of LONDON:

THE
Humble Petition

Of the *Colliers, Cooks, Cook-Maids,
Blacksmiths, Jack-makers, Bra-
siers, and Others.*

SHEWETH;

~~SHOWN~~ ~~THAT~~ ~~WHEREAS~~ ~~CERTAIN~~ ~~VIRTUOSI~~ ~~DISAF-~~
~~ECTED~~ ~~TO~~ ~~THE~~ ~~GOVERNMENT,~~ ~~AND~~ ~~TO~~ ~~THE~~
~~TRADE~~ ~~AND~~ ~~PROSPERITY~~ ~~OF~~ ~~THIS~~ ~~KINGDOM,~~
~~TAKING~~ ~~UPON~~ ~~THEM~~ ~~THE~~ ~~NAME~~ ~~AND~~ ~~TITLE~~
of the CATOPTRICAL VICTUALLERS, have pre-
famed, by Gathering, Breaking, Folding, and
Bundling up the Sun-Beams, by the help of cer-
tain Glasses, to Make, Produce, and Kindle up
several New Focus's or Fires within these His Ma-
jesty's Dominions, and thereby to Boil, Bake,
Stew, Fry, and Dress all sorts of Victuals and
Provisions; to Brew, Distil Spirits, Smelt Oars,
and in general, to perform all the Offices of Cu-
linary Fires; and are endeavouring to procure to
them-

The Humble Petition

themselves the Monopoly of this their said Invention. We beg leave humbly to represent to your Honours,

That such Grant or Patent will utterly ruin and reduce to Beggary your Petitioners, their Wives, Children, Servants, and Traders on them depending; there being nothing left to them, after the said Invention, but Warming of Cellars and Dressing of Suppers in the Winter-time. That the abolishing so considerable a branch of the Coasting Trade as that of the Colliers, will destroy the *Navigation* of this Kingdom. That whereas the said *Catoptrical Victuallers* talk of making use of the *Moon* by Night, as of the *Sun* by Day, they will utterly ruin the numerous Body of *Tallow-Chandlers*, and impair a very considerable branch of the *Revenue*, which arises from the *Tax* upon Tallow and Candles.

That the said *Catoptrical Victuallers* do profane the Emanations of that Glorious Luminary the *Sun*, which is appointed to *Rule the Day*, and not to *Roast Mutton*. And we humbly conceive, It will be found contrary to the known Laws of this Kingdom, to Confine, Forestall, and Monopolize the Beams of the Sun. And whereas the said *Catoptrical Victuallers* have undertaken, by Burning-Glasses made of Ice, to Roast an Ox upon the *Thames* next Winter: We conceive all such Practices to be an Encroachment upon the Rights and Privileges of the *Company of Watermen*.

That the Diversity of Exposition of the several Kitchens in this great City, whereby some receive the Rays of the Sun sooner, and others later, will occasion great Irregularity as to the *Time of Dining* of the several Inhabitants, and consequently great Uncertainty and Confusion in the dispatch of Business: And to those who, by reason of their Northern Exposition, will be still forced to be at the Expences of Culinary Fires, it will reduce the Price

Price of their Manufacture to such Inequality, as is inconsistent with common Justice : And the same Inconveniency will affect Landlords in the Value of their Rents.

That the Use of the said Glasses will oblige Cooks and Cook-Maids to study Opticks and Astronomy, in order to know the due Distances of the said Focus's or Fires, and to adjust the Position of their Glasses to the several Altitudes of the Sun, varying according to the Hours of the Day, and the Seasons of the Year ; which Studies, at these Years, will be highly Troublesome to the said Cooks and Cook-Maids, not to say any thing of the utter Incapacity of some of them to go through with such difficult Arts ; or (which is still a greater Inconveniency) it will throw the whole Art of Cookery into the Hands of Astronomers and Glass-Grinders, Persons utterly unskill'd in other Parts of that Profession, to the great Detriment of the Health of His Majesty's good Subjects.

That it is known by Experience, That Meat Roasted with Sun-Beams is extreamly unwholesome ; witness several that have dy'd suddenly after eating the Provisions of the said Catoptrical Ventrallers ; forasmuch as the Sun-Beams taken inwardly, render the Humours too Hot and Aduſt, occasion great Sweatings, and dry up the Rectal Moisture.

That Sun-Beams taken inwardly, shed a malignant Influence upon the Brain, by their natural Tendency towards the Moon ; and produce Madness and Distraction at the time of the Full Moon. That the constant use of so great Quantities of this Inward Light, will occasion the Growth of Quakerism, to the Danger of the Church ; and Poetry, to the Danger of the State.

That the Influences of the Constellations, through which the Sun passes, will, with his
C 5 Beams,

The Humble Petition

Beams, be convey'd into the *Blood*; and when the Sun is amongst the Horned Signs, may produce such a Spirit of *Unchastity*, as is dangerous to the Honour of your Worships Families.

That Mankind living much upon the Seeds and other Parts of Plants, these being impregnated with the Sun-Beams, may ~~vegetate~~ and grow in the Bowels, a Thing of more dangerous Consequence to Human Bodies than Breeding of Worms; and this will fall heaviest upon the Poor, who live upon Roots; and the Weak and Sickly, who live upon Barley and Rice-Gruel, &c. for which we are ready to produce to your Honours the Opinions of Eminent Physicians, That the Taste and Property of the Victuals is much alter'd to the world by the said *Solar Cookery*, the Fricasses being depriv'd of the *Hout Gout* they acquire by being dress'd over Charcoal.

Lastly, Should it happen by an Eclipse of an extraordinary Length, that this City should be depriv'd of the Sun-Beams for several Months; how will His Majesty's Subjects subsist in the Interim, when common Cookery, with the Arts depending upon it, is totally lost?

In Consideration of these, and many other Inconveniencies, your Petitioners humbly pray, That your Honours would either totally prohibit the Confining and Manufacturing the *Sun-Beams* for any of the useful Purposes of Life, or in the ensuing Parliament procure a Tax to be laid upon them, which may answer both the Duty and Price of *Cogls*, and which, we humbly conceive, cannot be less than Thirty Shillings per Yard Square, reserving the sole Right and Privilege of the *Catoptrical Cookery* to the Royal Society, and to the Commanders and Crew of the Bomb-Vessels, under the Direction of Mr. *Whiston*,
for

for finding out the Longitude, who, by Reason of the Remoteness of their Nations, may be reduc'd to Streights for want of Firing.

And we likewise beg, That your Honours, as to the forementioned Points, would hear the Reverend Mr. *Flamsted*, who is the Legal Officer appointed by the Government to *look after the Heavenly Luminaries*, whom we have constituted our Trusty and Learned Solicitor.



REASONS



REASONS

Humbly Offer'd

By the Company exercising the Trade
and Mystery of UPHOLDERS, a-
gainst Part of the BILL, *For the bet-
ter Viewing, Searching and Exa-
mining Drugs, Medicines, &c.* 1724.

BEING call'd upon by several Retailers
and Dispensers of *Drugs and Medicines*
B. about Town, to use our Endeavours a-
gainst the Bill now depending, *for*
Viewing, &c. In Regard of our common Interest,
and in Gratitude to the said Retailers and Dis-
pensers of Medicines (which we have always found
to be very effectual) we presume to lay the fol-
lowing Reasons before the Publick, against the
said Bill.

That the Company of Upholders are far from
being averse to the giving of *Drugs and Medicines*
in general, provided they may be of such Quali-
ties as we require, and administer'd by such Per-
sons, in whom our Company justly repose the
greatest Confidence: And provided they tend to
the

Reasons Humbly Offer'd, &c. 57

the Encouragement of Trade, and the Consumption of the *Woollen Manufacture* of this Kingdom.

We beg Leave to observe, that *there hath been no Complaint from any of the Nobility, Gentry and Citizens, whom we have attended.* Our Practice, which consists chiefly in outward Applications, having been always so effectual, that none of our Patients have been oblig'd to undergo a second Operation. Excepting one Gentlewoman; who, after her first Burial, having burthen'd her Husband with a new Brood of posthumous Children, her second Funeral was by us perform'd without any further Charges to the said Husband of the deceas'd. And we humbly hope, that one single Instance of this Kind (a Misfortune owing meerly to the Avarice of a Sexton in cutting off a Ring) will not be imputed to any want of Skill, or Care, in our Company.

We humbly conceive, that the *Power by this Bill lodged in the Censors of the College of Physicians*, to restrain any of His Majesty's Subjects from dispensing, and well-disposed Persons from taking what Medicines they please, *is a manifest Encroachment on the Liberty and Property of the Subjects.*

As the Company, exercising the Trade and Mystery of Upholders, have an undisputed Right in and upon the *Bodies* of all and every the Subjects of the Kingdom; we conceive the passing of this Bill, though not absolutely depriving them of their said Right, might keep them *out of Possession* by unreasonable *Delays*, to the great Detriment of our Company and their numerous Families.

We hope it will be consider'd, that there are Multitudes of necessitous Heirs and penurious Parents, Persons in pinching Circumstances, with numerous Families of Children; Wives that have lived long, many robust aged Women with great Jointures, elder Brothers with bad Understandings, single Heirs of great Estates, whereby the
Col-

Collateral Line are for ever excluded, Reversionary Patents, and Reversionary Promises of Preferments, Leases upon Single-Lives, and Playdebts upon Joint-Lives, and that the Persons so agrieved have no Hope of being speedily relieved any other Way, than by the dispensing of *Drugs* and *Medicines* in the Manner they *now are*; Burying *alive* being judg'd repugnant to the known Laws of this Kingdom.

That there are many of the Deceased, who, by certain mechanical Motions and Powers, are carried about Town, who would have been put into our Hands long before this Time by any other well-order'd Government; By want of a due *Police* in this Particular, our Company have been great Sufferers.

That frequent *Funerals* contribute to preserve the Genealogies of Families, and the Honours conferred by the Crown, (which are no where so well illustrated as on this solemn Occasion;) to maintain *necessitous Clergy*, to enable the *Clerks* to appear in decent Habits to officiate on *Sundays*, to feed the great Retinue of *söber* and *melancholy Men*, who appear at the said Funerals, and who must starve without constant and regular Employment. Moreover we desire it may be remember'd, that by the passing of this Bill the Nobility and Gentry will have their *old Coaches* lie upon their Hands, which are now employed by our Company.

And we further hope, that frequent Funerals will not be discouraged (as is by this Bill proposed) it being the only Method left of *carrying* some People to *Church*.

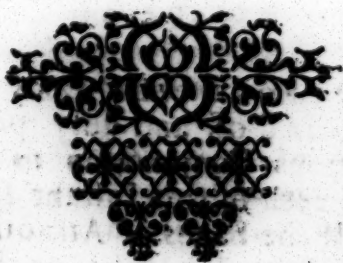
We are afraid, that by the Hardships of this Bill, our Company will be reduced to leave their Business here, and *practise* at *York* and *Bristol*, where the free Use of *bad Medicines* will be still allowed.

against Examining Drugs, &c. 59

It is therefore hoped, that no specious Pretence whatsoever will be thought sufficient to introduce an arbitrary and unlimited Power for People to live (in Defiance of *Art*) as long as they can by the Course of Nature, to the Prejudice of our Company, and the Decay of Trade.

That as our Company are like to suffer in some measure by the Power given to Physicians to dissect the Bodies of Malefactors, we humbly hope, that the Manufacture of Cases for Skeletons will be reserved solely to the Coffin-makers.

We likewise humbly presume, that the Interests of the several Trades and Professions which depend upon ours, may be regarded; such as that of the Makers of Hearses, Coaches, Coffins, Epitaphs, and Bell-ropes, Stone-cutters, Feathermen and Bell-ringers; and especially the Manufacturers of Crape; and the Makers of *Snuff*, who use great Quantities of old Coffins, and who, consider'd in the Consumption of their Drugs, employ by far the greatest Number of Hands of any Manufacture of the Kingdom.





Annus Mirabilis :

O. R.,

The Wonderful Effects of the approaching
Conjunction of the Planets *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Saturn*.

By MART. SCRIBLERUS, *Philomath.*
A Well-wisher to the Mathematicks.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
C  rpora* ———

~~KNOW~~ SUPPOSE every Body is sufficiently
appriz'd of, and duly prepar'd for the
famous Conjunction to be celebrated
the 29th of this Instant *December*, 1722.
foretold by all the Sages of Antiquity, under the
Name of the *Annus Mirabilis*, or the *Metamorpho-*
stical Conjunction ; a Word, which denotes the
mutual Transformation of Sexes, (the Effect of
that Configuration of the Celestial Bodies) the hu-
man Males being to be turn'd into Females; and
the human Females into Males.

The

The *Egyptians* have represented this great Transformation by several significant Hieroglyphicks, particularly one very remarkable. There are carv'd upon an Obelisk, a Barber and a Midwife; the Barber delivers his Razor to the Midwife, and she her Swadling Cloaths to the Barber. Accordingly *Thales Milesius* (who, like the rest of his Countrymen, borrow'd his Learning from the *Egyptians*) after having computed the Time of this famous Conjunction, Then, says he, *shall Men and Women mutually exchange the Pangs of Shaving and Child-bearing.*

Anaximander modestly describes this Metamorphosis in Mathematical Terms: Then, says he, *shall the negative Quantity of the Women be turn'd into positive, their — into +; (i. e.) their Minus into Plus.*

Plato not only speaks of this great Change, but describes all the Preparations towards it. "Long before the bodily Transformation (says he) Nature shall begin the most difficult Part of her Work, by changing the Ideas and Inclinations of the two Sexes; Men shall turn effeminate, and Women manly; Wives shall domineer, and Husbands obey; Ladies shall ride a Horseback, dress'd like Cavaliers; Princes and Nobles appear in Night-rails and Petticoats; Men shall squeak upon Theatres with Female Voices; and Women corrupt Virgins; Men shall knot and cut Paper; and even the Northern People, ἀπολαυτὴν σείων: A Phrase (which for Modesty's Sake I forbear to translate) which denotes a Vice too frequent amongst us". So far *Plato*.

That the Ministry foresaw this great Change, is plain from the *Calico-Act*; whereby it is now become the Occupation of the Women all over *England*, to convert their useless Female Habits into Beds, Window-Curtains, Chairs, and Joint-stools;

stools; undressing themselves (as it were) before their Transformation.

The Philosophy of this Transformation will not seem surprizing to People, who search into the Bottom of Things. Madam Bourignon, a devout French Lady, has shewn us, how Man was at first created Male and Female in one Individual, having the Faculty of Propagation within himself: A Circumstance necessary to the State of Innocence, wherein a Man's Happiness was not to depend upon the Caprice of another. It was not till after he had made a *faux pas*, that he had his Female Mate. Many such Transformations of Individuals have been well attested; particularly one by Montaigne, and another by the late Bishop of Salisbury. From all which it appears, that this System of Male and Female has already undergone, and may hereafter suffer several Alterations. Every Smatterer in Anatomy knows, that a Woman is but an introverted Man; a new *Fusion* and *Flatus* will turn the hollow Bottom of a Bottle into a Convexity; but I forbear, (for the Sake of my Modest Men-Readers, who are in a few Days to be Virgins.)

In some Subjects, the smallest Alterations will do: some Men are sufficiently spread about the Hips, and contriv'd with that Female Softness, that they want only the Negative Quantity to make them Buxom Wenches; and there are Women, who are, as it were, already the *Ebauche* of a good sturdy Man. If Nature cou'd be puzzl'd, it will be how to bestow the redundant Matter of the exuberant Bubbies that now appear about Town, or how to roll out the short dapper Fellows into well-siz'd Women.

This great Conjunction will begin to operate on Saturday the 29th Instant. Accordingly, about Eight at Night, as Senexino shall begin at the Opera, *Sic videte, Did. you but see?* He shall be observ'd

observ'd to make an *unusual Motion*; upon which the Audience will be affected with a *red Suffusion* over their Countenance: And because a strong Succussion of the Muscles of the Belly is necessary towards performing this great Operation, both Sexes will be thrown into a *profuse involuntary Laughter*; Then (to use the modest Terms of *Anaximander*) *shall negative Quantity be turn'd into positive, &c.* Time never beheld, nor will it ever assemble, such a Number of *untouch'd Virgins* within those Walls! but alas! such will be the Impatience and Curiosity of People to act in their new Capacity, that many of them will go to Pot that *very Night*. To prevent the Disorders that may happen upon this Occasion, is the chief Design of this Paper.

Gentlemen have begun already to make use of this Conjunction to compass their filthy Purposes. They tell the Ladies forsooth, that it is only parting with a perishable Commodity; hardly of so much Value as a Callico Under-petticoat, since, like its Mistress, it will be useless in the Form it is now in. If the Ladies have no Regard to the Dishonour and Immorality of the Action, I desire they will consider that Nature, who never destroys her own Productions, will exempt big-belly'd Women till the time of their Lying-in; so that not to be transform'd, will be the same as to be pregnant. If they don't think it worth while to defend a Fortress that is to be demolish'd in a few Days, let them reflect, that it will be a melancholy thing Nine Months hence, to be brought to Bed of a Bastard; a posthumous Bastard as it were, to which the *Quondam* Father can be no more than a *dry Nurse*.

This wonderful Transformation is the Instrument of Nature, to ballance Matters between the Sexes. The Cruelty of scornful Mistresses shall be return'd; The slighted Maid shall grow into
an

an imperious Gallant, and reward her Undoer with a big Belly, and a Bastard, &c.

It is hardly possible to imagine the Revolutions that this wonderful Phenomenon will occasion over the Face of the Earth. I long impatiently to see the Proceedings of the Parliament of *Paris*, as to the Title of Succession to their Crown; this being a Case not provided for by the *Salique* Law. There will be no preventing Disorders amongst Friars and Monks; for certainly Vows of Chastity don't bind, but under the Sex, in which they were made. The same will hold good with Marriages, tho' I think it will be a Scandal amongst Protestants for Husbands and Wives to part, since there remains still a possibility to perform the *Debitum Conjugale* by the Husband being *femme Couverte*. I submit it to the Judgment of the Gentlemen of the Long Robe, whether this Transformation does not discharge all Suits of *Rapes*?

The Pope must undergo a new groping; but the false Prophet *Mabomet* has contriv'd Matters well for his Successors; for as the Grand Signior has now a great many fine Women, he will then have as many fine young Gentlemen at his Devotion.

These are surprizing Scenes, but I beg leave to affirm, that the solemn Operations of Nature are Subjects of Contemplation, not of Ridicule; therefore I make it my earnest Request to the merry Fellows, and giggling Girls about Town, that they would not put themselves in a high Twitter, when they go to visit a General Lying-in of his first Child; his Officers serving as Midwives, Nurses and Rockers dispensing Caudle; or if they behold the Reverend Prelates dressing the Heads and airing the Linnen at Court, I beg they will remember that these Offices must be fill'd with People of the greatest Regularity, and best Characters. For the same Reason, I am sorry that a certain

certain Prelate, who, notwithstanding his Confinement, still preserves his healthy, cheerful Countenance, cannot come in time to be a *Nurse at Court*.

I likewise earnestly intreat the *Maids of Honour*, (then *Ensigns* and *Captains* of the *Guards*) that, at their first setting out, they have some Regard to their former Station; and do not run wild through all the infamous Houses about Town. That the present *Grooms of the Bed-chamber* (then *Maids of Honour*) would not eat Chalk and Lime in their Green-Sickness: And in general, that the Men would remember, that they are become *Retromingent*, and not by Inadvertency lift up against Walls and Posts.

Petticoats will not be burdensome to the *Clergy*; but Balls and Assemblies will be indecent for some Time.

As for you, *Coquettes*, *Bawds*, and *Chambermaids*, (the future *Ministers*, *Plenipotentiaries* and *Cabinet-Counsellors* to the Princes of the Earth,) manage the great *Intrigues* that will be committed to your Charge, with your usual Secrecy and Conduct; and the Affairs of your Masters will go better than ever.

O ye *Exchange Women*! (our Right Worshipful *Representatives* that are to be) be not so gripping in the Sale of your Ware as your Predecessors, but consider that the Nation, like a spend-thrift Heir, has run out: Be likewise a little more continent in your *Tongues* than you are at present, else the Length of Debates will spoil your Dinners.

You Housewifely good Women, who now preside over the *Confectionary*, (henceforth *Commissioners* of the *Treasury*) be so good as to dispense the *Sugar-Plumbs* of the Government with a more impartial and frugal Hand.

Ye

Ye Prudes and censorious old Maids, (the Hopes of the *Bench*) exert but your usual Talent of *finding Faults*, and the Laws will be strictly executed; only I would not have you proceed upon such *tender Evidences* as you have done hitherto.

It is from you, eloquent Oyster-Merchants of *Billingsgate*, (just ready to be call'd to the *Bar*, and quoin'd like your Sister-Serjeants,) that we expect the shortening the Time, and lessening the Expences of Law-Suits: For I think you are observ'd to bring your Debates to a *short Issue*; and even Custom will restrain you from taking the *Oyster*, and leaving only the *Shell* to your Clients.

O ye Physicians, who, in the Figure of old Women, are to clean the *Tripe* in the Markets; scour it as effectually, as you have done that of your Patients, and the Town will fare most deliciously on *Saturdays*.

I cannot but congratulate human Nature, upon this happy Transformation; the only Expedient left to restore the Liberties and Tranquillity of Mankind; which is so evident, that it is almost an Affront to common Sense to insist upon the Proof of it. If there can be any such stupid Creature, who doubts it, I desire he will make but the following obvious Reflection: There are in *Europe* alone, at present, about a Million of sturdy Fellows, under the Denomination of *standing Forces*, with Arms in their Hands: That those are Masters of the Lives, Liberties and Fortunes of all the rest, I believe no body will deny. It is no less true in Fact, that Reams of Paper, and above a square Mile of Skins of Vellum have been employ'd to no Purpose, to settle Peace amongst those Sons of Violence. Pray, who is he that will say unto them, *Go and disband your selves*? But lo! by this Transformation it is done at once, and the *Halcyon Days* of publick Tranquillity return. For neither the military Temper nor Discipline can
taint

taint the soft Sex for a whole Age to come. *Bellæque matribus inuisa*, Wars odious now to Mothers, will not grow immediately palatable in their *Paternal* State.

Nor will the Influence of this Transformation be less in *Family-Tranquility*, than it is in *National*. Great Faults will be amended, and Frailties forgiven, on both Sides. A Wife, who has been disturb'd with late Hours, and choak'd with the Haugout of a Sot, will remember her Sufferings, and avoid the Temptation; and will, for the same Reason, indulge her Mate in his female Capacity in some Passions, which she is sensible from Experience are natural to the Sex. Such as Vanity of fine Cloaths, being admir'd, &c. And how tenderly must she use her Mate under the breeding Qualms and Labour-Pains, which she hath felt her self? In short, all unreasonable Demands upon Husbands must cease, because they are already satisfy'd from natural Experience that they are impossible. That the Ladies may govern the Affairs of the World, and the Gentlemen those of their Household, better than either of them have hitherto done, is the hearty Desire of,

Their most Sincere

Well-Wisher,

M. S.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Planetary Powders, as necessary for the new Births of Sexes, as Sperma Ceti for Puerperous Women: Prepar'd and Sold by John Moore, Apothecary, at the Pestle and Mortar in Abchurch-Lane.

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All Male and Female Implements exchange'd at reasonable Rates ; at Mr. Dard's Toy-Shop against St. Dunstan's Church.

All Sorts of Manly Exercise ; Riding, Vaulting, &c. taught to the Ladies, at a Guinea a Lesson ; at Mrs. L—ge's in Red-Lion-Street.



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ESSAY

Of the Learned

Martinus Scriblerus,

Concerning the ORIGINE of
SCIENCES.

*Written to the most Learned Dr.—
F.R.S. from the Deserts of NUBIA.*

~~Among~~ **M**ONG all the Enquirics, which have
A ~~been~~ **been** pursu'd by the Curious and Inqui-
~~sitive~~ **s**itive, there is none more worthy the
~~Search~~ **S**earch of a Learned Head, than the
Source, from whence we derive those Arts and
Sciences, which raise us so far above the Vulgar,
the Countries, in which they rose, and the Chan-
nels, by which they have been convey'd. As they,
who first brought them amongst us, travell'd into
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the remotest Parts of the Earth to attain them, I may boast of some advantages by the same means; since I write this from the Deserts of *Æthiopia*, from those Plains of Sands, which have buried the Pride of Invading Armies, with my Foot perhaps at this instant ten Fathom over the Grave of *Cambyfes*, a Solitude to which neither *Pythagoras* nor *Apollonius* ever penetrated.

It is universally agreed, that Arts and Sciences took their Rise among the *Ægyptians* and *Indians*; but from whom *they* first receiv'd them, is yet a Secret. The highest Period of Time, to which the Learned attempt to trace them, is from the beginning of the *Assyrian Monarchy*, when their Inventors were worshipp'd as Gods. It is therefore necessary to go backward into Times even more remote, and to gain some knowledge of their History, from whatever dark and broken Hints may any way be found in ancient Authors concerning them.

Nor *Troy* nor *Thebes* were the first of Empires; we have mention, tho' not Histories, of an earlier warlike People call'd the *Pygmæans*. I cannot but perswade my self, from those Accounts of * *Homer*, *Aristotle* and others, that their History, Wars and Revolutions were then a part of the Study of the Learned, from the very Air in which those Authors speak of them, as of things universally known. And tho' all, we directly hear, is of their Military Atchievements, in the brave defence of their Country from the annual Invasions of a Powerful Enemy, yet I cannot doubt, but that they excell'd as much in the Arts of peaceful Government, tho' there remain no Traces of their Civil Institutions. Empires as great have been swallow'd up in the wreck of Time, and such sudden Periods have been put to them, as occa-

* Il. 3. *Hom.*

sion a Total Ignorance of their Story. And if I should conjecture, that the like happen'd to this Nation, from a general extirpation of the People by those Flocks of monstrous Birds, wherewith Antiquity agrees they were continually infested; it ought not to seem more incredible, than that one of the *Baleares* was wasted by Rabbits, * *Smyntbe* by Mice, and of late † *Bermudas* almost depopulated by Rats. Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few Survivors of that Empire retired into the depths of their Deserts, where they liv'd undisturb'd, till they were found out by *Osyris* in his Travels to instruct Mankind.

He met, says || *Diodorus*, in *Æthiopia*, a sort of little Satyrs, who were hairy one half of their Body, and whose leader *Pan* accompany'd him in his Expedition for the civilizing of Mankind. Now of this great Personage *Pan*, we have a very particular Description in the ancient Writers, who unanimously agree to represent him, shaggy Bearded, Hairy all over, half a Man and half a Beast, and walking erect, with a Staff, (the Posture in which his Race are to this Day shown among us.) And since the chief thing to which he apply'd himself was the civilizing of Mankind, it shou'd seem that the first Principles of Science must be receiv'd from this People, to whom the Gods were by § *Homer* said to resort twelve Days every Year, for the Conversation of its Wise and Just Inhabitants.

If from *Ægypt* we proceed to take a View of *India*, we shall find that their Knowledge also deriv'd it self from the same Source. To that Country did these Noble Creatures accompany *Bacchus* in his Expedition, under the Conduct of *Silenus*, who is also describ'd to us with the very same Marks and Qualifications. Mankind is ignorant,

* *Eustathius in Hom. Il. 1.* † *Speede, in Bermudas.* || *L. 1. ch. 18. Diod. § Il. 1st.*

faith ‡ *Diodorus*, whence *Silenus* deriv'd his Birth, through his great Antiquity ; but he had a *Tail on his Loins*, as likewise had *all his Progeny*, in sign of their *Descent*. Here then they settled a Colony, which to this Day subsists with the same Tails. From this time they seem to have communicated themselves only to those Men, who retir'd from the Converse of their own Species, to a more uninterrupted Life of Contemplation. I am much inclin'd to believe, that in the midst of those Solitudes they instituted the so much celebrated Order of *Gymnosophists*. For whoever observes the *scene* and *manner* of their Life, will easily find them to have imitated, with all exactness imaginable, the Manners and Customs of their Masters and Instructors. They are said to *dwell in the thickest Woods*, to go *naked*, to suffer their Bodies to be *over-run with Hair*, and their *Nails* to grow to a *prodigious length*. † *Plutarch* says, they eat what they get in the *Fields*, their Drink was *Water*, and their *Bed* made of *Leaves* or *Moss*. And * *Herodotus* tell us, that they esteem'd it a great Exploit to kill very many *Ants* or *creeping Things*.

Hence we see that the two Nations, which contend for the Origine of Learning, are the same that have ever most abounded with this ingenious Race. Tho' they have contested which was first blest with the rise of Science, yet have they conspir'd in being grateful to their common Masters. *Agypt* is well known to have worshipp'd them of old in their *own Images* ; and *India* may be credibly suppos'd to have done the same, from that adoration which they paid in latter Times to the *Tooth* of one of these hairy Philosophers, as it should

‡ *L. 3. ch. 69. Diod.* † *Plutarch in his first Orat. on Alexander's Fortune.* * *Herod. L. 1.*

seem in just Gratitude to the *Mouth* from which they receiv'd their Knowledge.

Pass we now over into *Greece*, where we find *Orpheus* returning out of *Ægypt*, with the same intent as *Osyris* and *Bacchus* made their Expeditions. From this Period it was, that *Greece* first heard the Name of *Satyrs*, or own'd them for *Semi-dei*. And hence it is surely reasonable to conclude, that he brought some of this wonderful Species along with him, who also had a leader of the line of *Pan*, of the same Name, and expressly call'd King by * *Theocritus*. If thus much be allow'd, we easily account for two of the strangest Reports in all Antiquity. One, that the Tradition of *Beasts* following the Musick of *Orpheus* (which has been interpreted of his taming Savage Tempers,) will thus have a *literal Application*. The other, which we most insist upon is, that the Love, which these Sages bear to the Females of our Kind, affords a Solution of all those Fables of the Gods compressing Women in Woods under *bestial appearances*. I am sensible it may be objected, that they are said to have been compress'd in the Shape of different Animals; but to this we answer, that Women under such Apprehensions hardly know what Shape they have to deal with.

From what has been last said, 'tis highly credible that to this ancient and generous Race the World is indebted, if not for the *Heroes*, at least for the acutest *Wits* of Antiquity. One of the most remarkable Instances, is that great mimick Genius ‡ *Æsop*, for whose Extraction from these *Sylvestres Homines* we may gather an Argument from *Planudes*, who says, that *Æsop* signifies the same thing as *Æthiop*, the Original Nation of our People. For a second Argument we may offer the description of his Person, which was *short, de-*

* Παν Αραξ, Theod. Id. 1st. ‡ Vit. *Æsop. initio.*

form'd, and almost *Savage*, inſomuch that he might have liv'd in the Woods, had not the benevolence of his Temper made him rather adapt himſelf to our Manners, and come to Court in wearing Apparel. The third Proof is his acute and ſatyric Wit; and laſtly, his great Knowledge in the *Nature of Beaſts*, together with the natural Pleaſure he took to ſpeak of them upon all Occaſions.

The next inſtance I ſhall produce is * *Socrates*. Firſt, it was a Tradition that he was of an uncommon Birth from the reſt of Men; Secondly, he had a Countenance confeſſing the Line he ſprung from, being *bald*, *flat-nos'd*, with *prominent Eyes*, and a *downward look*: Thirdly, he turn'd certain Fables of *Æſop* into Verſe, probably out of his reſpect to Beaſts in general, and love to his Family in particular.

In proceſs of time, the Women, with whom theſe Sylvans would have lovingly cohabited, were either taught by Mankind, or induc'd by an abhorrence of their Shapes, to ſhun their embraces; ſo that our Sages were neceſſitated to mix with Beaſts; This by degrees occaſion'd the Hair of their Poſterity to grow higher than their Midles; It aroſe in one Generation to their Arms, in the Second it invaded their Necks, in the Third it gain'd the aſcendant of their Heads, till the degenerate Appearance, in which the Species is now immers'd, became compleated. Tho' we muſt here obſerve, that there were a few, who fell not under the common Calamity, there being ſome unprejudic'd Women in every Age, by virtue of whom a Total Extinction of the Original Race was prevented: And it is remarkable alſo, that even where they were mix'd, the Deſection from their Nature was not intire; there ſtill appear'd marvellous Qualities among them, as was mani-

* Vid. *Plato* and *Xenophon*.

fest in those who follow'd *Alexander* into *India*. How did they attend his Army and survey his Order ! How did they cast themselves into the same forms for March or for Combat ! What an imitation was there of all his Discipline ! the ancient true remains of a warlike Disposition, and of that Constitution, which they enjoy'd while they were a Monarchy.

To proceed to *Italy* : At the first appearance of these wild Philosophers, there were some of the least mix'd, who vouchsafed to converse with Mankind ; which is evident from the Name of **Fauns*, a *fando*, or *speaking*. Such was he, who coming out of the Woods, in hatred to Tyranny, encourag'd the Roman Army to proceed against the *Hetruscans*, who wou'd have restor'd *Tarquin*. But here, as in all the Western Parts of the World, there was a great and memorable *Æra*, in which they began to be *Silent*. This we may place something near the time of *Aristotle*, when the Number, Vanity and Folly of Human Philosophers increas'd, by which Men's Heads became too much puzzled to receive the Wisdom of these ancient Sylvans ; the Questions of that Academy were too numerous to be consistent with their ease to answer ; and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a derision and scorn unto them. From this Period, if ever we hear of their giving Answers, it is only when *caught, bound, and constrain'd*, in like manner as was that Ancient Grecian Prophet, *Proteus*.

Accordingly we read in ‡ *Sylla's* Time, of such a Philosopher taken near *Dyrrachium*, who wou'd not be persuaded to give them a Lecture by all they cou'd say to him, and only shew'd his Power in *Sounds* by Neighing like a Horse.

* *Livy*. ‡ *Plutarch in Vit. Sylla*.

But a more successful attempt was made in *Augustus's* Reign by the Inquisitive Genius of the great *Virgil*, whom, together with *Varus*, the Commentators suppose to have been the true Persons, who are related in the 6th Bucolick to have caught a Philosopher, and doubtless a genuine one, of the Race of the old *Silenus*. To prevail upon him to be communicative (of the importance of which *Virgil* was well aware) they not only ty'd him fast, but allur'd him likewise by making him a Present of a comely Maiden call'd *Ægle*, which made him sing both merrily and instructively. In this Song we have their *Doctrine* of the *Creation*, the same in all probability as was taught so many Ages before in the great *Pygmean* Empire, and several Hieroglyphical Fables under which they couched or embellish'd their Morals. For which Reason I look upon this Bucolick as an inestimable Treasure of the most ancient Science.

In the Reign of *Constantine* we hear of another, taken in a Net, and brought to *Alexandria*, round whom the People flock'd to hear his Wisdom; but as *Amianus Marcellinus* reporteth, he proved a dumb Philosopher, and only instructed by *Action*.

The last we shall speak of, who seemeth to be of the true Race, is said by *St. Jerome* to have met *St. * Antony* in a Desert, who enquiring the Way of him, he shew'd his understanding, and Courtesy by pointing, but wou'd not answer, for he was a dumb Philosopher also.

These are all the Notices, which I am at present able to gather of the appearance of so great and learned a People in *your side* of the World. But if we return to their ancient native Seats, *Africa* and *India*, we shall there find even in modern Times, the Traces of their Original Conduct and Valour.

In

* *Vit. St. Ant.*

In *Africa* (as we read among the indefatigable Mr. *Purchas's* Collections) a Body of them, whose Leader was inflam'd with Love for a Woman, by martial Powers and Stratagem won a Fort from the *Portuguese*.

But I must leave all others at present to celebrate the Praise of two of their unparallel'd Monarchs in *India*. The one was *Perimal the Magnificent*, a Prince most Learned and Communicative, to whom in *Malabar* their excess of Zeal dedicated a Temple, rais'd on Seven Hundred Pillars, not inferior in * *Maffeus's* Opinion to those of *Agrippa* in the *Pantheon*. The other *Hanimant the Marvellous* his Relation and Successor, whose Knowledge was so great, as made his followers doubt if even that wise Species could arrive at such Perfection; and therefore they rather imagin'd him and his Race a sort of Gods formed into Apes. His was the Tooth which the *Portuguese* took in *Bisnagar* 1559, for which the *Indians* offer'd, according to † *Linschotten*, the immense Sum of Seven Hundred Thousand Duccats. Nor let me quit this Head without mentioning with all due respect *Oran Outang* the Great, the last of this Line; whose unhappy Chance it was to fall into the Hands of *Europeans*. *Oran Outang*, whose Value was not known to us, for he was a mute Philosopher: *Oran Outang*, by whose dissection the learned Dr. *Tyson* has added a Confirmation to this System, from the resemblance between the *Homo Sylvestris* and our *Humane Body* in those Organs by which the rational Soul is exerted.

We must now descend to consider this People, as sunk into the *bruta Natura*, by their continual Commerce with Beasts. Yet even at this time, what Experiments do they not afford us of relieving some from the Spleen, and others from Im-

* *Maff. l. 1.* † *Linschot. ch. 44.*

D 5,

posthumes,

posthumes, by occasioning Laughter at proper Seasons? With what readiness do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in Humane Life? and what surprizing Relations have *Le Comte* and others given of their Appetites, Actions, Conceptions, Affections, Varieties of Imaginations, and Abilities capable of pursuing them? If under their present low Circumstances of *Birth* and *Breeding*, and in so short a Term of *Life* as is now allotted them, they so far exceed all Beasts, and equal many Men; what Prodigies may we not conceive of those, who were *Nati melioribus annis*, those Primitive *Longæval* and *Antideluvian Mantegers*, who first taught Sciences to the World?

This Account, which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced Knowledge from a Fountain correspondent to several Opinions of the Ancients, tho' hitherto undiscover'd, both by them and the Moderns. And now what shall I say to Mankind in the Thought of this great Discovery? What, but that they should abate of their Pride, and consider that the Authors of our Knowledge are among *Beasts*: That these, who were our elder Brothers by a Day in the Creation, whose Kingdom was like the Scheme of *Plato* govern'd by Philosophers, who flourish'd with Learning in *Æthiopia* and *India*, are now undistinguish'd from, and known only by the same Appellation, as the *Man-Teger*, and the *Monkey*!

As to *Speech*, I make no question, that there are Remains of the First and less corrupted Race, in their Native Deserts, who yet have the Power of it. But the vulgar Reason given by the *Spaniards*, "that they will not speak for fear of being set to Work," is alone a sufficient one, considering how exceedingly all other Learned Persons affect their *Ease*. A Second is, That these observant Creatures having been Eye-Witnesses of the
Cruelty

Cruelty with which that Nation treated their Brother *Indians*, find it necessary not to show themselves to be *Men*, that they may be protected not only from *Work*, but from *Cruelty* also. Thirdly, They cou'd at best take no delight to converse with the *Spaniards*, whose *grave* and *sullen* Temper is so averse to that natural and open *Chearfulness*, which is generally observ'd to accompany all true Knowledge.

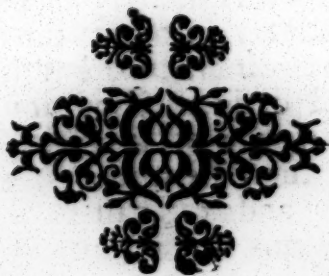
But now were it possible, that any way cou'd be found out to draw forth their Latent Qualities, I cannot but think it wou'd be highly serviceable to the Learned World, both in respect of recovering past Knowledge, and promoting the Future. Might there not be found certain gentle artful Methods, whereby to endear us to them? Is there no Nation in the World, whose natural turn is adapted to engage their Society, and win them by a *sweet Similitude* of Manners? Is there no Nation, where the Men might allure them by a distinguishing Civility, and in a manner *fascinate* them by *assimilated Motions*? No Nation, where the Women with easy Freedoms, and the gentlest Treatment, might oblige the loving Creatures to *sensible returns* of Humanity? The Love I bear my Native Country, prompts me to wish this Nation might be *Great Britain*, but alas! in our present wretched divided Condition, how can we hope that *Foreigners* of so great Prudence, will *freely declare* their Sentiments, in the midst of violent *Parties*, and at so vast a distance from their Friends, Relations, and Country? The Affection I bear our Neighbour-State, wou'd incline me to wish it were *Holland* — *Sed lævâ in parte Mamillæ Nil salit Arcadico*. 'Tis from *France* then we must expect this Restoration of Learning, whose late Monarch took the Sciences under his Protection, and rais'd them to so great an Height. May we not hope their Emissaries will some time or other have

80 *An Essay concerning the, &c.*

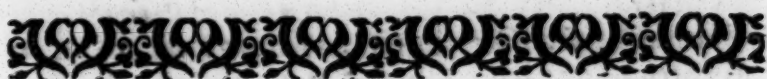
have Instructions, not only to invite Learned Men into their Country, but Learned Beasts, the true ancient Man-Tegers, I mean of *Æthiopia* and *India*? Might not the Talents of each Kind of these be adapted to the Improvement of the several Sciences? The Man-Tegers to instruct Heroes, States-men and Scholars? Baboons to teach the Courtiers, Ceremony and Address? Monkeys, the Art of pleasing in Conversation and agreeable Affectations, to Ladies and their Lovers? The Apes of less Learning, Comedians and Dancing Masters? The Marmosets Court Pages, and young *English* Travellers. But the distinguishing each Kind, and allotting them to their proper Business, I leave to the inquisitive, and penetrating Genius of the *Jesuits* in their respective Missions.

Vale & Fruera.

M. S.



VIRGILIUS



VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:
SEU
MARTINI SCRIBLERI

Summi Critici

CASTIGATIONUM in ÆNEIDEM
SPECIMEN:

ÆNEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus pœne mendis scaturientum, ad pristinum sensum revocabimus. In singulis ferè versibus spuria occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque Criticorum in hunc diem existentes. Interea adverte oculos, & his paucis fruiere. At si quæ sint in hisce castigationibus, de quibus non satis liquet, syllabarum quantitates, *προλεγμένα* nostra Libro ipsi præfigenda, ut consulas, moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VERS. I.



Arma Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus
ab oris
Italiam, *fato* profugus, Lavinaque venit
Litora: multum ille & terris *jactatus* &
alto,
Vi superum—

Arma

Arma Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab

Aris

Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit

Litora : multum ille & terris *vexatus*, & alto,
Vi superum —

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercæi Jovis, vide lib. 2. vers. 512, 550. — *Flatu*, ventorum Æoli, ut sequitur — *Latina* certè littora cum Æneas aderat, *Lavina* non nisi postea ab ipso nominata, Lib. 12. vers. 193. — *Factatus*, *terris* non convenit.

II. VERS. 52.

— Et quisquis *Numen* Junonis adoret ?

— Et quisquis *Nomen* Junonis adoret ?

Longè melius, quam ut antea, *Numen*.

Et procul dubiò sic Virgilius.

III. VERS. 86.

— Venti velut *agmine facto*

Qua data porta ruunt —

— Venti velut *aggere fracto*

Qua data porta ruunt —

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. VERS. 117.

Fidumque vehebat Orontem.

Fortemque vehebat Orontem,

Non *fidum*, quia Epitheton *Achata* notissimum,
Oronti nunquam datur.

V. VERS. 119.

Excutitur, pronusque *magister*.

Volvitur in caput —

— Ex —

—Excuditur: pronusque magis ter
Volvitur in caput—

Aio Virgilium aliter non scripsisse, quod planè confirmatur ex sequentibus — *Ast illum ter fluctus ibidem Torquet* —

VI. VERS. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto
Arma virum

Armi hominum : Ridicule antea *Arma virum*, quæ ex ferro conflata, quomodo possunt natare?

VII. VERS. 151.

Atque rotis *summas* leviter perlabitur *undas*.

Atque rotis *spumas* leviter perlabitur *udas*. *Summas*, & *leviter perlabi*, pleonasmus est : Mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem & celeritatem exprimit ; simili modo Noster de Camilla, *Æn. 11.* — *intactæ segetis per summa volaret*, &c. hyperbolicè.

VIII. VERS. 154.

Jamque *faces* & *faxa* volant, *furor arma ministrat*.

Jam *faces* & *faxa* volant, *fugiuntque Ministri* : Uti solent, instanti periculo — *Faces*, *facibus* longe præstant ; quidenim nisi *faces* jactarent vulgus sordidum ?

IX. VERS. 170.

Fronte sub adversa *scopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo.

Eronte

Frontē sub adversa *populis prandentibus* antrum.
Sic malim, longe potius quam *scopulis pendentibus*:
Nugæ! Nonne vides versu sequenti *dulces aquas*
ad potandum & *sedilia* ad discumbendum dari? In
quorum usum? quippe *prandentium*.

X. VERS. 188.

—Tres littore *cervos*
Prospicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* sequuntur
A tergo —

—Tres litore *corvos*
Aspicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* sequuntur
A tergo — *Cervi*, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima: hæc Animalia in *Africa* non inveniri, quis nescit? At motus & ambulandi ritus Corvorum quis non agnovit hoc loco? *Litore*, locus ubi errant Corvi, uti Noster alibi,
Et sola secum sicca spaciatur arena.
Omen præclarissimum, immo et *agminibus Militum* frequenter observatum, ut patet ex Historicis.

XI. VERS. 748.

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyades, geminosque Triones.

Error gravissimus. Corrige, —*septemque Triones.*

XII. VERS. 631.

Quare agite O juvenes, *lectis* succedite nostris.

Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, & quæ unica voce & Torum & Mensam exprimebat: Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio.

Virgilius Restauratus. 85

latio O *Juvenes* ! Duplicem hunc sensum alibi
etiam Maro lepidè innuit, *Æn.* 4. v. 19.
Huic uni forsan potui succumbere *culpæ* :
Anna? fatebor enim —
Corrige, *Huic uni* [*Viro* scil.] potui succumbere ;
Culpas
Anna? fatebor enim, &c.
Vox succumbere quam eleganter ambigua !

LIBER SECUNDUS. VERS. 1.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora te-
nebant,
Inde toro *Pater Æneas* sic orsus ab alto :

Concubuerunt omnes, intentèque ora tenebant ;
Inde toro *satur Æneas* sic orsus ab alto.

Concubuerunt, quia toro *Æneam* vidimus accum-
bentem : quin & altera ratio, scil. *Conticuere &*
ora tenebant, tautologice dictum. In Manuscripto
perquam rarissimo in Patris Musæo, legitur, *ore*
gemebant ; sed magis ingeniosè quam verè. — *Satur*
Æneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio surrexit :
Pater nihil ad rem attinet.

VERS. 3.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.

Infantum regina jubes renovare dolorem. Sic
haud dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse.
Hoc satis constat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum
Cantilena vocata *Chevy-Chace*, cujus autor hunc
locum sibi ascivit in hæc verba,

The Child may rue that is unborn.

VERS.

VERS. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, & lamentabile regnum.
Eruerint Danaï——

Trojanas ut *Oves* & lamentabile regnum *Diruerint*—Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus oves & armenta divitiarum regum fuere. Vel fortasse *Oves Paridis* inuit, quas super Idam nuperrime pascebat, & jam in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, aliisque ducibus, meritò occisas.

VERS. 5.

——Quæque ipse *miserrima* vidi,
 Et quorum pars magna fui.

——Quæque ipse *miserrimus* audi,
 Et quorum pars magna fui——

Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recta distinctione enarrare hic Æneas profitetur: Multa quorum nox ea fatalis sola conficiat fuit, Vir probus & pius tanquam *visa* referre non potuit.

VERS. 7.

——Quis talia *fando*
 Temperet a lacrymis?

——Quis talia *flendo*,
 Temperet *in* lacrymis? —Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lacrymare; quam solummodo a lacrymis non temperare.

VERS.

VERS. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque *cadentia* sydera fomnos.

Et jam nox *lumina* cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque *latentia* sydera fomnos.
Lectio, *humida*, vespertinum rorem solum innuere videtur: magis mi arridet *Lumina*, quæ *latentia* postquam præcipitantur, Auroræ adventum annunciant.

VERS. 11.

Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere nostros,
Et breviter Trojæ *supremum* audire laborem,
Sed si tantus amor *curas* cognoscere noctis,
Et brevi ter Trojæ *Superumque* audire labores.
Curæ Noctis (scilicet noctis Excidii Trojani) magis compendiosè (vel ut dixit ipse *breviter*) totam belli catastrophem denotat, quam diffusa illa & indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros*. — Ter audire gratum fuisse Didoni, patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque* iterum *demens* audire labores *Exposcit*: Ter enim pro sæpe usurpatur. Trojæ, *superumque* labores, rectè, quia non tantum homines sed & Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide Æn. 2. vers. 610, &c.

VERS. 13.

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctusque*
refugit,
Incipiam.

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctusque*
resurgit. *Resurgit* multò proprius dolorem renascentum notat, quam ut hætenus, *refugit*.

VERS.

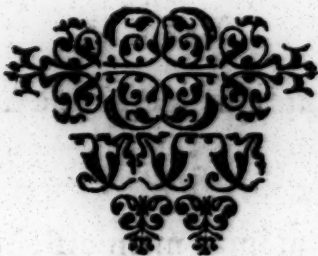
VERS. 14.

Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi,
 Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
 Instar montis *Equum*, divina Palladis arte,
 Ædificant — &c.

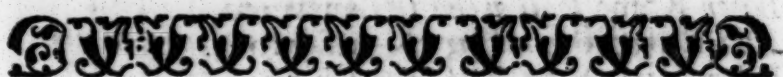
Tracti bello, fatisque repulsi.
Tracti & *Repulsi*, Antithesis perpulchra ! at *fracti*
 frigide & vulgaritèr.

Equum jam *Trojanum*, (ut vûlgus loquitur) adeamus : quem si *Equam Græcam* vocabis Lector, minimè pecces : Solæ enim femellæ utero gestant. — Uterumque armato milite complent — Uteroque recesso Insonnere cavæ — Atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere. — Includos utero Danaos, &c. Vox fœta non convenit maribus, — Scandit fatalis machina muros, Foeta armis — Palladem Virginem, Equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse, quis putat ? Incredibile prorsus ! Quamobrem existimo veram *Equæ* lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte, metri causâ, *Equum* potius quam *Equam*, Genus pro Sexu, dixit Maro. Vale ! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.

M. S.



It



It cannot RAIN but it POURS :

O R,

London strow'd with Rarities.

BRING,

An ACCOUNT of the Arrival of a White Bear, at the House of Mr. Ratcliff in Bishopsgate-street : As also of the Faustina, the celebrated Italian Singing-Woman : And of the Copper-Farthing Dean from Ireland.

And Lastly,

Of the wonderful Wild Man that was nursed in the Woods of Germany by a Wild Beast, hunted and taken in Toyls ; how he behaveth himself like a dumb Creature, and is a Christian like one of us, being call'd Peter ; and how he was brought to Court all in Green, to the great Astonishment of the Quality and Gentry. 1726.

WE shall begin with a Description of Peter the Savage, deferring our other Curiosities to some following Papers.

Romulus and Remus, the two famous Wild Men of Antiquity, and Orsin that of the Moderns, have been justly the Admiration of all Mankind : Nor can we presage less of this Wild Youth, as may be gather'd from that famous and well-known Prophecy of Lilly's, which being now accomplish'd, is most easily interpreted.

When

*When Rome shall wend to Benevento,
And Espagne breaking the Assiento ;
When Eagle Split shall fly to China,
And Christian Folks adore Faustina :
Then shall an Oak be brought to Bed,
Of Creature neither taught nor fed ;
Great Feats shall be atchieve —*

The Pope is now going to *Benevento* ; the *Spaniards* have broke their Treaty ; the Emperor Trades to *China* ; and *Lilly*, were he alive, must be convinced, that it was not the Empress *Faustina* that was meant in the Prophecy.

It is evident by several Tokens about this Wild Gentleman, that he had a Father and Mother like one of us ; but there being no Register of his Christning, his Age is only to be guessed at by his Stature and Countenance, and appeareth to be about Twelve or Thirteen. His being so young was the Occasion of the great Disappointment of the Ladies, who came to the Drawing Room in full Expectation of some Attempt upon their Chastity : So far is true, that he endeavour'd to kiss the young Lady *W——le*, who for that reason is become the Envy of the Circle ; this being a Declaration of Nature, in favour of her superior Beauty.

Aristotle saith, That Man is the most Mimick of all Animals ; which Opinion of that great Philosopher is strongly confirm'd by the Behaviour of this Wild Gentleman, who is endow'd with that Quality to an extream Degree. He receiv'd his first Impressions at Court : His Manners are, first to lick People's Hands, and then turn his Breech upon them ; to thrust his Hand into every body's Pocket ; to climb over Peoples Heads ; and even to make use of the *Royal Hand*, to take what he has a mind to. At his first Appearance
he

he seiz'd on the Lord Chamberlain's Staff, and put on his Hat before the King; from whence some have conjectur'd, that he is either descended from a Grandee of *Spain*, or the Earls of *Kingsale* in *Ireland*. However, these are manifest Tokens of his innate Ambition; he is extremely tenacious of his own Property, and ready to invade that of other People. By this mimic Quality he discover'd what wild Beast had nurs'd him: Observing Children to ask Blessing of their Mothers, one Day he fell down upon his Knees to a Sow, and mutter'd some Sounds in that humble Posture.

It has been commonly thought, that he is *Ulrick's* natural Brother, because of some resemblance of Manners, and the officious Care of *Ulrick* about him; but the Superiority of the Parts and Genius in *Peter*, demonstrates this to be impossible.

Though he is ignorant both of ancient and modern Languages, (that Care being left to the ingenious Physician, who is entrusted with his Education) yet he distinguishes Objects by certain Sounds fram'd to himself, which Mr. *Rotenberg*, who brought him over, understands perfectly. Beholding one Day the Shambles with great Fear and Astonishment, ever since he calls Man by the same Sound which expresseth Wolf. A young Lady is a Peacock, old Women Mag-pyes and Owls; a Beau with a *Toupee*, a Monkey; Glass, Ice; Blue, Red, and Green Ribbons, he calls Rainbows; an Heap of Gold a Turd. The first Ship he saw, he took to be a great Beast swimming on her Back, and her Feet tied above her: The Men that came out of the Hold he took to be her Cubs, and wonder'd they were so unlike their Dam. He understands perfectly the Language of all Beasts and Birds, and is not, like them, confin'd to that of one Species. He can
bring

bring any Beast what he calls for, and no doubt is much miss'd now in his Native Woods, where he us'd to do good Offices among his Fellow-Citizens, and serv'd as a Mediator to reconcile their Differences. One Day he warn'd a Flock of Sheep that were driving to the Shambles, of their Danger, and upon uttering some Sounds, they all fled. He takes vast Pleasure in Conversation with Horses; and going to the *Menſe* to converse with Two of his intimate Acquaintances in the King's Stable, as he paſs'd by, he Neighed to the Horse at *Charing-Croſs*; being as it were surpriz'd to see him ſo high, he ſeem'd to take it ill, that the Horse did not answer him; but I think no body can undervalue his Underſtanding for not being ſkill'd in Statuary.

He expreſſeth his Joy moſt commonly by Neighing; and whatever the Philoſophers may talk of their Riſibility, Neighing is a more noble Expreſſion of that Paſſion than Laughing, which ſeems to me to have ſomething ſilly in it; and beſides, is often attended with Tears. Other Animals are ſenſible they debaſe themſelves, by mimicking Laughter; and I take it to be a general Obſervation, that the top Felicity of Mankind is to imitate Monkeys and Birds: Witneſs *Harlequins*, *Scaramouches* and *Masquerades*; on the other Hand, Monkeys, when they would look extreamly ſilly, endeavour to bring themſelves down to Mankind. Love he expreſſeth by the Cooing of a Dove, and Anger by the Croaking of a Raven, and it is not doubted but, that, he will ſerve in Time as an Interpreter between us and other Animals.

Great Inſtruction is to be had from this Wild Youth in the Knowledge of Simples; and I am of Opinion, that he ought always to attend the Cenſors of the College in their Viſitation of Apothecaries Shops.

I am

I am told, that the new *Sect* of *Herb-eaters* intend to follow him into the Fields, or to beg him for a Clerk of their Kitchen: And that there are many of them now thinking of turning their Children into Woods to Graze with the Cattle, in hopes to raise a healthy and moral Race, refin'd from the Corruptions of this luxurious World.

He sings naturally several pretty Tunes of his own Composing, and with equal Facility, in the *Chromatick*, *Inharmonick*, and *Diatonick* Stile, and consequently must be of infinite Use to the Academy, in judging of the Merits of their Composers, and is the only Person, that ought to decide betwixt *Cuzzoni* and *Faustina*.

I cannot omit his first Notion of Cloaths, which he took to be the natural Skins of the Creatures that wore them, and seem'd to be in great Pain for the pulling off a Stocking, thinking the poor Man was a Fleaing.

I am not ignorant, that there are disaffected People, who say he is a *Pretender*, and no genuine Wild Man. This Calumny proceeds from the false Notions they have of Wild Men, which they frame from such as they see about the Town, whose Actions are rather absurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young Gentlemen, who are ambitious to excel in this Character, to Copy this true Original of Nature.

The Senses of this Wild Man are vastly more acute than those of a Tame One; he can follow the Track of a Man, or any other Beast of Prey. A Dog is an Ass to him for finding Troubles; his Hearing is more perfect, because his Ears not having been confin'd by Bandages, he can move them like a Drill, and turn them towards the Sonorous Object.

Let us pray the Creator of all Beings, Wild and Tame, that as this wild Youth, by being brought to Court, has been made a Christian;

so such as are at Court, and are no Christians, may lay aside their Savage and Rapacious Nature, and return to the Meekness of the Gospel.





AN INFALLIBLE
SCHEME

To Pay the
Publick Debt

○ 〇

IRELAND in Six Months.

THE great Distress of this unhappy Coun-
try, is too visible to all, except those
who have Power to redress it.

~~These~~ We may observe thro' the whole Nation one universal Complaint of the Decay of Trade, the Oppression of Landlords, and the Deficiency of Money ; and yet I cannot find among all the Schemes proposed to lessen these Evils, any one in particular, which seems likely to succeed.

But, what is still an Addition to this melancholy Prospect of Affairs, is the unbounded *Luxury* and *Extravagance*, both in Apparel and Entertainments.

AN

ments, which Persons of all Ranks and Degrees run into at present, tho' in general we labour under such Hardships and Poverty.

We are affected in a quite different Manner from all the Nations upon Earth ; for, with others, *Wealth* is the Mother of *Luxury*, but with us *Poverty* has the very same Effect : With others, *Scarcity* is the Parent of Industry, but with us it is the Nurse of *Idleness* and *Vice*.

We labour to imitate our neighbouring Kingdoms in nothing but their Extravagance, without having the same plentiful Aids of *Commerce*, or applying our selves to the Study of *Fair-dealing* to maintain it. So that, in short, by our own ill Management, we are brought to so low an Ebb of Wealth and Credit, that our Condition seems incapable of any Relief.

But as I have the Interest of this misguided People very much at Heart, I do not intend this Essay as a Detection of their present Grievances, but as a Remedy against them. And for that Purpose I have labour'd to find out such a *Scheme* as will discharge our Publick Debt with all possible Ease and Pleasure to the Subject, and in so short a Time, that we may neither complain of being oppress'd with long continued Taxes, (as some unreasonable People often presume to do) nor quite despair of being once more in a thriving Condition.

Let us consider what those *Vices* are, which at present prevail most among us; and I believe, upon Enquiry, they will be found *Perjury*, *Fornication*, *Drunkenness*, *Swearing*, *Slander*, *Infidelity*, *Fraud*, *Blasphemy*, and many others. Would it not then be worthy of our Consideration, whether a moderate Tax upon every particular *Vice*, instead of laying an additional Duty upon *Wine*, *Hops*, and other Commodities, wou'd not supply us with a sufficient Sum in a very short Time ? Such

a Tax

a Tax must of Necessity yield a vast Revenue, and prove the most infallible, and indeed the only Scheme for our Prosperity, if it shall be thought proper to be continued.

But, before I proceed to Particulars, it may not be amiss to premise, that this Tax is not designed for any one County or Province in this Kingdom, but to extend itself universally over the whole Nation; because different Vices may flourish in different Counties, as different Plants in their different Soils; as *Perjury* in one, *Theft* in another, *Diffimulation* and *Flattery* in another, *Rapine* in another, and so of the rest: However, I take *Theft* to be our peculiar staple Vice.

And least any Disputes may hereafter arise about the Nature of *Perjury*, the Intention of the Act in this particular, or what Persons are to be subject to this Tax, I must here also premise, that every Lie confirmed by an Oath, is undoubtedly *Perjury*, whether before a *Magistrate*, or behind a *Counter*. And, therefore, we do not doubt, but the Trading Part of our People, will be great Benefactors to the Publick, in this particular Article, as well as many others.

These two Things being premis'd, let us suppose that in this large Country, 5000 Persons are guilty of this Infirmary each Day: Which Computation must be allow'd very moderate, if we recollect, that this Number is not above a four-hundredth Part of the Inhabitants of this Kingdom, who are generally computed to amount to *Two Millions*. And if we further consider what strong Inducements our Natives have to practise it, from its being often so exceeding beneficial; if we consider the great Use made of it in all Sorts of *Traffick*; the great Demands for it in *Law-suits*; the great Advantage of it in *Elections*, and the undeniable Profit of it in all *Prosecutions*, we shall think the Number of 5000 still more reasonable.

Let us then suppose every one of this Number to be perjurd, only once every Day, (which is a very favourable Supposition) and subject only to a Tax of Six-pence for each Offence ; for which Sum, perhaps, he may procure either the Death of an Enemy, an Estate for his Friend, or a Fortune for himself, (all which are esteemed very desirable) the Tax will be too inconsiderable to make any one murmur, and yet will yield the Sum of 125 *l. per Day*, towards discharging our National Debt.

Besides, this Tax, tho' very low, may in Reality be very profitable for Mankind ; for *Attornies, Solicitors, Usurers, Butchers*, and other honest Traders, will scarce think it answerable to the Expence of Time, to forswear themselves for any Profit from One Penny to Six Pence inclusive, (as now customary) but will at least, for every Transgression, expect to gain sufficient to defray the Tax.

However, I would have all sworn *Constables*, and all *Collectors* of this and many other Taxes, entirely exempted from any Penalty as priviledg'd Persons ; because, by that Means they will be enabled to be very serviceable in their several Stations.

Fornication, as the World is at present, would furnish the Publick with a large Sum, even at a very moderate Tax ; for it is now made an essential Part of the polite Gentleman's Character, and he that has prevail'd on the greatest Number, proportionably rises in Reputation.

Let us then compute, that in the several Parts of this Nation, 5000 *per Day* were liable to be taxed for this general Vice, only at two Shillings : The Sum arising from this to the publick Good, will amount to 500 *l. per Day*, and in Six Months to almost one Third of our National Debt.

I know

to pay the Publick Debts. 99

I know it may be here objected, that I have computed upon too small a Number, and that I might justly account rather upon Twenty or Thirty Thousand *per Day*, in the several Counties of this Kingdom: But, tho' I own this Objection to be very strong, if we were to consider the Opportunities of *Wakes, Patron-Days, Hay-making Seasons, May-Days, Religious Pilgrimages to Holy Wells, Balls* publick and private, and many other commodious Scenes for that kind of Entertainment; yet I would rather chuse to err on the right Side in too small, than too great a Computation.

I know the *Papish* Clergy will make strong Remonstrances against this Tax; and plead, that it is design'd to oppress them; that all Nations of the Earth allow them a *Toleration* in this particular Point, as they are *frail* Mortals, and sworn to *Celibacy*; and what is still worse, that such a Tax would be the most effectual Means to drain them of their whole Revenues; but as I would not have such pious Persons justly complain of the least Rigour, I shall readily agree to their being exempted.

Drunkennes I would only Tax at Six Pence, because it might be prejudicial to *His Majesty's Revenue*, to discourage it, and consequently subject the Proposer to Penalties.

Let us then compute, that only Twenty Thousand Persons, (which is but one hundredth Part of the People in this Kingdom) were daily liable to be tax'd, the Amount would be 500*l.* *per Day*. And how extreemly moderate this Computation is, may appear to any one who considers, that besides the usual Opportunities of *Taverns* and *private Houses*, there are *Elections, Fairs, Mayor's Feasts, University Treats, Corporation Dinners, Christmas Regales, Weddings* and *Christnings*, both in Town and Country, and many other irresistible

Inducements to this manly Vice, which would, perhaps, if nicely calculated, daily furnish us with two Thirds more than our computed Number, and by that Means greatly conduce to the Publick Good.

But, however, I would by all Means exempt all Country *Justices of the Peace*, whether *Squires* or *Parsons*; because it would be unseemly to see such honourable and reverend Personages insulted by meaner Officers, as often as they might be discover'd in such a Condition.

Swearing would be a most universal Benefit in this Case; because, at present, it serves to season the Discourse of all Ranks and Degrees of Men. It is the principal Ingredient and Decoration of all modern *Jokes*, *Gibes*, *Quarrels*, *Love-Speeches*, *Threats* and *Promises*, and consequently capable of affording an incredible Revenue.

However, let us suppose 40000 Persons per Day, liable to the Tax of Six Pence only for each Offence of this Kind; which, considering the great Number of *Markets*, *Coffee-Houses*, *Shambles*, *Bar-racks*, and *Gaming-Houses* in this Kingdom, is a very inconsiderable Number; yet even this Article will furnish us with 1000 *l.* per Day, which would amount to near two Thirds of the Publick Debt.

Our Laws have amerced each Offence in this way at One Shilling, ordering one half to the Informer, and the other to the Poor, which, in my humble Opinion, was very ill concerted; for if the *Legislature* did really intend that this Law should be punctually enforced, they ought to have divided the whole *Mulct* between the *Informer* and the *Justice*, without any regard to the Poor, and then, they might be assured, it would be vigorously executed.

I am already apprehensive, that all military Persons will expect an Exemption from Taxes on this

to pay the Publick Debts. 101

this Account ; because they may plead Precedents for many Generations, may alledge the Power of Custom, the Decency and Comeliness of it, when properly mingled with other Discourse, or that the censorious World would perhaps suspect they knew nothing of God at all, if they did not sometimes mention his Name ; and many other Reasons of equal Weight : But though these Remonstrances are very just, yet as this is the only Means by which, some think a Standing Army can conduce to the National Good, it will be hard to exempt them.

However, as the military Power would infallibly be liable to this Tax in all its Branches, by which Means they might be utterly impoverish'd, I believe it may not be improper to allow all *Foot-Soldiers* and *Field-Officers*, all young *Ensigns*, spruce *Cornets*, naval *Captains*, *Cabin-Boys* and *Quarter-Masters*, forty or fifty Oaths a Day, entirely free from any Tax or Penalty.

As for *Slander*, supposing only twenty thousand per Day, taxed at Six Pence for every Offence, this Article would daily afford the Publick) at the lowest reasonable Computation) five hundred Pounds.

And, as this is a favourite Talent, we might have ventur'd to tax it much higher ; but I would not seem to discourage so charitable a Disposition, especially where it may promote the Interest of my Country.

As to the *Ladies*, I have been always too great an Admirer of theirs, to desire any Restriction should be laid on their Pleasure, either private or publick ; and therefore I would have them tax'd only half as much as the Men for every little Error of this Kind ; because *Slander*, in Men, is a Talent unnatural and acquired, and generally practis'd to ingratiate themselves with the opposite Sex ; whereas this genteel Failing in Fe-

males, is innate, and impossible to be restrain'd ; which is a Case that demands our utmost Compassion.

I think all *Drawing-Rooms*, *Assemblies*, and all Places of Publick Resort for Ladies, ought to be exempt from any Penalty, because it is so material a Part of the Discourse and Amusement of those Places, that to tax them for each Offence, would be in Effect, to enjoin them perpetual Silence ; which, if it were possible, would be too great a Misfortune, both to themselves, and the World, to be exacted from them.

Infidelity and *Blasphemy* would furnish us with a considerable Sum ; and as they are not originally of our own Growth, but annually imported from neighbouring Kingdoms, they ought to be subject to some Duty, which in few Years would probably be a vast Addition to the Publick Revenue. Yet as this Traffick is principally carried on by young *Lawyers*, and *travelling Squires*, any Attempt to tax it would certainly meet with too vigorous an Opposition. But on Condition it might pass into a Law, I would gladly exempt both *Lawyers* of all Ages, *Subaltern*, and *Field-Officers*, *young Heirs*, *Dancing-Masters*, *Pick-Pockets*, and *Players*.

Let us now only consider the several Sums arising from the Tax on our *Vices*, as we have before computed them, and the Justness and Infallibility of this Scheme must appear demonstrably.

1.

The Publick Debt of the Nation is }
 about ———— } 300000

And

to pay the Publick Debts. 103

And the Tax	l.	
For Perjury, —————	125	} per Day.
Fornication, —————	500	
Drunkenness, —————	500	
Swearing, —————	1000	
Slander, —————	500	
Total per Day —————		2625

which in 182 Days, or half a Year, will amount to 477,750 *l.* which is considerably more than our National Debt.

But, lest by the universal Poverty of our People, which is much to be fear'd, or by their growing more virtuous, which never can be reasonably apprehended, this daily Income should fall short of what we have computed, I must humbly beg Leave to offer some other Improvements of this Scheme, which will undoubtedly answer all Deficiencies.

And for this Purpose, what if a severe Tax was laid on all manner of Persons, who presum'd to marry till they were full Forty Years old? If any should prove Fool-hardy enough to transgress a Law so calculated for the Happiness of Men, each Offence would be of signal Benefit to the Publick; and if providentially it should prove an effectual Restraint, there must of Necessity be fewer Children in each Family, and of Consequence the Number of Beggars and Wretches in this Kingdom must proportionably decrease. And what would still be more material, perhaps, in one Age, if this beneficial Act should be continued, the greatest part of this Country would require to be new peopled from *E—d*; a Circumstance greatly to be wish'd; because such an Accident would probably cure that Nation of its inveterate Antipathy to the Inhabitants of this, at least for some Generations.

As

As for the Scheme to tax Batchelors, which has lately been propos'd to the House by one of its Honourable Members, I must beg leave to think it highly improper; because Batchelors, of all Ranks and Degrees, are real Benefactors to the Publick, by not furnishing it either with *Beggars*, or *Oppressors of Beggars*, one of which must infallibly be the Consequence of Marriage in this Country.

I would also earnestly request, that all young *Clergymen*, who, with more Passion than Prudence, shall dare to marry before they are benefic'd, may be liable to a most severe Tax, equal to a Prohibition; because such Offenders must inevitably multiply *Beggars*, live in *Contempt*, and die in *Poverty*.

These, and many other Expedients, might easily be found upon any Emergency to furnish considerable Sums for the National Debt.

But as there will remain about 177,750 *l.* over and above our Publick Debt, I will allow One Hundred Thousand Pounds of it for Sallaries, to such Persons as shall be appointed Collectors, and I hope, this will be a reasonable Provision, tho' generally above one half of every Tax is expended in paying proper Officers to collect it. The Overplus may be deposited in the Treasury for any other pious Use.

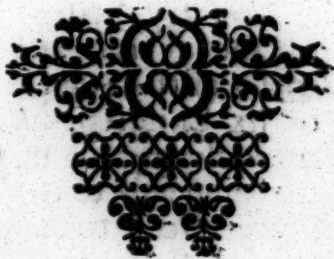
And if this Scheme should be so fortunate as to succeed, as I have no Reason to doubt from the present Disposition of the H— of C—s, all those Noblemen, who shall be appointed Commissioners, will have excellent Opportunities of promoting their *Nephews*, *Cousins*, *Footmen*, *Fosterers*, *Valets*, and other valuable Dependants, to good Incomes, and Places of Trust and Credit. But I would, by all Means, have none but *Englishmen*, nominated to be Tax-Gatherers; because we may rationally suppose, that they will be entirely free.

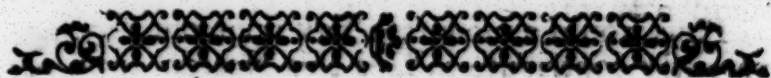
to pay the *Publick Debts*. 105

free from Prejudice, in favour of the Natives of this Kingdom.

Thus would a moderate Tax upon our *Vices* apparently contribute to save this Nation from utter Ruin. Many Persons, who have not the least Excuse for their Irregularities at present (except the commendable Publick-spirited Contempt for Religion) might then plead in their own Defence, that their Immoralities had preserv'd their Country. And by this Means we might be furnish'd with a Multitude of *Patriots*, who probably would never prove so in any other Respect.

But I must humbly beg leave to dissent from that religious Gentleman, the excellent Author of the *Fable of the Bees*; tho', perhaps, such a Particularity of Opinion may injure my Character with several of my Lay-brethren of most Professions; and I must publickly declare, that there can be no other Method half so good as mine, to make *Private Vices Publick Benefits*.





A MODEST
P R O P O S A L
F O R

*Preventing the Children of poor People
in Ireland, from being a Burden to
their Parents or Country, and for
making them Beneficial to the Pub-
lick.*

TTTTT T is a melancholy Object to those, who
II II walk through this great Town, or travel
II II in the Country, when they see the
II II Streets, the Roads and Cabbin-Doors
crowded with Beggars of the Female Sex, followed
by three, four, or six Children, all in Rags, and
importuning every Passenger for an Alms. These
Mothers, instead of being able to work for their ho-
nest livelyhood, are forced to employ all their
time in Stroling to beg Sustenance for their help-
less Infants, who, as they grow up, either turn
Thieves for want of Work, or leave their dear
Native Country, to fight for the Pretender in Spain,
or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all Parties, that this pro-
digious number of Children in the Arms, or on
the

the Backs, or at the *Heels* of their *Mothers*, and frequently of their *Fathers*, is in the present *deplorable State of the Kingdom*, a very great additional Grievance; and therefore whoever could find out a fair, cheap and easy method of making these Children sound and useful Members of the Common-wealth, would deserve so well of the Publick, as to have his Statue set up for a Preserver of the Nation.

But my Intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the Children of *professed Beggars*, it is of a much greater Extent, and shall take in the whole Number of Infants at a certain Age, who are born of Parents in effect as little able to support them, as those, who demand our Charity in the Streets.

As to my own part, having turned my Thoughts, for many Years, upon this important Subject, and maturely weighed the several *Schemes for our Projectors*, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their computation. It is true, a Child *just dropt from its Dam*, may be supported by her Milk, for a Solar Year with little other Nourishment, at most not above the Value of two Shillings, which the Mother may certainly get, or the Value in *Scraps*, by her lawful Occupation of Begging; and it is exactly at one Year Old, that I propose to provide for them in such a manner, as, instead of being a Charge upon their *Parents*, or the *Parish*, or wanting Food and Raiment for the rest of their Lives, they shall, on the contrary, contribute to the Feeding and partly to the Cloathing of many Thousands.

There is likewise another great Advantage in my Scheme, that it will prevent those *voluntary Abortions*, and that horrid practice of *Women murdering their Bastard Children*, alas! too frequent among us, sacrificing the *poor innocent Babes*, I doubt, more to avoid the Expence, than the
Shame,

Shame, which would move Tears and Pity in the most savage and inhuman Breast.

The number of Souls in this Kingdom, being usually reckoned one Million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about two hundred thousand Couple whose Wives are Breeders; from which number, I substract thirty Thousand Couples, who are able to maintain their own Children, although, I apprehend, there cannot be so many, *under the present Distresses of the Kingdom*; but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and seventy thousand Breeders. I again substract fifty Thousand, for those Women who miscarry, or whose Children die by Accident, or Disease within the Year. There only remain an hundred and twenty thousand Children of poor Parents annually born: The Question therefore is, How this number shall be reared, and provided for? which, as I have already said, under the present Situation of Affairs, is utterly impossible by all the Methods hitherto proposed; for we can *neither employ them in Handicraft or Agriculture*; we neither build Houses, (I mean in the Country) nor cultivate Land: They can very seldom pick up a Livelihood *by Stealing* till they arrive at six Years Old; except where they are of towardly Parts; although, I confess, they learn the Rudiments much earlier; during which time, they can however be properly looked upon only as *Probationers*; as I have been informed by a principal Gentleman in the County of *Cavan*, who protested to me, that he never knew above one or two Instances under the Age of six, even in a part of the Kingdom *so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that Art*.

I am assured by our Merchants, that a Boy or a Girl before twelve Years Old, is no saleable Commodity, and even when they come to this Age, they will not yield above three Pounds, or three Pounds and half a Crown at most, on the Exchange;

change ; which cannot turn to Account either to the Parents or Kingdom, the Charge of Nutrimment and Rags having been at least four times that Value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own Thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least Objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing *American* of my Acquaintance in *London*, that a young healthy Child well Nursed, is, at a Year Old, a most delicious nourishing and wholesome Food, whether *Stewed, Roasted, Baked, or Boiled* ; and I doubt, that it will equally serve in a *Fricassee*, or a *Ragoust*.

I do therefore humbly offer it to *publick consideration*, that of the Hundred and twenty thousand Children, already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for Breed, whereof only one fourth Part to be Males ; which is more than we allow to *Sheep, black Cattle, or Swine*, and my Reason is, that these Children are seldom the Fruits of Marriage, a *Circumstance not much regarded by our Savages*, therefore, one Male will be sufficient to serve four Females. That the remaining Hundred thousand may, at a Year Old, be offered in Sale to the *Persons of Quality and Fortune*, through the Kingdom, always advising the Mother to let them suck plentifully in the last Month, so as to render them Plump, and Fat for a good Table. A Child will make two Dishes at an Entertainment for Friends, and when the Family dines alone, the fore or hind Quarter will make a reasonable Dish, and seasoned with a little Pepper or Salt, will be very good Boiled on the fourth Day, especially in *Winter*.

I have reckoned upon a Medium, that a Child just born will weigh 12 Pounds, and in a solar Year, if tolerably nursed, encreaseth to 28 Pounds.

I grant

A Modest Proposal

I grant this Food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very *proper for Landlords*, who, as they have already devoured most of the Parents, seem to have the best Title to the Children.

Infant's Flesh will be in Season throughout the Year, but more plentiful in *March*, and a little before and after; for we are told by a grave Author an eminent *French Physician*, that *Fish being a prolific Dyet*, there are more Children born in *Roman Catholick Countries* about nine Months after *Lent*, than at any other Season; therefore reckoning a Year after *Lent*, the Markets will be more glutted than usual, because the Number of *Popish Infants*, is at least three to one in this Kingdom, and therefore it will have one other Collateral Advantage, by lessening the Number of *Papists* among us.

I have already computed the Charge of nursing a Beggar's Child (in which List I reckon all *Cottagers, Labourers*, and four fifths of the *Farmers*) to be about two Shillings *per Annum*, Rags included; and, I believe, no Gentleman would repine to give Ten Shillings for the *Carcass of a good fat Child*, which, as I have said, will make four Dishes of excellent Nutritive Meat, when he hath only some particular Friend, or his own Family to dine with him. Thus the Squire will learn to be a good Landlord, and grow popular among his Tenants, the Mother will have Eight Shillings neat Profit, and be fit for Work till she produces another Child.

Those who are more thrifty (*as I must confess the Times require*) may flea the Carcass; the Skin of which, artificially Dressed, will make admirable *Gloves for Ladies*, and *Summer Boots for fine Gentlemen*.

As to our City of *Dublin*, Shambles may be appointed for this purpose, in the most convenient Parts of it, and Butchers we may be assured will

will not be wanting ; although, I rather recommend buying the Children alive, and dressing them hot from the Knife, as we do *roasting Pigs*.

A very worthy Person, a *true Lover of his Country*, and whose Virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased, in discoursing on this matter, to offer a Refinement upon my Scheme. He said, that many Gentlemen of this Kingdom, having of late destroyed their Deer, he conceived, that the Want of Venison might be well supply'd by the Bodies of young Lads and Maidens, not exceeding fourteen Years of Age, nor under twelve ; so great a Number of both Sexes in every Country being now ready to Starve, for want of Work and Service : And these to be disposed of by their Parents if alive, or otherwise by their nearest Relations. But with due deference to so excellent a Friend, and so deserving a Patriot, I cannot be altogether in his Sentiments ; for as to the Males, my *American Acquaintance* assured me from frequent Experience, that their Flesh was generally Tough and Lean, like that of our School-boys, by continual Exercise, and their Taste disagreeable, and to fatten them would not answer the Charge. Then as to the Females, it would, I think with humble Submission, *be a Loss to the Publick*, because they soon would become Breeders themselves : And besides it is not improbable, that some scrupulous People might be apt to Censure such a Practice, (although indeed very unjustly) as a little bordering upon Cruelty, which, I confess, hath always been with me the strongest Objection against any Project, how well soever intended.

But in order to justify my Friend, he confessed, that this expedient was put into his Head by the famous *Sallmanaaxor*, a Native of the Island *Formosa*, who came from thence to *London*, above twenty Years ago, and in Conversation told my

Friend,

Friend, that in his Country, when any young Person happened to be put to Death, the Executioner sold the Carcass to *Persons of Quality*, as a prime Dainty, and that, in his Time, the Body of a plump Girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the Emperor, was sold to his Imperial Majesty's *prime Minister of State*, and other great *Mandarins* of the Court, in *Joints from the Gibbet*, at four hundred Crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same Use were made of several plump young Girls in this Town, who, without one single Groat to their Fortunes, cannot stir Abroad without a Chair, and appear at a *Play-house*, and *Assemblies* in foreign Fineries, which they never will pay for; the Kingdom would not be the worse.

Some Persons of a desponding Spirit are in great Concern about that vast Number of poor People, who are Aged, Diseased, or Maimed, and I have been desired to employ my Thoughts what Course may be taken, to ease the Nation of so grievous an Incumbrance. But I am not in the least Pain upon that Matter, because it is very well known, that they are every Day *dying*, and *rotting*, by *cold* and *famine*, and *filth*, and *vermin*, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the younger Labourers, they are now in almost as hopeful a Condition. They cannot get Work, and consequently pine away for want of Nourishment, to a degree, that if at any Time they are accidentally hired to common Labour, they have not Strength to perform it, and thus the Country and themselves are happily delivered from the Evils to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my Subject, I think the Advantages by the Proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest Importance.

For

For *First*, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the Number of *Papists*, with whom we are Yearly over-run, being the principal Breeders of the Nation, as well as our most dangerous Enemies, and who stay at home on purpose with a Design to deliver the Kingdom to the Pretender, hoping to take their Advantage by the Absence of so many good Protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their Country, than stay at home, and pay Tithes against their Conscience, to an *Episcopal Curate*.

Secondly, The poorer Tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by Law may be made lyable to Distress, and help to pay their Landlord's Rent, their Corn and Cattle being already seized, and Money a Thing unknown.

Thirdly, Whereas the Maintenance of an hundred thousand Children, from two Years old, and upwards, cannot be computed at less than Ten Shillings a Piece *per Annum*; the Nation's Stock will be thereby encreased fifty thousand Pounds *per Annum*, besides the Profit of a new Dish, introduced to the Tables of all Gentlemen of Fortune in the Kingdom, who have any Refinement in Taste, and the Money will circulate among our selves, the Goods being entirely of our own Growth and Manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant Breeders, besides the gain of eight Shillings *Sterling per Annum*, by the Sale of ther Children, will be rid of the Charge of maintaining them after the first Year.

Fifthly, This Food would likewise bring great Custom to Taverns, where the Vintners will certainly be so prudent, as to procure the best Receipts

A Modest Proposal

ceipts for dressing it to Perfection ; and consequently have their Houses frequented by all the *fine Gentlemen*, who justly value themselves upon their Knowledge in good Eating ; and a skilful Cook, who understands how to oblige his Guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, This would be a great Inducement to Marriage, which all wise Nations have either encouraged by Rewards, or enforced by Laws and Penalties. It would encrease the Care and Tenderness of Mothers towards their Children, when they were sure of a Settlement for Life, to the poor Babes, provided in some Sort by the Publick, to their annual Profit instead of Expence ; we should soon see an honest Emulation among the married Women, *which of them could bring the fattest Child to the Market*. Men would become as fond of their Wives, during the Time of their Pregnancy, as they are now of their *Mares* in Foal, their *Cows* in Calf, or *Sows* when they are ready to farrow, nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a Practice) for fear of a Mis-carriage.

Many other Advantages might be enumerated. For Instance, the Addition of some thousand Carcasses in our Exportation of Barrell'd Beef : The Propagation of *Swines Flesh*, and Improvement in the Art of making good *Bacon*, so much wanted among us by the great Destruction of *Pigs*, too frequent at our Tables, which are no way comparable in Taste, or Magnificence to a well grown, fat Yearly Child, which, roasted whole, will make a considerable Figure at a *Lord Mayor's Feast*, or any other Publick Entertainment. But this, and many others, I omit, being studious of Brevity.

Supposing that one thousand Families in this City, would be constant Customers for Infants
Flesh,

Flesh, besides others who might have it at *merry Meetings*, particularly at *Weddings* and *Christenings*, I compute that *Dublin* would take off Annually about twenty thousand Carcasses, and the rest of the Kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty Thousand.

I can think of no one Objection, that will possibly be raised against this Proposal, unless it should be urged, that the Number of People will be thereby much lessened in the Kingdom. This I freely own, and 'twas indeed one principal Design in offering it to the World. I desire the Reader will observe, that I calculate my Remedy for *this one individual Kingdom of IRELAND*, and for no Other that ever was, is, or I think, ever can be upon Earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other Expedients: Of taxing our Absentees at five Shillings a Pound: Of using neither Cloaths, nor Household Furniture, except what is of our own Growth and Manufacture: Of utterly rejecting the Materials and Instruments that promote Foreign Luxury: Of curing the Expensiveness of Pride, Vanity, Idleness, and Gaming in our Women: Of introducing a Vein of Parsimony, Prudence and Temperance: Of learning to love our Country, wherein we differ even from LAPLANDERS, and the Inhabitants of TOPINAMBOO: Of quitting our Animosities, and Factions, nor act any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very Moment their City was taken: Of being a little cautious not to sell our Country and Consciences for nothing: Of teaching Landlords to have at least one Degree of Mercy towards their Tenants. Lastly, Of putting a Spirit of Honesty, Industry, and Skill into our Shop-keepers, who, if a Resolution could now be taken to buy only our Native Goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the Price, the Measure, and the Goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair

fair Proposal of just Dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no Man talk to me of these and the like Expedients, till he hath at least some Glimpse of Hope, that there will ever be some hearty and sincere Attempt to put *them in Practice.*

But as to my self, having been wearied out for many Years with offering vain, idle, visionary Thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of Success, I fortunately fell upon this Proposal, which as it is wholly new, so it hath something Solid and Real, of no Expende and little Trouble, full in our own Power, and whereby we can incur no Danger in *disobliging* ENGLAND. For this kind of Commodity will not bear Exportation, the Flesh being of too tender a Consistence, to admit a long Continuance in Salt, *although, perhaps, I cou'd name a Country, which wou'd be glad to eat up our whole Nation without it.*

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own Opinion, as to reject any Offer, proposed by wise Men, which shall be found equally Innocent, Cheap, Easy, and Effectual. But before something of that Kind shall be advanced in Contradiction to my Scheme, and offering a better, I desire the Author or Authors, will be pleased maturely to consider two Points. *First*, As Things now stand, how they will be able to find Food and Raiment for an hundred Thousand useless Mouths and Backs. And *Secondly*, There being a round Million of Creatures in human Figure, throughout this Kingdom, whose whole Subsistence put into a common Stock, would leave them in Debt two Millions of Pounds *Sterling*, adding those, who are Beggars by Profession, to the Bulk of Farmers, Cottagers and Labourers, with their Wives and Children, who are Beggars in Effect; I desire those Politicians, who dislike my Overture, and
may

may perhaps be so bold to attempt an Answer, that they will first ask the Parents of these Mortals, Whether they would not at this Day, think it a great Happiness, to have been sold for Food at a Year Old, in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual Scene of Misfortunes, as they have since gone through, by the *Oppression of Landlords*, the Impossibility of paying Rent without Money or Trade, the Want of common Sustenance, with neither House nor Cloaths to cover them from the Inclemencies of the Weather, and the most inevitable Prospect of intailing the like, or greater Miseries, upon their Breed for ever.

I profess in the Sincerity of my Heart, that I have not the least Personal Interest in endeavouring to promote this necessary Work, having no other Motive than the *Publick Good of my Country*, by advancing our Trade, providing for Infants, relieving the Poor, and giving some Pleasure to the Rich. I have no Children, by which I can propose to get a single Penny; the youngest being nine Years Old, and my Wife past Child-bearing.





A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
Fates of Clergymen.

~~HERE~~ HERE is no *Talent* so useful towards rising in the World, or which puts Men more out of the Reach of Fortune, than that Quality generally possessed by the dullest Sort of People, and in common Speech called *Discretion*, a Species of lower Prudence, by the Assistance of which, People of the meanest Intellectuals, without any other Qualification, pass through the World in great Tranquility, and with universal good Treatment, neither giving nor taking Offence. *Courts* are seldom unprovided of Persons under this Character, on whom, if they happen to be of great Quality, most Employments, even the Greatest naturally fall, when Competitors will not agree; and in such Promotions, no Body rejoices or grieves. The Truth of this, I could prove by several Instances, within
my

my own Memory (for I say nothing of the present Times.)

And indeed, as Regularity and Forms are of great Use, in carrying on the Business of the World, so it is very convenient, that Persons endued with this Kind of *Discretion*, should have that Share, which is proper to their Talents in the Conduct of Affairs, but by no means to meddle in Matters which require *Genius, Learning, strong Comprehension, Quickness of Conception, Magnanimity, Generosity, Sagacity*, or any other superior Gift of human Minds. Because this Sort of *Discretion*, is usually attended with a strong Desire of Money, and few Scruples about the way of obtaining it, with servile Flattery and Submission, with a Want of all publick Spirit or Principle, with a perpetual wrong Judgment when the Owners come into Power and high Place, how to dispose of Favour and Preferment; having no Measure for Merit and Virtue in others, but those very Steps by which themselves ascended; nor the least Intention of doing Good or Hurt to the Publick, farther than either one or t'other, is likely to be subservient to their own Security or Interest. Thus being void of all Friendship and Enmity, they never complain nor find Fault with the Times, and indeed, never have Reason to do so.

Men of eminent Parts and Abilities, as well as Virtues, do sometimes rise in the Courts, sometimes in the Law, and sometimes, even in the Church. Such were the Lord Bacon, the Earl of Strafford, Arch-bishop Laud in the Reign of King Charles I. and others in our own Times, whom I shall not name; but these, and many more, under different Princes, and in different Kingdoms, were *Disgraced or Banished, or suffered Death*, merely in Envy to their Virtues and superior *Genius*, which emboldened them in great Exigencies and

Distresses of State (wanting a reasonable Infusion of this Aldermanly Discretion) to attempt the Service of their Prince and Country out of the common Forms.

This evil Fortune, which generally attends extraordinary Men in the Management of great Affairs, hath been imputed to divers Causes, that need not be here set down, when so obvious an One occurs; it what a certain Writer observes, be true, that *when a great Genius appears in the World, the Dunces are all in Confederacy against him.* And thus although he employs his Talents wholly in his Closet, without interfering with any Man's Ambition or Avarice; what must he expect when he ventures out to seek for Preferment in a Court, but universal Opposition, when he is mounting the Ladder, and every Hand ready to turn him off, when he is at the Top? And in this Point, Fortune generally acts directly contrary to Nature; for in Nature we find, that Bodies full of Life and Spirit mount easily, and are hard to fall, whereas heavy Bodies are hard to rise, and come down with greater Velocity, in Proportion to their Weight; but we find, Fortune every Day acting just the Reverse of this.

This Talent of *Discretion*, as I have described it in its several Adjuncts and Circumstances, is no where so serviceable as to the *Clergy*, to whose Preferment nothing is so fatal as the Character of Wit, Politeness in Reading, or Manners, or that Kind of Behaviour which we contract, by having too much conversed with Persons of High Stations and Eminency; these Qualifications being reckoned by the *Vulgar* of all Ranks, to be Marks of *Levity*, which is the last Crime the World will pardon in a *Clergy-Man*: To this, I may add, a free Manner of Speaking in mixt Company, and too frequent an Appearance in Places of much Resort, which are equally noxious to Spiritual Promotions. I have

I have known indeed a few Exceptions to some Parts of these Regulations. I have seen some of the dullest Men alive aiming at Wit, and others, with as little Pretensions, affecting Politeness in Manners and Discourse; but never being able to persuade the World of their Guilt, they grew into considerable Stations, upon the firm Assurance which all People had of their *Discretion*, because they were a Size too low to deceive the World to their own Disadvantage. But this, I confess, is a Tryal too dangerous often to engage in.

There is a known Story of a *Clergy-Man*, who was recommended for a Preferment by some great Men at Court, to an Archbishop. His Grace said, he had heard that the *Clergy-Man* used to play at Whisk and Swobbers; that as to playing now and then a sober Game at Whisk for Pastime, it might be pardoned, but he could not digest those wicked Swobbers, and it was with some Pains that my Lord S——rs could undeceive him. I ask, by what Talents we may suppose that great Prelate ascended so high, or what Sort of Qualifications he would expect in those, whom he took into his Patronage, or would probably recommend to Court, for the Government of *Distant Churches*.

Two *Clergy-Men* in my Memory stood Candidates for a small *Free-School* in —— *Shire*, where a Gentleman of Quality and Interest in the Country, who happen'd to have a better Understanding than his Neighbours, procured the Place for him who was the better Scholar, and more gentlemanly Person of the two, very much to the Regret of all the Parish; the other being disappointed came up to *London*, where he became the greatest Pattern of this lower *Discretion* that I have known, and possessed with as heavy Intellectuals; which together with the Coldness of his Temper, and Gravity of his Deportment, carried him safe through many Difficulties, and he lived and died

in a great Station, while his Competitor is too obscure for Fame to tell us what became of him.

This Species of *Discretion*, which I so much celebrate, and do most heartily recommend, hath one Advantage not yet mentioned, that it will carry a Man safe through all the Malice and Variety of Parties, so far, that whatever Faction happens to be uppermost, his Claim is usually allowed for a Share of what is going. And the Thing seems to me highly reasonable: For in all great Changes, the prevailing Side is usually so tempestuous, that it wants the Ballast of those, whom the World calls *Moderate Men*, and I call *Men of Discretion*, whom People in Power may with little Ceremony load as heavy as they please, drive them through the hardest and deepest Roads without Danger of sound'ring, or breaking their Backs, and will be sure to find them neither rusty nor vicious.

I will here give the Reader a short History of two *Clergy-Men* in *England*, the Characters of each, and the Progress of their Fortunes in the World. By which the Force of worldly *Discretion*, and the bad Consequences from the Want of that Virtue will strongly appear.

Corusodes an *Oxford* Student, and a Farmer's Son, was never absent from Prayers or Lecture, nor once out of his *College* after Tom had toll'd. He spent every Day ten Hours in his Closet, in reading his Courses, Dozing, clipping Papers, or darning his Stockings, which last he performed to Admiration. He could be soberly drunk at the Expence of others, with *College Ale*, and at those Seasons was always most Devout. He wore the same Gown five Years, without dragging or tearing. He never once look'd into a Play-book or a Poem. He read *Virgil* and *Ramus* in the same Cadence, but with a very different Taste. He
never

never understood a Jest, or had the least Conception of Wit.

For one Saying he stands in Renown to this Day. Being with some other Students over a Pot of Ale, one of the Company said so many pleasant Things, that the rest were much diverted, only *Corasodes* was silent and unmoved. When they parted, he called this merry Companion aside, and said, *Sir, I perceive by your often speaking, and our Friends laughing, that you spoke many Jest, and you could not but observe my Silence. But, Sir, this is my Humour, I never make a Jest myself, nor ever laugh at another Man's.*

Corasodes thus endowed got into Holy Orders, having by the most extreme Parsimony saved thirty four Pounds out of a very beggarly Fellowship, went up to London, where his Sister was waiting Woman to a Lady, and so good a Solicitor, that by her Means he was admitted to read Prayers in the Family twice a Day, at fourteen Shillings a Month. He had now acquired a low, obsequious, awkward Bow, and a Talent of gross Flattery, both in and out of Season; he would shake the Butler by the Hand; he taught the Page his *Catechism*, and was sometimes admitted to dine at the Steward's Table. In short, he got the good Word of the whole Family, and was recommended by my Lady for Chaplain to some other Noble House, by which his Revenue (beside Vales) amounted to about thirty Pounds a Year. His Sister procured him a Scarf from my Lord (who had a small Design of Gallantry upon her;) and by his Lordship's Solicitation he got a Lecture-ship in Town of sixty Pounds a Year; where he preached constantly in Person, in a grave Manner, with an audible Voice, a Style Ecclesiastick, and the Matter (such as it was) well suited to the Intellectuals of his Hearers. Some time after a Country Living fell in my Lord's Disposal, and

his Lordship, who had now some Encouragement given him of Success in his Amour, bestow'd the Living on *Cornfodes*, who still kept his Lectureship and Residence in Town, where he was a constant Attendant at all Meetings relating to Charity, without ever contributing further than his frequent pious Exhortations. If any Women of better Fashion in the Parish happened to be absent from Church, they were sure of a Visit from him in a Day or two, to chide and to dine with them.

He had a select Number of Poor, constantly attending at the Street-Door of his Lodgings, for whom he was a common Solicitor to his former Patroness, dropping in his own Half-Crown among the Collections, and taking it out when he disposed of the Money. At a Person of Quality's House, he would never sit down till he was thrice bid, and then upon the Corner of the most distant Chair. His whole Demeanor was formal and starched, which adhered so close, that he could never shake it off in his highest Promotion.

His Lord was now in high Employment at Court, and attended by him with the most abject Assiduity, and his Sister being gone off with Child to a private Lodging, my Lord continued his Graces to *Cornfodes*, got him to be a Chaplain in Ordinary, and in due Time a Parish in Town, and a *Dignity in the Church*.

He paid his *Curates* punctually, at the lowest Sallery, and partly out of the Communion-Money; but gave them good Advice in Abundance. He married a Citizen's Widow, who taught him to put out small Sums at *Ten per Cent.* and brought him acquainted with Jobbers in *'Change-Alley*. By her Dexterity, he sold the Clerkship of his Parish, when it became vacant.

He kept a miserable House, but the Blame was laid wholly upon *Madam*; for the good Doctor was always at his Books, or visiting the Sick, or
doing

doing other Offices of Charity and Piety in his Parish.

He treated all his Inferiors of the Clergy with a most sanctified Pride ; was rigorously and universally censorious upon all his Brethren of the Gown, on their first Appearance in the World, or while they continued meanly preferred ; but gave large Allowance to the Laity of high Rank, or great Riches, using neither Eyes nor Ears for their Faults : He was never sensible of the least Corruption in *Courts, Parliaments* or *Ministries*, but made the most favourable Constructions of all publick Proceedings ; and Power, in whatever Hands, or whatever Party, was always secure of his most charitable Opinion. He had many wholesome Maxims ready to excuse all Miscarriages of State ; *Men are but Men ; Erunt vitia donec homines ;* and *Quod supra nos, nil ad nos ;* with several others of equal Weight.

It would lengthen my Paper beyond Measure, to trace out the whole System of his Conduct ; his dreadful Apprehensions of *Popery* ; his great Moderation towards Dissenters of all Denominations ; with hearty Wishes, that by yielding somewhat on both Sides, there might be a general Union among Protestants ; his short, inoffensive Sermons in his Turns at Court, and the Matter exactly suited to the present Juncture of prevailing Opinions. The Arts he used to obtain a Mitre, by writing against Episcopacy, and the Proofs he gave of his Loyalty, by palliating on defending the Murder of a martyr'd Prince.

Endowed with all these Accomplishments, we leave him in the full Career of Success, mounting fast towards the Top of the Ladder Ecclesiastical, which he hath a fair Probability to reach, without the Merit of one single Virtue, moderately stocked with the least valuable Parts of Erudition, utterly devoid of all *Taste, Judgment, or Genius*, and

in his Grandeur naturally chusing to hawl up others after him, whose Accomplishments most resemble his own, except his beloved Sons, Nephews, or other Kindred, be not in Competition; or lastly, except his Inclinations be diverted by those who have Power to mortify or further advance him.

Eugenio set out from the same University, and about the same Time with *Corusodes*; he had the Reputation of an arch Lad at School, and was unfortunately possessed with a *Talent* for Poetry, on which Account he received many chiding Letters from his Father, and grave Advice from his Tutor. He did not neglect his College Learning, but his chief Study was the Authors of Antiquity, with a perfect Knowledge in the *Greek* and *Roman Tongues*. He could never procure himself to be chosen Fellow; for it was objected against him, that he had written Verses, and particularly some wherein he glanced at a certain Reverend Doctor, famous for Dullness; That he had been seen bowing to Ladies as he met them in the Streets; and it was proved, that once he had been found dancing in a private Family with half a dozen of both Sexes.

He was the younger Son to a Gentleman of a good Birth, but small Fortune, and his Father dying, he was driven to *London*, to seek his Fortune: He got into Orders, and became Reader in a Parish-Church at twenty Pounds a Year, was carried by an *Oxford* Friend to *Will's Coffee-House*, frequented in those Days by Men of Wit, where, in some Time he had the bad Luck to be distinguished. His scanty Sallery compelled him to run deep in Debt for a new Gown and Cassock, and now and then forced him to write some Paper of Wit or Humour, or preach a Sermon for ten Shillings, to supply his Necessities. He was a thousand Times recommended by his Poetical Friends.

Friends to great Persons, as a young Man of excellent Parts, who deserved Encouragement, and received a thousand Promises; but his Modesty and a generous Spirit, which disdained the Slavery of continual Application and Attendance, always disappointed him, making room for vigilant Dunces, who were sure to be never out of Sight.

He had an excellent Faculty in preaching, if he were not sometimes a little too refined, and apt to trust too much to his own Way of thinking and reasoning.

When upon the Vacancy of Preferment he was hardly drawn to attend upon some promising Lord, he received the usual Answer, *That he came too late, for it had been given to another the very Day before.* And he had only this Comfort left, that every Body said, it was a thousand Pities, something could not be done for poor Mr. *Eugenio*.

The Remainder of his Story will be dispatched in a few Words: Wearied with weak Hopes, and weaker Pursuits, he accepted a Curacy in *Derbyshire*, of thirty Pounds a Year, and when he was five and forty, had the great Felicity to be preferred by a Friend of his Father's, to a Vicaridge worth annually sixty Pounds, in the most desert Parts of *Lincolnshire*, where, his Spirit quite sunk with those Reflections, that Solitude and Disappointments bring, he married a Farmer's Widow, and is still alive, utterly undistinguished and forgotten, only some of the Neighbours have accidentally heard, *that he had been a notable Man in his Youth.*





A N
E S S A Y
O N

Modern Education.

FROM frequently reflecting upon the
 Course and Method of educating Youth
 in this, and a neighbouring Kingdom,
 with the general Success and Consequence thereof, I am come to this Determination, That Education is always the *worse* in Proportion to the *Wealth* and *Grandeur* of the Parents; nor do I doubt in the least, that if the whole World were now under the Dominion of *one Monarch* (provided I might be allowed to chuse *where* he should fix the Seat of his Empire) the only Son and Heir of that Monarch, would be the worst educated Mortal, that ever was born since the Creation; and I doubt, the same Proportion will hold through all Degrees and Titles, from an Emperor downwards, to the common Gentry.

I do not say, that this hath been always the Case; for in better Times it was directly otherwise,

wise, and a Scholar may fill half his *Greek* and *Roman* Shelves with Authors of the noblest Birth, as well as highest Virtue: Nor, do I tax all Nations at present with this Defect, for I know there are some to be excepted, and particularly *Scotland*, under all the Disadvantages of its Climate and Soil, if that Happiness be not rather owing even to those very Disadvantages. What is then to be done, if this Reflection must fix on two Countries, which will be most ready to take Offence, and which of all others it will be least prudent or safe to offend?

But there is one Circumstance yet more dangerous and lamentable: For if, according to the *Postulatum* already laid down, the higher Quality any Youth is of, he is in greater Likelyhood to be worse educated; it behoves me to dread, and keep far from the Verge of *Scandalum Magnatum*.

Retracting therefore, that hazardous *Postulatum*, I shall venture no further at present than to say, that perhaps some additional Care in educating the Sons of Nobility and principal Gentry, might not be ill employed. If this be not delivered with Softness enough, I must for the future be silent.

In the mean time, let me ask only two Questions, which relate to *England*. I ask first, how it comes about, that for above sixty Years past, the chief Conduct of Affairs hath been generally placed in the Hands of *New-men*, with very few Exceptions? The Noblest Blood of *England* having been shed in the grand Rebellion, many great Families became extinct, or supported only by Minors. When the King was restored, very few of those Lords remained, who began, or at least had improved their Education, under the happy Reign of King *James*, or King *Charles I.* of which Lords the two principal were the Marquiss of *Ormond*,

mond, and the Earl of *Southampton*. The Minors have, or had, during the Rebellion and Usurpation, either received too much Tincture of bad Principles from those sanatick Times, or coming to Age at the Restoration, fell into the Vices of that dissolute Reign.

I date from this *Æra*, the corrupt Method of Education among us, and the Consequence thereof, in the Necessity the Crown lay under of introducing *New-men* into the chief Conduct of publick Affairs, or to the Office of what we now call Prime Ministers, Men of Art, Knowledge, Application and Insinuation, merely for Want of a Supply among the Nobility. They were generally (though not always) of good Birth, sometimes younger Brothers, at other Times such, who although inheriting good Estates, yet happened to be well educated, and provided with Learning; such under that King, were *Hyde*, *Bridgeman*, *Clifford*, *Osborn*, *Godolphin*, *Aspley-Cooper*: Few or none under the short Reign of King *James II.* Under King *William*; *Sommers*, *Mountague*, *Churchil*, *Vernon*, *Boyle*, and many others: Under the Queen; *Harley*, *St. John*, *Harcourt*, *Trevor*, who indeed were Persons of the best private Families, but unadorn'd with Titles. So, in the following Reign, Mr. *Robert Walpole*, was for many Years Prime Minister, in which Post he still happily continues: His Brother *Horace* is Ambassador Extraordinary to *Franco*. Mr. *Addison* and Mr. *Craggs*, without the least Allowance to support them, have been Secretaries of State.

If the Facts have been thus for above sixty Years past (whereof I could with a little further Recollection produce many more Instances) I would ask again, how it hath happened, that in a Nation plentifully abounding with Nobility, so great Share in the most competent Parts of publick Management, hath been for so long a Period chiefly

chiefly entrusted to Commoners, unless some Omissions or Defects of the highest Import, may be charged upon those, to whom the Care of educating our Noble Youth hath been committed? For, if there be any Difference between human Creatures in the Point of natural Parts, as we usually call them, it should seem that the Advantage lies on the Side of Children, born from noble and wealthy Parents; the same traditional Sloth and Luxury, which render their Body weak and effeminate, perhaps refining and giving a freer Motion to the Spirits, beyond what can be expected from the gross, robust Issue of meaner Mortals. Add to this, the peculiar Advantages, which all young Noblemen possess, by the Privileges of their Birth. Such as a free Access to Courts, and an universal Deference paid to their Persons.

But as my Lord Bacon chargeth it for a Fault on Princes, that they are impatient to compass Ends, without giving themselves the Trouble of consulting or executing the Means: So, perhaps, it may be the Disposition of young Nobles, either from the Indulgence of Parents, Tutors and Governors, or their own Inactivity, that they expect the Accomplishments of a good Education, without the least Expence of Time or Study, to acquire them.

What I said last, I am ready to retract; for the Case is infinitely worse; and the very Maxims set up to direct modern Education, are enough to destroy all the Seeds of Knowledge, Honour, Wisdom and Virtue among us. The current Opinion prevails, that the Study of *Greek* and *Latin* is Loss of Time; that publick Schools, by mingling the Sons of Noblemen with those of the Vulgar, engage the former in bad Company; that Whipping breaks the Spirits of Lads well-born; that Universities make young Men Pedants; that to Dance, Fence, Speak *French*, and know how to Behave

Behave your self among great Persons of both Sexes, comprehends *the whole Dnty of a Gentleman.*

I cannot but think this wise System of Education, hath been much cultivated among us by those Worthies of the Army, who during the last War, returning from *Flanders* at the Close of each Campaign, became the Dictators of Behaviour, Dress, and Politeness, to all those Youngsters, who frequent Chocolate-Coffee-Gaming-Houses, Drawing-Rooms, Operas, Levees and Assemblies; where a Colonel by his Pay, Perquisites and Plunder, was qualified to outshine many Peers of the Realm; and by the Influence of an *exotick* Habit and Demeanor, added to other foreign Accomplishments, gave the Law to the whole Town, and was copyed as the Standard-Pattern of whatever was refined in Dress, Equipage, Conversation, or Diversions.

I remember in those Times, an admired Original of that Vocation, sitting in a Coffee-house near two Gentlemen, whereof one was of the Clergy, who were engag'd in some Discourse that favoured of Learning; this Officer thought fit to interpose, and professing to deliver the Sentiments of his Fraternity, as well as his own (and probably did so of too many among them) turning to the Clergy-Man, spoke in the following Manner, D——n me, Doctor, say what you will, *the Army is the only School for Gentlemen. Do you think my Lord Marlborough beat the French with Greek and Latin.* D——n me, a Scholar, when he comes into good Company, what is he but an Ass? D——n me, I would be glad by G-d to see any of your Scholars with his Nouns, and his Verbs, and his Philosophy, and Trigonometry, what a Figure he would make at a Siege or Blockade, or rencounting ——— D——n me, &c. After which he proceeded with a Volley of Military Terms, less significant, sounding

ing worse, and harder to be understood than any that were ever coined by the Commentators upon *Aristotle*. I would not here be thought to charge the Soldiery with Ignorance and Contempt of Learning, without allowing Exceptions, of which I have known many; but however, the worse Example, especially in a great Majority, will certainly prevail.

I have heard, that the late Earl of Oxford, in the Time of his Ministry, never pass'd by *White's Chocolate-House* (the common Rendezvous of infamous Sharpers, and noble Cullies) without bestowing a Curse upon that famous Academy, as the Bane of half the *English Nobility*. I have likewise been told another Passage concerning that great Minister, which, because it gives a humorous Idea of one principal Ingredient in modern Education, take as followeth. *Le-Sack*, the famous French Dancing-master, in great Admiration, asked a Friend, whether it were true, that Mr. *Harley* was made an Earl and Lord-Treasurer? And finding it confirmed, said; *Well, I wonder what the Devil the Queen could see in him; for I attended him two Years, and he was the greatest Dunce that ever I taught.*

Another Hindrance to good Education, and I think the greatest of any, is that pernicious Custom in rich and noble Families, of entertaining French Tutors in their Houses. These wretched *Pedagogues* are enjoyned by the Father, to take special Care, that the Boy shall be perfect in his French; by the Mother, that Master must not walk till he is hot, nor be suffered to play with other Boys, nor be wet in his Feet, nor daub his Cloaths, and to see that the Dancing-master attends constantly, and does his Duty; she further insists, that the Child be not kept too long poring on his Book, because he is subject to sore Eyes, and of a weakly Constitution.

By

By these Methods, the young Gentleman is in every Article as fully accomplished at eight Years old as at eight and twenty, Age adding only to the Growth of his Person and his Vice; so that if you should look at him in his Boy-hood thro' the magnifying End of a Perspective, and in his Man-hood through the other, it would be impossible to spy any Difference; the same Airs, the same Strutt, the same Cock of his Hat, and Posture of his Sword (as far as the Change of Fashions will allow) the same Understanding, the same Compass of Knowledge, with the very same Absurdity, Impudence and Impertinence of Tongue.

He is taught from the Nursery, that he must inherit a great Estate, and hath no need to mind his Book, which is a Lesson he never forgets to the End of his Life. His chief Solace is to steal down, and play at Span-farthing with the Page, or young Black-a-moor, or little favourite Foot-Boy, one of which is his principal Confident and Bosom-Friend.

There is one young Lord in this Town, who, by an unexampled Piece of good Fortune, was miraculously snatched out of the Gulph of Ignorance, confined to a publick School for a due Term of Years, well whipped when he deserved it, clad no better than his Comrades, and always their Play-fellow on the same Foot, had no Precedence in the School, but what was given him by his Merit, and lost it whenever he was negligent. It is well known how many Mutinies were bred at this unprecedented Treatment, what Complaints among his Relations, and other Great Ones of both Sexes; that his Stockings with silver Clocks were ravish'd from him; that he wore his own Hair; that his Dress was undistinguished; that he was not fit to appear at a Ball or Assembly, nor suffered to go to either: And it was with the utmost Difficulty, that he became qualified

for

for his present Removal, where he may probably be farther persecuted, and possibly with Success, if the Firmness of a very worthy Governor, and his own good Dispositions will not preserve him. I confess, I cannot but wish he may go on in the Way he began, because I have a Curiosity to know by so singular an Experiment, whether Truth, Honour, Justice, Temperance, Courage, and good Sense, acquired by a *School* and *College* Education, may not produce a very tolerable Lad, although he should happen to fail in one or two of those Accomplishments, which in the general Vogue are held so important to the finishing of a Gentleman.

It is true, I have known an Academical Education to have been exploded in publick Assemblies; and have heard more than one or two Persons of high Rank declare, they could learn nothing more at *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, than to drink Ale and smoke Tobacco; wherein I firmly believed them, and could have added some hundred Examples from my own Observation in one of those Universities; but they all were of young Heirs sent thither, only for Form; either from Schools, where they were not suffered by their careful Parents to stay above three Months in the Year; or from under the Management of *French* Family-Tutors, who yet often attended them to the *College*, to prevent all Possibility of their Improvement: But, I never yet knew any one Person of Quality, who followed his Studies at the University, and carried away his just Proportion of Learning, that was not ready upon all Occasions to celebrate and defend that Course of Education, and to prove a Patron of learned Men.

There is one Circumstance in a learned Education, which ought to have much Weight, even with those who have no Learning at all. The Books read at *School* and *Colleges*, are full of Incitements

citements to Virtue, and Discouragements from Vice, drawn from the wisest Reasons, the strongest Motives, and the most influencing Examples. Thus, young Minds are filled early with an Inclination to Good, and an Abhorrence of Evil, both which encrease in them, according to the Advances they make in Literature; and, although they may be, and too often are, drawn by the Temptations of Youth, and the Opportunities of a large Fortune, into some Irregularities, when they come forward into the great World, it is ever with Reluctance and Compunction of Mind, because their Byass to Virtue still continues. They may stray sometimes out of Infirmary or Compliance, but they will soon return to the right Road, and keep it always in view. I speak only of those Excesses, which are too much the Attendants of Youth and warmer Blood; for, as to the Points of Honour, Truth, Justice, and other noble Gifts of the Mind, wherein the Temperature of the Body hath no Concern, they are seldom or ever known to be wild.

I have engaged my self very unwarily in too copious a Subject for so short a Paper. The present Scope I would aim at is to prove, that some Proportion of human Knowledge appears requisite to those, who, by their Birth or Fortune, are called to the making of Laws, and in a subordinate Way to the Execution of them; and that such Knowledge is not to be obtained without a Miracle, under the frequent, corrupt, and sottish Methods, of educating those, who are born to Wealth or Titles. For, I would have it remembered, that I do by no Means confine these Remarks to young Persons of Noble Birth; the same Errors running through all Families, where there is Wealth enough to afford, that their Sons (at least the Eldest) may be good for nothing. Why should my Son be a Scholar, when it is not intended,
that

that he should live by his Learning? By this Rule, if what is commonly said be true, *That Money answereth all Things*, why should my Son be honest, temperate, just, or charitable, since he hath no Intention to depend upon any of these Qualities for a Maintenance?

When all is done, perhaps upon the Whole, the Matter is not so bad as I would make it; and God, who worketh Good out of Evil, acting only by the ordinary Cause and Rule of Nature, permits this continual Circulation of human Things for his own unsearchable Ends. The Father grows rich by Avarice, Injustice, Oppression; he is a Tyrant in the Neighbourhood over Slaves and Beggars, whom he calls his Tenants. Why should he desire to have Qualities infused into his Son, which himself never possessed, or knew, or found the Want of in the Acquisition of his Wealth? The Son bred in Sloth and Idleness, becomes a Spendthrift, a Cully, a Profligate, and goes out of the World a Beggar, as his Father came in: Thus the former is punished for his own Sins, as well as for those of the latter. The Dunghil having raised a huge Mushroom of short Duration, is now spread to enrich other Mens Lands. It is indeed of worse Consequence, where noble Families are gone to Decay; because their Titles and Privileges outlive their Estates: And, Politicians tell us, that nothing is more dangerous to the Publick, than a numerous Nobility without Merit or Fortune. But even here, God hath likewise prescribed some Remedy in the Order of Nature, so many great Families coming to an End by the Sloth, Luxury, and abandoned Lusts, which enervated their Breed through every Succession, producing gradually a more effeminate Race, wholly unfit for Propagation.



A
L E T T E R
TO THE
INTELLIGENCE.

S I R,

~~It~~ T may appear to you perhaps, a Thing
I very unnatural to receive a Complaint
from a Son against his *Father*; but the
Treatment, which I meet with from
mine, is of such a Nature, that it is impossible for
me not to complain.

You must know there are three Brothers of us,
George, Patrick, and Andrew; I am the second,
but the last in Affection with my *Father*, for which
I call Heaven and Earth to Witness, I never com-
mitted any Fault to incur his Displeasure, or to
deserve his Neglect. But so it is, that the best
of Men have oftentimes been misled in the Choice
of their Minions, and very undiscerning in con-
ferring their Favours where they ought.

If

If Parents could but once bring themselves to be impartial, it would, beyond all doubt, produce a delightful Union in their Children, and be the most binding Cement, that could be thought of, to preserve their Affections; because an equal Dispensation of Favours would entirely remove all Cause of Murmuring, Repining, or Envy; and, what is of the greatest Consequence, would secure the Love and Esteem of their Children; whereas a partial Behaviour in Parents must necessarily produce the contrary.

But to state my Case, in the best Manner I can, and with an unbiassed Regard to Truth, I think it first necessary to give you our Characters, with an Account of my *Father's* Behaviour, that you may be the better able to give me your *Advice*.

First then, to begin with my Brother *George*. He was ever a great Lover of his Belly, and formerly used to cram himself with *Beef*, *Pudding*, and *White-Pot*; but for some Time past, he has taken more Delight in new-fangled *Toss-ups*, and *French Keck-Shaws*. This high Feeding does naturally dispose him to be haughty, stubborn, cholerick and rebellious, infomuch, that beside his Insults towards others, he is ready upon all Occasions to fly in his own *Father's* Face, and apt to despise every Body but himself.

He is so various in his Opinions, that he is of as many Religions, as there are and have been *Sects*, since the Beginning of *Christianity*; but the *True and Reformed Church as by Law Established*, is what he chiefly frequents. He was once a great Admirer of ancient Learning, but he has long since quitted this, for the Reading of *News-Papers*, *Pamphlets*, and *Modern Languages*. In his younger Years, he was fond of manly Exercises, such as *Fencing*, *Leaping*, *Boxing*, *Pitching the Bar*, *Wrestling*, *Hurling*, *Foot-ball*, *Hunting*, &c. but of late he has fallen into a strange and unaccountable Eff-

Effeminacy, and seems to take delight in nothing but *Masquerades, Plays, and Italian Operas*. He is very fond of *Italian* magnificent Buildings, although entirely inconsistent with our Climate, extravagant in the highest Degree in purchasing fine Paintings and Statues, and no less expensive in vast extensive Parks and Gardens, by which Means he has almost run out all his Fortune.

My younger Brother, *Andrew*, who has Cunning enough to outwit the *Devil*, joined with Brother *George* some Years ago, and they manage so dextrously together, that whatever they say, is a *Law* with my *Father*; however they are not without their Quarrels now and then; but Brother *Andrew* still comes by the worst, although he is cautious enough to go always armed, for Brother *George* wears a longer Sword. Brother *Andrew* is not very nice in his Food, but loves fine Cloaths. This I suppose he has learned abroad; for he is a great Traveller. His chief Studies are *Mathematicks* and the *Civil-Law*, in both which he has made a considerable Progress. As for his Religion, although he openly professes himself a most rigid *Fanatick of the Kirk*, yet he is shrewdly suspected to have a Hankering after *Popery*. He has one eminent bad Quality, which is, that he cannot easily forgive and forget. I remember, I was once so unfortunate, as to tell a fair *Lady*, (a *Mistress* of mine) before his Face, that I would stand by her against him and all her other Adversaries, which he took heinously ill, and has not forgiven me to this Hour, but lies upon the Watch to do me all the ill Offices he can.

I come now to my own Character, in which I shall not conceal nor gloss over my Vices, Errors, or Failings, but at the same Time, I shall not think it inconsistent with Modesty, to tell you my Virtues.

I have

I have but a small Fortune, can hardly keep Soul and Body together, yet out of a Regard to my Family, which is very Ancient, I love to make what they call a Figure, upon extraordinary Occasions. And now and then I furnish my Table with Victuals and Liquors of the best Kinds, which makes my *Father* and Brother *George* think I have got the World in a String. I am kind and hospitable to Strangers, although they frequently rob my House, and turn my Children to lye in the Barn.

I am so fond of Learning, that I put them to the best School in the Kingdom, and I plainly see, they will be only the Wiser, but never the Richer for it; because my *Father* uses all his Interest for Brother *George's* Sons, and the greatest *Dunce* among them shall be better provided for, than the most Ingenious of mine. And, I must say, I have some, who are equal in Learning to the best of his. I had a Design once, to follow *Merchandise*, that I might the better be able to provide for my poor Children; but Brother *George* having a Mind to make a *Monopoly*, prevailed upon my *Father* to join against me; and so at last they contrived it, that I should sell nothing but a few of my *Cattle*, and some *Linnen-Cloth*, which is all the Support I have; whereas Brother *George* can sell every Thing he has, all the World over; and so cruel is he to me, that he will not let me even have a Bit of his Dirt, if he thinks it will be of any Advantage to me. My Religion is of three Sorts, the *Established*, *Popish*, and *Presbyterian*, but I have a greater Share of the First in me: I think it is best; because it encourages Obedience to my *Father*, more than either of the other two. It is not long, since Brother *George* and *Andrew* were in a Confederacy against my *Father*, with an Intent to turn him out of his House, and give another the Possession; at which critical Juncture, I mustered up a great

Number of my Sons and Servants, to his Assistance, and, for ought I know, saved both his Life and Fortune.

Soon after this, I had like to have been ruined by a Project; for one of my Brother George's Family endeavoured to persuade my *Father*, that *Gold* and *Silver* were of no Use to me, and desired Leave to furnish me with a few *Counters*, in Lieu thereof; and I fear, I should have been so weak, as to accept of them, had it not been for the seasonable Remonstrances made by some of my own *House*.

These are a few of the many Hardships I have suffered; notwithstanding all which, I am willing to continue in *Passive Obedience* to my dear *Father*; for I have Reason to believe, that his Unkindness to me, is owing to ill Advisers, who have prejudiced him against me and my Children; but I hope before long he will be able to distinguish his most faithful Son. In the mean Time, I do humbly entreat the Favour of you to write a Letter to my *Father*, which he may see in Print, for I fear all my Letters to him hitherto have been intercepted.

PATRICK.

SIR,

YOU have not told me your *Father's* Name, nor his Quality, and therefore I am at Loss in what Manner I should address him. But in common Humanity (because I think your Case deplorable) I will give you what Comfort I am able, together with my best Advice.

You

You are not the only Instance of *suffering Innocence*, and therefore it ought not to surprize you, that *Providence* (for Reasons unaccountable to us) has laid two great Tryals in your Way, *Oppression* from your *Brethren*, and *Unkindness* from your *Father*, this too without any Fault on your Side. If you did not meet with these Afflictions, you would want an Opportunity of shewing your Humility and Resignation, as I understand you do not by your Letter.

Let me advise you to consider, that your Condition is not quite so lamentable, as that of *Joseph*, who triumphed in God's own Time over all his Misfortunes and Sufferings, and at last had the Pleasure of doing Good even to his Persecutors; but indeed there is this Difference, that his Grievance was chiefly from his *Brethren*; for had his Father joined in the Cruelty, the Wounds would have pierced nearer to his Heart.

I do not in the least doubt but, there are some about your Father, who do you ill Offices, (I hope some Time or other they will be detected :) You may find a convenient Opportunity of getting fairly at him. State your Case and expostulate with him concerning your own and your Childrens Sufferings. When he hears your Story, and beholds your Sincerity, you may be sure of his Compassion and a Redress; for there is no Heart so hard as not to sympathize with real Woe, no Advocate so powerful as Innocence. In the mean Time, let me conjure you not to turn aside to the Right or to the Left, from that indispensable Duty, which the express Laws of God enjoin you, for let me assure you, that Ingratitude to a Parent is, no less than Rebellion, like the Sin of Witchcraft.

I commit you to his Care and Direction, who is best able to govern the unruly Affections of
G 2 Men,

Men, to turn the Hearts of the Malicious, and to relieve and support those, who suffer for the Sake of Righteousness.

I am your faithful Friend,

The INTELLIGENCER.





A Second
LETTER
 TO THE
INTELLIGENCER.

*Quantum stagna Tagi rudibus stillantia venis
 Effluxere decus! quanto pretiosa metallo
 Hermi ripa micat! quantas per Lydia culta
 Despumat rutilas dives Paeolus arenas.*

Claudian.

Mr. Intelligencer.

~~EXPOS~~ HAVING lately, with great Candour and
~~SH~~ H Impartiality, perused some of your Pa-
~~ERS~~ pers upon the Distress and Poverty of
~~THIS~~ this Island, which you take Care to de-
 scribe in the most pathetick Manner, you must
 forgive me, if I differ from you, and think it one
 of the most flourishing and wealthy Kingdoms in
 the whole World. And to support my Opinion,
 I will venture to affirm, that there never was such

G 3

Affluence

Affluence in ready Cash as at this present Juncture: For have we not more *Bankers* than ever were known among us? And whether the *Money* circulates in *Specie* or *Paper*, it is the same Thing to us, since those, who would rather have *Cash* than *Paper*, can (as is well known) have their Choice, whenever they please. It is to be presum'd, that no *Banker* gives a *Note* before the *Money* is first laid down on his *Counter*; then of Consequence there is as much *Money* as there is *Paper*; and that we have a great deal of *Paper* is most certain, therefore a great deal of *Money*. But I will proceed farther, and prove, that we have much more *Money* than *Paper*, because there are Multitudes, who keep their own *Money*. This appears from the great Number of *Iron Chests* imported from *Holland* within these last seven Years; for what Use can they be of, but to lodge *Money*? They are at least two hundred. We will suppose, that these, one with another, may contain two thousand Pounds a-piece, then the Sum total amounts to four hundred thousand Pounds, which is so much superfluous and unnecessary *Cash*.

If this *Island* were not very wealthy, it is strongly to be presumed, that so many wise and able Heads, Men of great Learning and superior Talents, whose Reputations reach'd us from distant Regions long before they came among us, so well distinguished in their own Countries for their great Knowledge in their several Professions, and here more especially remarkable for their speaking in publick, and their profound Skill in Religion, Politicks and Law: I say, that Men of such Accomplishments would never quit their own Native Soil, where so many Estates are daily made, if they were not sure that this *Island* must, on account of its greater Wealth, afford them Opportunities of making large Acquisitions than they could at home.

Have not almost all the Gentlemen thro' this Kingdom, for some Years past, declined all profitable Employments, and left them to be filled by others? Can there be a stronger Argument of their Wealth, than their chusing to live at their *Ease*, out of Office, rather than be at the small Trouble which attends the Discharge of a beneficial Employment?

Could so many estated Gentlemen thro' the North of Ireland, afford to keep so much of their Lands waste and untenanted, if they had not Money enough by them to live without Tenants; and would not the Tenants likewise be glad to take this waste Land to plow and sow, but that they have ready Money enough to buy Bread Corn and other Necessaries from all the World beside?

As another signal Mark of our Riches, there is scarce a Gentleman, who does not educate his Sons at our UNIVERSITY (*which as the World sees, wants not its due Encouragement*) where they live at vast Expences, take Degrees, return to their Fathers, who, without ever troubling Law or Gospel, maintain them afterwards at Home, like Gentlemen.

Do not many of our Nobility through Wantonness and Superfluity, reside constantly in another Kingdom, where it is well known they make a better Figure, as to Houses, Coaches, and Equipages, than their Neighbours? And do not our young Peers, and Gentry, who go thither to see the World, Game, Race, Drink, &c. beyond any in Great-Britain, of the same Age and Quality? Which they could not possibly do, if their Agents here had not an undrainable Fund to supply them. For as the Philosopher says, *Nemo dat quod non habet*: Or as the Jygler very elegantly expresses it, *Where nothing is, there nothing can come out.*

If it be true, (I know it is confidently reported) that a great Number of English Robbers are come

over ; that likewise is a very strong Argument of our Wealth ; for they would never quit the *English Streets* and *Roads* for ours, unless they were sure to find an Advantage by the Change. It is most certain we never had such a Number of *Robbers* as at this very Juncture ; from whence we may conclude, that they could not possibly multiply thus, if they did not find Houses and People enough to rob, for all Professions and Trades encrease according to the Encouragement they meet with.

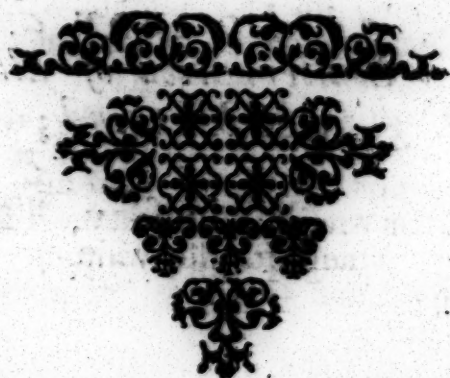
Are not whole Streets adding every Day to our *Metropolis*, when one would think it large enough already ? Some entire Streets and many Houses, I must confess, are waste and uninhabited. But does not this shew the Wealth and Wantonness of the Inhabitants, who not content with their present Dwellings, change them for others more costly and expensive ?

Do not great Numbers of our Inhabitants, daily go off to *America* ? Will any Man say, this can be done with empty Pockets ? Can any Man think otherwise, but that it must be the Effect of vast Superfluity, when People wantonly take such long Voyages, and Journeys, to go where they have no Business.

The last Argument I shall offer for the Wealth of this Kingdom, is the great Number of *Beggars* in which it abounds ; for it is a common Observation, that Riches are the Parent of Idleness, Sloth, and Luxury ; and are not these naturally productive of Want and Beggary ?

I could offer many more Arguments, but that I hope you and your Country-men are sufficiently convinced, by what I have said, that *Ireland* is a Place of great Wealth, Affluence, and Plenty. Therefore let me advise you, the next Time you put Pen to Paper, not to dress up *Hibernia* in Rags and Dirt, but cloath her in *Scarlet* and *fine Linnen* ;

Linnen; for she can very well afford them. Draw the *God* of Riches, hovering over your *Island*, shaking ten Thousands of Golden Feathers from his Wings, much more than the Inhabitants can gather. And thus will your Countrey-Men, who have retrenched upon your last groundless Alarm, return to their former Hospitality, and we shall see *Hakyon*, that is *Irish*, Days once more.





A True and Faithful

NARRATIVE

OF

*What pass'd in LONDON during the
general Conternation of all Ranks
and Degrees of Mankind;*

*On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
and Friday last.*

~~DISCOURSE~~ *Tuesday the 13th of October, Mr. Whi-*
ston held his Lecture near the Royal
Exchange, to an Audience of Fourteen
worthy Citizens, his Subscribers and
constant Hearers. Besides these, there were five
chance Auditors for that Night only, who had paid
their Shillings a piece. I think my self oblig'd
to be very particular in this Relation, lest my Ve-
racity should be suspected; which makes me ap-
peal to the Men who were Present; of which
number, I myself was one. Their Names are
Henry

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Henry Watson, *Haberdasher*.
George Hancock, *Druggist*.
John Lewis, *Dry-Salter*.
William Jones, *Corn-Chandler*.
Henry Theobald, *Watchmaker*.
James Peters, *Draper*.
Thomas Floyer, *Silver-Smith*.
John Wells, *Brewer*.
Samuel Gregg, *Soap-Boiler*.
William Cooley, *Fish-monger*.
James Harper, *Hosier*.
Robert Tucker, *Stationer*.
George Ford, *Iron-monger*.
Daniel Lynch, *Apothecary*.

William Bennet,
David Somers,
Charles Lock,
Leonard Daval,
Henry Croft,

} *Apprentices.*

Mr. *Whiston* began by acquainting us, that (contrary to his Advertisement) he thought himself in Duty and Conscience, oblig'd to change the subject Matter of his intended Discourse. — Here he paus'd, and seem'd for a short space, as it were, lost in Devotion and mental Prayer; after which, with great earnestness and vehemence he spake as follows.

“ Friends and Fellow-Citizens, all speculative
“ Science is at an end; the Period of all things
“ is at Hand; on *Friday* next this World shall be
“ no more. Put not your confidence in me, Bre-
“ thren, for to Morrow Morning five Minutes af-
“ ter Five the Truth will be Evident; in that
“ instant the Comet shall appear, of which I have
“ heretofore warn'd you. As ye have heard be-
“ lieve. Go hence, and prepare your Wives,
“ your

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"your Families and Friends, for the universal
"Change."

At this solemn and dreadful Prediction, the whole Society appear'd in the utmost Astonishment: but it would be unjust not to remember, that Mr. *Whiston* himself was in so calm a Temper, as to return a Shilling a-piece to the Youths, who had been disappointed of their Lecture, which I thought from a Man of his Integrity a convincing Proof of his own Faith in the Prediction.

As we thought it a Duty, in Charity to warn all Men, in two or three Hours the News had spread through the City. At first indeed, our Report met with but little Credit, it being by our greatest Dealers in Stocks, thought only a Court-Artifice to sink them, that some choice Favourites might purchase at a lower Rate; for the *South-Sea*, that very Evening fell five per Cent. the *India*, eleven; and all the other Funds in Proportion. But at the Court-end of the Town, our Attestations were entirely disbeliev'd or turn'd into ridicule; yet, nevertheless, the News spread every where, and was the subject-matter of all Conversation.

That very Night, (as I was credibly inform'd) Mr. *Whiston* was sent for to a great Lady, who is very curious in the Learned Sciences, and addict-ed to all the Speculative Doubts of the most able Philosophers; but he was not now to be found: and since at other times, he has been known not to decline that Honour, I make no doubt he conceal'd himself to attend to the great Business of his Soul: But whether it was the Lady's Faith, or Inquisitiveness, that occasion'd her to send, is a Point I shall not presume to determine. As for his being sent for to the Secretary's Office by a Messenger, it is now known to be a Matter notoriously false, and indeed, at first it had little credit with me, that so zealous and honest a Man should

should be ordered into *Custody*, as a *Seditious Preacher*, who is known to be so well affected to the present happy *Establishment*.

'Twas now I reflected with exceeding trouble and sorrow, that I had disus'd Family Prayers for above five Years, and (though it hath been a Custom of late entirely neglected by Men of any Business or Station) I determin'd within myself no longer to omit so reasonable and religious a Duty. I acquainted my Wife with my Intentions: But two or three Neighbours having been engaged to Sup with us that Night, and many Hours being unwarily spent at Cards, I was prevail'd upon by her, to put it off till the next Day; she reasoning, that it would be time enough to take off the Servants from their Business: (which this Practice must infallibly occasion for an Hour or two every Day) after the *Comet* had made its Appearance.

Zachary Bowen, a Quaker, and my next Neighbour, had no sooner heard of the Prophecy, but he made me a Visit. I informed him of every thing I had heard, but found him quite obstinate in his Unbelief; for, said he, be comforted, Friend, thy Tydings are Impossibilities, for were these things to happen, they must have been foreseen by some of our Brethren. This indeed (as in all other spiritual Cases with this set of People) was his only Reason against believing me; and, as he was fully persuaded, that the Prediction was erroneous, he, in a very neighbourly Manner, admonished me against selling my Stock, at the present low Price; which, he said, beyond Dispute must have a Rise before Monday, when this unreasonable Consternation should be over.

But on WEDNESDAY Morning (I believe to the exact Calculation of Mr. *Whiston*) the *Comet* appear'd: For at three Minutes after five by my own Watch, I saw it. He indeed foretold, that it would be seen at five Minutes after Five, but as the

the best Watches may be a Minute or two too slow, I am apt to think his Calculation just to a Minute.

In less than a quarter of an Hour, all *Cheapside* was crowded with a vast Concourse of People, and notwithstanding it was so early, 'tis thought, that through all that Part of the Town, there was not Man, Woman or Child, except the Sick, or Infirm, left in their Beds. From my own Balcony, I am confident, I saw several Thousands in the Street, and counted at least seventeen who were upon their Knees, and seem'd in actual Devotion. Eleven of them indeed appear'd to be old Women of about Fourscore; The Six others, were Men in an advanc'd Life, but (as I could guess) two of them might be under Seventy.

It is highly probable, that an Event of this Nature, may be pass'd over by the greater Historians of our Times, as conducing very little or nothing to the unravelling and laying open the deep Schemes of Politicians and Mysteries of State; for which reason, I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the Facts, which in the Space of three Days came to my Knowledge, either as an Eye-witness, or from unquestionable Authorities; nor can I think this Narrative will be entirely without its Use, as it may enable us to form a more just Idea of our Countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their Faith, Religion, Morals and Politicks.

Before WEDNESDAY Noon, the Belief was universal that the Day of Judgment was at Hand, insomuch, that a Waterman of my Acquaintance told me, he counted no less than one Hundred and twenty Three Clergymen, who had been Ferry'd over to *Lambeth* before twelve a-Clock: these, 'tis said, went thither, to Petition, that a *short Prayer* might be Penn'd and Order'd, there being none in the Service upon that occasion. But as

in things of this Nature, it is necessary that the Council be consulted, their Request was not immediately comply'd with; and this I affirm to be the true and only Reason that the Churches were not that Morning so well attended; and is in no ways to be imputed to the Fears and Consternation of the Clergy, with which the Free-thinkers have since very unjustly reproach'd them.

My Wife and I went to Church (where we had not been for many Years on a Week-day) and, with a very large Congregation, were disappointed of the Service. But (what will be scarce credible) by the carelessness of an a'Prentice, in our Absence, we had a Piece of fine *Cambrick* carried off by a Shop-lifter, so little Impression was yet made on the Minds of those wicked Women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular *Director of the Bank*; I hope the worthy and wealthy Knight will forgive me, that I endeavour to do him Justice; for it was unquestionably owing to Sir G—— H——'s Sagacity that all the *Fire-Offices* were requir'd to have a particular Eye upon the *Bank of England*. Let it be recorded to his Praise, that in the general hurry, this struck him as his nearest and tenderest Concern; but the next Day in the Evening, after having taken due Care of all his Books, Bills and Bonds, I was inform'd, his Mind was wholly turn'd upon Spiritual Matters; yet, ever and anon, he could not help expressing his Resentment against the *Tories* and *Jacobites*, to whom he imputed that sudden *Ruin upon the Bank*, which happen'd on this occasion.

A Great Man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employ'd all the *Wednesday Morning*, to make up such an Account as might appear fair, in case he should be call'd upon to produce it on the *Friday*; but was forced to de-

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list, after having for several Hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himself to a Resolution to trust the many hundred Articles of his secret Transactions upon Paper.

Another seem'd to be very melancholy, which his Flatterers imputed to his dread of losing his Power in a Day or Two; but I rather take it, that his chief Concern was, the Terror of being try'd in a Court that could not be influenc'd, and where a Majority of Voices could avail him nothing. It was observ'd too, that he had few Visitors that Day; this added so much to his Mortification, that he read thro' the first Chapter of the Book of Job, and wept over it bitterly; in short, he seem'd a true Penitent in every Thing but in Charity to his Neighbour. No Business was that Day done in his *Compting-House*; 'tis said too, that he was advis'd to Restitution, but I never heard that he comply'd with it any farther than in giving half a Crown a-Piece to several craz'd, and starving Creditors, who attended in the outward Room.

Three of the *Maids of Honour* sent to countermand their Birth-day Cloaths; two of them burnt all their Collections of Novels and Romances, and sent to a Bookseller's in *Pall-mall* to buy each of them a Bible, and *Taylor's Holy Living and Dying*. But I must do all of them the Justice to acknowledge, that they shew'd a very decent Behaviour in the Drawing-Room, and restrain'd themselves from those innocent Freedoms and little Levities so commonly incident to young Ladies of their Profession. So many Birth-day Suits were countermanded the next Day, that most of the Taylors and Mantua-makers discharg'd all their Journey-Men and Women. A grave elderly Lady of great Erudition and Modesty, who visits these young Ladies, seem'd to be extreamly shock'd, by the Apprehensions that She was to appear

appear naked before the whole World; and no less so, that all Mankind was to appear naked before her; which might so much divert her Thoughts, as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt Answers to the Interrogatories that might be made her. The Maids of Honour, who had both Modesty and Curiosity, could not imagine the Sight so disagreeable as was represented; nay, one of them went so far as to say, she perfectly long'd to see it; for it could not be so indecent, when every body was to be alike; and they had a Day or two to prepare themselves, to be seen in that Condition. Upon this Reflection, each of them order'd a Bathing-Tub to be got ready that Evening, and a Looking-Glass to be set by it. So much are these young Ladies both by Nature and Custom addicted to cleanly Appearance.

A West-Country Gentleman told me, he got a Church-Lease fill'd up that Morning, for the same Sum which had been refus'd for three Years successively. I must impute this meerly to Accident; for I cannot imagine that any Divine could take the Advantage of his Tenant, in so unhand-some a Manner; or that the shortness of the Life was in the least his Consideration; though I have heard the same worthy Prelate aspers'd and malign'd since upon this very Account.

The *Term* being so near, the Alarm among the LAWYERS was inexpressible, though some of them, I was told, were so vain as to promise themselves some Advantages in making their Defence, by being vers'd in the Practice of our earthly Courts. It is said too, that some of the chief Pleaders were heard to express great Satisfaction, that there had been but few *State-Tryals* of late Years. Several Attornies demanded the *Return of Fees* that had been given the Lawyers: but it was answered, that the Fee was undoubtedly charg'd to their Client, and that they could not connive at
such

such Injustice, as to suffer it to be sunk in the Attorney's Pockets. Our sage and learned Judges had great Consolation, insomuch as they had not pleaded at the Bar for several Years; the Barristers rejoiced in that they were not Attornies, and the Attornies felt no leis Satisfaction that they were not Pettifoggers, Scriveners, and other meaner Officers of the Law.

As to the ARMY, far be it from me to conceal the Truth. Every Soldier's Behaviour was as undismayed, and undaunted, as if nothing was to happen: I impute not this to their want of Faith, but to their martial Disposition; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their Commands with more Oaths than are requisite, of which there was no remarkable Diminution this Morning on the Parade in St. James's Park. But possibly it was by choice, and on consideration, that they continued this way of Expression, not to intimidate the common Soldiers, or give occasion to suspect, that even the Fear of Damnation could make any Impression upon their Superior Officers. A Duel was fought the same Morning between two Colonels, not occasion'd, (as was reported) because the one was put over the other's Head; that being a Point which might, at such a Juncture, have been accommodated by the Mediation of Friends; but as this was upon the account of a Lady, 'twas judg'd it could not be put off at this Time, above all others, but demanded immediate Satisfaction. I am apt to believe, that a young Officer, who desir'd his Surgeon to defer putting him into a Salivation till Saturday, might make this Request out of some Opinion he had of the Truth of the Prophecy; for the Apprehensions of any danger in the Operation could not be his Motive, the Surgeon himself having assured me, that he had before undergone three severe Operations of the like Nature, with great Resignation and Fortitude.

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There was an Order issued, that the *Chaplains* of the several *Regiments* should attend their Duty; but as they were dispers'd about in several Parts of *England*, it was believ'd, that most of them could not be found, or so much as heard of, till the great Day was over.

Most of the considerable *Physicians* by their outward Demeanor seem'd to be Unbelievers; but at the same time, they every where insinuated, that there might be a *Pestilential Malignancy* in the *Air*, occasion'd by the *Comet*, which might be arm'd against by proper and timely Medicines. This Caution had but little Effect; for as the Time approach'd, the Christian Resignation of the People increas'd, and most of them (which was never before known) had their Souls more at Heart, than their Bodies.

If the Reverend *Clergy* show'd more Concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great Charge of Souls; and what confirm'd me in this Opinion was, that the Degrees of Apprehension and Terror could be distinguish'd to be greater or less, according to their Ranks and Degrees in the Church.

The like might be observ'd in all Sorts of Ministers, though not of the Church of *England*; the higher their Rank, the more was their Fear.

I speak not of the Court, for fear of Offence; and I forbear inserting the Names of particular Persons, to avoid the Imputation of Slander, so that the Reader will allow this Narrative must be deficient, and is therefore desir'd to accept hereof rather as a Sketch, than a regular circumstantial History.

I was not inform'd of any Persons, who shew'd the least Joy, except three Malefactors who were to be executed the *Monday* following, and one Old Man, a constant Church-goer, who being at the point of Death, exprest some satisfaction at the News.

On

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On *Thursday* Morning there was little or nothing transacted in *Change-Alley*; there were a Multitude of Sellers, but so few Buyers, that one cannot affirm the Stocks bore any certain Price except among the *Jews*; who this Day, reap'd great Profit by their Infidelity. There were many, who call'd themselves *Christians*, who offer'd to buy for time, but as these were People of *Great Distinction*, I chuse not to mention them, because in effect it would seem to accuse them both of Avarice, and Infidelity.

The *Run* upon the *Bank* is too well known to need a particular Relation; for it never can be forgotten that no one Person whatever (except the *Directors* themselves, and some of their particular Friends and Associates) could convert a *Bill* all that Day into *Specie*; all hands being employ'd to serve them.

In the several Churches of the City and Suburbs, there were seven Thousand two Hundred and Forty Five, who publickly and solemnly declar'd before the Congregation, that they took to Wife their several *kept Mistresses*, which was allow'd as valid Marriage, the Priests not having time to pronounce the Ceremony in Form.

At *St. Bride's Church* in *Fleetstreet*, Mr. *Woolston* (who writ against the Miracles of our Saviour) in the utmost Terrors of Conscience, made a publick Recantation. Dr. *Mandevil*, (who had been groundlessly reported formerly to have done the same) did it now in good earnest at *St. James's Gate*; as did also at the *Temple Church* several Gentlemen, who frequent the *Coffee-Houses* near the Bar. So great was the Faith and Fear of two of them, that they dropt Dead on the Spot; but I will not record their Names, lest I should be thought invidiously to lay an Odium on their Families and Posterity.

Most

Most of the *Players*, who had very little Faith before, were now desirous of having as much as they cou'd, and therefore embrac'd the *Roman Catholick Religion*; the same thing was observ'd of some *Bawds*, and *Ladies of Pleasure*.

An *Irish Gentleman* out of pure Friendship came to make me a Visit, and advis'd me to hire a *Boat* for the ensuing Day, and told me, that unless I gave earnest for one immediately, he fear'd it might be too late; for his Country-Men had secured almost every *Boat* upon the River, as judging that, in the general Conflagration, to be upon the *Water* would be the safest Place.

There were two *Lords*, and three *Commoners*, who, out of a scruple of Conscience, very hastily threw up their *Pensions*, as imagining a Pension was only an annual retaining *Bribe*. All the other great Pensioners, I was told, had their Scruples quieted by a *Clergyman* or two of Distinction, whom they happily consulted.

It was remarkable, that several of our very richest *Tradesmen* of the City, in common Charity, gave away *Shillings* and *Six-pences* to the *Beggars*, who ply'd about the Church-Doors; and at a particular Church in the City, a wealthy *Church-warden* with his own Hands distributed Fifty twelve-penny Loaves to the Poor, by way of Restitution for the many great and costly Feasts, which he had eaten of at their Expence.

Three great Ladies, a *Valet de Chambre*, two *Lords*, a *Custom-House-Officer*, five *Half-pay Captains*, and a *Baronet*, (all noted *Gamesters*) came publickly into a Church at *Westminster*, and deposited a very considerable Sum of Money in the Minister's Hands; the Parties whom they had defrauded, being either out of Town, or not to be found. But so great is the Hardness of Heart of this Fraternity, that among either the Noble, or *Vulgar Gamesters*, (though the Profession is so general)

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general) I did not hear of any other Restitution of this Sort. At the same time I must observe, that (in comparison of these) through all Parts of the Town, the Justice and Penitence of the *Highway-Men, House-breakers, and common Pick-Pockets* was very remarkable.

The *Directors* of our *Publick Companies* were in such dreadful Apprehensions, that one would have thought a *Parliamentary Enquiry* was at hand: yet so great was their Presence of Mind, that all the *Thursday Morning* was taken up in *private Transfers*, which by malicious People was thought to be done with design to conceal their Effects.

I forbear mentioning the private Confessions of particular *Ladies* to their *Husbands*; for as their Children were born in Wedlock, and of consequence are Legitimate, it would be an invidious Task to record them as Bastards; and particularly, after their several Husbands have so charitably forgiven them.

The Evening and Night, through the whole Town, were spent in Devotions both Publick and Private; the Churches for this one Day, were so crowded by the Nobility and Gentry, that Thousands of common People were seen praying in the publick Streets. In short, one would have thought the whole Town had been really and seriously Religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different Persuasions kept by themselves, for as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in Prayer with the other.

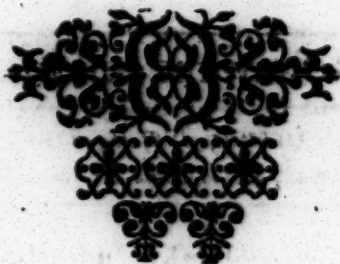
At length *FRIDAY* came, and the People cover'd all the Streets; Expecting, Watching and Praying. But as the Day wore away, their Fears first began to abate, then lessen'd every hour, at Night they were almost extinct, till the total Darkness, that hitherto us'd to terrify, now comforted every *Free-thinker* and *Atheist*. Great Numbers went together to the *Taverns*, bespoke *Suppers*,

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pers, and broke up whole *Hogsbheads* for joy. The Subject of all Wit and Conversation was to ridicule the Prophecy, and railly each other. All the Quality and Gentry were *perfectly asham'd*, nay, some utterly disown'd, that they had manifested any Signs of Religion.

But the next Day, even the common People, as well as their Betters, appear'd in their usual State of Indifference. They Drank, they Whor'd, they Swore, they Ly'd, they Cheated, they Plunder'd, they Gam'd, they Quarrell'd, they Murder'd. In short, the World went on in the old Channel.

I need not give any Instances of what will so easily be credited, but I cannot omit relating, that Mr. *Woolston* advertis'd, in that very *Saturday's Evening-Post*, a new *Treatise* against the *Miracles* of our Saviour; and that the few, who had given up their Pensions the Day before, solicited to have them continued; which, as they had not been thrown up upon any Ministerial Point, I am inform'd was readily granted.





THE
STORY
OF THE
St. Alb--ns Ghost:
OR THE
APPARITION
OF
Mother HAGGY.

Collected from the best Manuscripts.

*Sola, Novum Dictum; Nefas, Harpyia Celeno
Prodigium canit, & tristes denuntiat Iras. Virg.*

Can scarcely say, whether we ought to
attribute the Multitude of Ghosts and
Apparitions, which were so common in
the Days of our Forefathers, to the Ig-
norance of the People, or the Impositions of the
Piest.

Priest. The *Romish* Clergy found it undoubtedly for their Interest to deceive them, and the Superstition of the People laid themselves open to receive whatsoever they thought proper to inculcate. Hence it is, that their Traditions are little else, than the Miracles and Atchievements of unbody'd Heroes, a Sort of Spiritual Romance, so artfully carry'd on, and deliver'd in so probable a Manner, as may easily pass for Truth on those of an uncultivated Capacity, or a credulous Disposition. Our Sectarists indeed still reign the Credulity, as well as some of the Tenets of that Church; and Apparitions, and such like, are still the Bugbears made use of by some of the most celebrated of their Holders-forth, to terrify the old Women of their Congregation, (who are their surest Customers) and enlarge their Quarterly Subscriptions. I know one of these Ambidexters, who never fails of Ten or Twenty Pounds more than ordinary, by nicking *something Wonderful* in due Time; he often cloaths his whole Family by the Apparition of a Person lately executed at Tyburn; or, a Whale seen at Greenwich, or thereabouts; and I am credibly inform'd, that his Wife has made a Visit with a brand new fable Tippet on, since the Death of the *Tower Lions*.

But as these Things will pass upon none but the Ignorant or Superstitious, so there are others that will believe nothing of this Nature, even upon the clearest Evidence: There are, it must be own'd, but very few of these Accounts to be depended on; some however are so palpable, and testify'd by so good Authority, by those of such undoubted Credit, and so discerning a Curiosity, that there is no Room to doubt of Veracity, and which none but a Sceptick can disbelieve. Such is the following Story of Mother *Hugger* of *St Albans*, in the Reign of King *James the First*, the mighty Pranks she play'd in her Life-time.

and her Apparition afterwards, made such a Noise, both at Home and Abroad, and were so terrible to the Neighbourhood, that the Country People to this Day, cannot bear the mention of her Name, without the most dismal Apprehensions. The Injuries they receiv'd from the Sorceries and Incantations of the Mother, and the Injustice and Oppression of the Son and Daughter, have made so deep an Impression upon their Minds, and begot such an Hereditary Aversion to their Memory, that they never speak of them, without the bitterest Curses and Imprecations.

I have made it my Business being at St. Alb—ns lately, to enquire more particularly into this Matter, and the Helps I have receiv'd from the most noted Men of Erudition in this City, have been Considerable, and to whom I make my pulick Acknowledgment. The Charges I have been at in getting Manuscripts, and Labour in Collating them, the reconciling the Disputes about the most material Circumstances, and adjusting the various Readings, as they have took me up a considerable Time, so I hope they may be done to the Satisfaction of my Reader. I wish, I could have had Time to have distinguish'd by an Asterisk, the Circumstances deliver'd by Tradition only, from those of the Manuscripts, which I was advis'd to do by my worthy Friend the Reverend Mr. Wb—n, who, had he not been Employ'd otherwise, might have been a very proper Person to have undertaken such a Performance.

The best Manuscripts are now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. G—sb, where they are left for the Curious to peruse, and where any Clergyman may be welcome; for however he may have been abus'd by those, who deny him to be the Author of the D—y, and tax'd by others with Principles and Practices unbecoming a Man of his Sense

Sense and Probity, yet I will be bold to say in his Defence, that I believe he is as good a Christian as he is a Poet, and if he publishes any Thing on the late D——d M——y, I don't question but it will be interspers'd with as many Precepts of Reveal'd Religion, as the Subject is capable of bearing: And it is very improbable, those *Refin'd Pieces* that the Doctor has been pleas'd to own, since the Writings of the D——y, have been look'd upon, by the lew'd debauch'd Criticks of the Town, to be dull and insipid, for no other Reason, but because they are grave and sober; but this I leave for others to determine, and can say for his Sincerity, that I am assur'd he believes the following Relation, as much as any of us all.

Mother Haggy was marry'd to a plain homespun Yeoman of St. *Alb—ns*, and liv'd in good Repute for some Years: The Place of her Birth is disputed by some of the most celebrated Moderns, tho' they have a Tradition in the Country, that she was never Born at all, and which is most probable. At the Birth of her Daughter *Haggite*, something happen'd very remarkable, and which gave Occasion to the Neighbourhood to mistrust she had a Correspondence with *Old Nick*, as was confirm'd afterwards, beyond the Possibility of Disproof. The Neighbours were got together a Merry-making, as they term it, in the Country, when the old Woman's high-crown'd Hat, that had been thrown upon the Bed's-Tester, during the Heat of the Engagement, leap'd with a wonderful Agility into the Cradle, and being catch'd at by the Nurse, was metamorphos'd into a Coronet, which according to her Description, was not much unlike that of a *German Prince*; but it soon broke into a thousand Pieces: *Such*, crys old Mother Haggy, *will be the Fortune of my Daughter, and such her Fall.* The Company took but little

Notice what she said, being surpriz'd at the Circumstance of the Hat. *But this is Fact*, says the Reverend and Honourable L——y L——d and my Grandmother, who was a Person of Condition, told me, says He, *she knew the Man, who knew the Woman, who was*, said she, *in the Room at that Instant.* The very same Night, I saw a Comet, neither have I any Occasion to tell a Lye as to this Particular, *says my Author*, brandishing its Tail in a very surprizing Manner in the Air, but upon the Breaking of a Cloud, I could discern, *continues he*, a Clergyman at the Head of a Body of his own Cloth, and followed by an innumerable Train of Laity, who coming towards the Comet, it disappear'd.

This was the first Time Mother Hagg became suspected, and it was the Opinion of the wisest of the Parish, that they should Petition the King to send her to be Try'd for a Witch, by the *Presbytery of Scotland*. How this past off I cannot tell, but certain it is, that some of the Great Ones of the Town were in with her, and 'tis said, she was Serviceable to them in their Amours: She had a wash, that would make the Skin of a *Black-a-moor* as white as Alabaster, and another, that would restore the loss of a Maidenhead, *without any Hindrance of Business, or the Knowledge of any one about them.* She try'd this Experiment so often upon her Daughter Haggite, that more than twenty were satisfy'd, they had her Virginity before Marriage.

She soon got such a Reputation all about the Country, that there was not a Cow, a Smock, or a Silver Spoon lost, but they came to her to enquire after it; all the young People flock'd to have their Fortunes told, which they say, she never miss'd. She told Haggite's Husband, he should grow Rich, and be a Great Man, but by
his

his Covetousness and Gripping of the Poor, shou'd come to an ill End. All which happen'd so exactly, *That there are several old Folks in our Town, who can remember it, as if it was but Yesterday.*

She has been often seen to ride full gallop upon a Broom-stick at Noon-day, and swim over a River in a Kettle-Drum. Sometimes she wou'd appear in the Shape of a Lioness, and at other Times, of a Hen, or a Cat; but I have heard, could not turn herself into a Male Creature, or walk over two Straws a-cross. There were never known so many great Winds as about that Time, or so much Mischief done by them: The Pigs grunted, and the Screech-Owls hooted oftner than usual; a Horse was found dead one Morning with Hay in his Mouth; and a large overgrown Jack was caught in a Fish-Pond thereabouts, with a silver Tobacco-Box in his Belly; several Women were brought to Bed of two Children. Some miscarry'd, and old Folks died very frequently.

These Things could not chuse but breed a great Combustion in the Town, as they call it, and every Body certainly had rejoyc'd at her Death, had she not been succeeded by a Son and Daughter, who, tho' they were no Conjurers, were altogether as terrible to the Neighbourhood. She had two Daughters, one of which was marry'd to a Man who went beyond Sea; the other, her Daughter *Haggite*, to *Avaro*, whom we shall have Occasion to mention in the Sequel of this Story.

There liv'd at that Time in the Neighbourhood two Brothers, of a great Family, Persons of a vast Estate and Character, and extreamly kind to their Servants and Dependants. *Haggite*, by her Mother's Interest, was got into This Family, and *Avaro*, who was afterwards her Husband, was the Huntsman's Boy. He was a Lad of a fine Complexion, good Features, and agreeable to the

fair Sex, but wanted the Capacity of some of his fellow Servants : 'Tho' he got a Reputation afterwards for a Man of Courage, but upon no other Grounds, than by setting the Country Fellows to Cudgelling or Boxing, and being a Spectator of a broken Head and a bloody Nose.

There are several Authentick Accounts of the Behaviour of these Two, in their respective Stations, and by what Means they made an Advancement of their Fortunes. There are several Relations, I say, now extant, that tell us, how one of these great Brothers took *Avaro's* Sister for his Mistress, which was the Foundation of his Preferment, and how *Haggite*, by granting her Favours to any one, who would go to the Expence of them, became extreamly Wealthy, and how Both had gain'd the Art of getting Money out of every Body they had to do with, and by the most dishonourable Methods. Never perhaps, was any Couple so match'd in every Thing as these, or so fit for one another : A Couple so link'd by the Bonds of Iniquity, as well as Marriage, that it is impossible to tell which had the greatest Crimes to answer for.

It will be needless to relate the Fortune of the Brothers, who were their successive Masters, and the Favours they bestow'd on them. It is sufficient that the Estate came at last to a Daughter of the younger Brother, a Lady, who was the Admiration of the Age she liv'd in, and the Darling of the whole Country, and who had been attended from her Infancy by *Haggite*.

Then it was *Avaro* began his Tyranny ; he was entrusted with all the Affairs of Consequence, and there was nothing done without his Knowledge. He marry'd his Daughters to some of the most considerable Estates in the Neighbourhood, and was related by Marriage to one *Baconface*, a sort of Bailiff to his Lady. He, and *Baconface* and
Haggite

Haggite got into Possession, as it were, of their Lady's Estate, and carry'd it with so high a Hand, were so haughty to the Rich, and oppressive to the Poor, that they quickly began to make themselves odious; but for their better Security, they form'd a sort of Confederacy with one *Dammy-blood*, *Clumsey* their Son-in-Law, *Splitcause* an Attorney, and *Moose* a noted Ballad-Maker, and some others. As soon as they had done this, they began so to domineer, that there was no Living for those who would not compliment, or comply with them in their Villany. *Haggite* cry'd, Lord, Madam, to her Mistress, *It must be so*; *Avaro* swore by G—d, and *Baconface* shook his Head, and look'd dismally. They made every Tenant pay a Tax, and every Servant considerably, out of his Wages towards the Mounding their Lady's Estate, as they pretended, but most part of it went into their own Pockets. Once upon a Time, the Tenants grumbling at their Proceedings, *Clumsey*, the Son-in-Law, brought in a Parcel of Beggars to settle upon the Estate. Thus they liv'd for some Years, till they grew Richer than their Mistress, and were, perhaps, the Richest Servants in the World: Nay, what is the most Remarkable, and will scarcely find Belief in future Ages, they began at last to deny her Title to the Estate, and affirm, she held it only by their Permission and Connivance.

Things were come to this pass, when one of the Tenants Sons from *Oxford* preach'd up Obedience to their Lady, and the Necessity of their Downfall, who oppos'd it. This open'd the Eyes of all the honest Tenants, but enrag'd *Avaro* and his Party, to that Degree, that they had hir'd a Pack of manag'd Bull-Dogs, with a Design to bait him, and had done it infallibly, had not the Gentry interpos'd, and the Country People run into his Assistance. These, with much ado, muzz-

ed the Dogs, and petition'd their Lady to discard the Mismanagers, who consented to it.

Great were the Endeavours, and great the Struggles of the Faction, for so they were call'd, to keep themselves in Power, as the Histories of those Times mention. They stirr'd up all their Lady's Acquaintance to speak to her in their Behalf, wrote Letters to and fro, Swore and Curs'd, Laugh'd and Cry'd, told the most abominable and inconsistent Lies, but all to no purpose: They spent their Money, lavish'd away their Beef, Pudding and *October* most unmercifully, and made several *Jointed Babies* to shew for Sights, and please the Tenants Sons about *Christmas*.

Old *Drybones* was then the Parson of the Parish, a Man of the most notorious Character, who would change his Principles at any Time to serve a Turn, preach or pray *Ex tempore*, talk Nonsense, or any Thing else, for the Advancement of *Avaro* and his Faction. He was look'd upon to be the greatest Artist in *Legerdemain* in that Country; and had a way of shewing the Pope and little Master in a Box, but the Figures were so very small, it was impossible for any body but himself to discern them. He was hir'd, as is suppos'd, to Tax the new Servants with *Popery*, together with their Mistress, which he preach'd in several Churches thereabouts; but his Character was too well known to make any Thing credited that came from him.

There are several Particulars related, both by Tradition and the Manuscripts, concerning the Turning out of these Servants, which would require greater Volumes than I design.

It is enough, that notwithstanding their Endeavours they were Discarded, and the Lady chose her New Servants out of the most honest and substantial of her Tenants, of undoubted Abilities, who were Tied to Her by Inclination as well as Duty. These began a Reformation of all the Abuses

Abuses committed by *Avaro* and *Baconface*, which discover'd such a Scene of Roguery to the World, that one would hardly think the most mercenary Favourites may be guilty of.

Avaro now began to be very uneasy, and to be affrighted at his own Conscience ; he found nothing would pacifie the enrag'd Tenants, and that his Life wou'd be but a sufficient Recompence for his Crimes. His Money, which he rely'd on, and which he lavish'd away to Bribe off his Destruction, had not Force enough to protect him. He could not, as it is reported, sit still in one Place for two Minutes, never slept at all, eat little or nothing, talk'd very rambling and inconsistent, of *Merit*, *Hardships*, *Accounts*, *Perquisites*, *Commissioners*, *Bread* and *Bread-Waggon*s, but was never heard to mention any *Cheese*.

He came and made a Confession in his own House, to some People he never saw before in his Life, and which shews no little Disorder in his Brain ; *That, whatever they might think of him, he was as dutiful a Servant as any his Mistress had.* *Haggite* rav'd almost as bad as he, and had got *St. Anthony's Fire* in her Face ; but it is a question, says *Dr. G——th*, whether there was any thing Ominous in that, since it is probable, the Distemper only chang'd it's Situation.

Mean while, it was agreed by *Baconface* and others, that a Consultation should be call'd at *Avaro's* House, something Decisive resolv'd on, in order to prevent their Ruin ; and accordingly, *Jacobo* the Messenger was sent to inform the Cabal of it.

Dismal and Horrid was the Night of that infernal Consultation, nothing heard but the melancholly Murmuring of Winds, and the Croaking of Toads and Ravens ; every Thing seem'd Wild and Desert, and double Darknes overspread the Hemisphere : Thunder and Lightning, Storms

and Tempest, and Earthquakes, seem'd to preface something more than ordinary, and added to the Confusion of that memorable Night. Nature sicken'd and groan'd, as it were, under the Tortures of universal Ruin. Not a Servant in the House but had dreamt the strangest Dreams, and *Haggite* herself had seen a Stranger in the Candle. The Fire languish'd and burnt Blue; and the Crickets sung continually about the Oven: How far the Story is true concerning the Warming-Pan and Dishes, I cannot say, but certain it is, a Noise was heard like that of rolling Pease from the top of the House to the bottom; and the Windows creak'd, and the Doors rattled in a manner not a little terrible. Several of their Servants made Affidavit, That *HAGGITE* lost a red Petticoat, a Ruff, and a Pair of green Stockings, that were her Mother's, but the Night before, and a Diamond-Cross once given her by a *Great Man*.

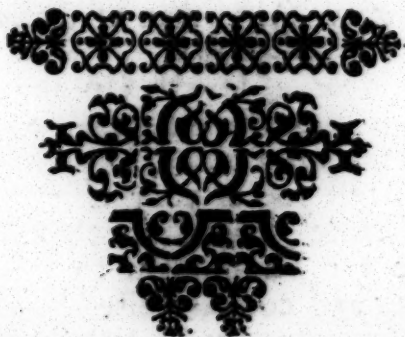
'Twas about Midnight before this black Society got together, and no sooner were they seated, when *Avaro* open'd to them in this manner. We have try'd, *says he*, my Friends, all the Artifices we cou'd invent or execute, but all in vain. Our Mistress has discover'd plainly our Intentions, and the Tenants will be neither flatter'd, nor frighted, nor brib'd into our Interest. It remains therefore, and what tho' we Perish in the Attempt, we must Perish otherwise, that once for all we make a Push at the very Life of—— When, lo! *says the Manuscript*, An unusual Noise interrupted his Discourse, and *Jacobo* cry'd out, *The Devil, the Devil at the Door*.

Scarce had he time to speak, or they to listen, when the Apparition of Mother *Haggy* enter'd; But, who can describe the Astonishment they were then in: *Haggite* swooned away in the Elbow-Chair as she sat, and *Avaro*, notwithstanding his boasted Courage, slunk under the Table in an Instant:

Instant: *Baconface* screw'd himself into a thousand Postures; and *Clumsey* trembled till his very Water trickl'd from him. *Splitcrause* tumbl'd over a Joint-stool, and *Mouse* the Ballad-Maker broke a Brandy Bottle, that had been *Haggitt's* Companion for some Years. But *Dammyblood*, *Dammyblood* only was the Man that had the Courage to cry out, G—d d—m your Bl—d, What occasion for all this Bustle? Is it not the Devil, and is he not our old Acquaintance? This Reviv'd them in some Measure; but the Ghastliness of the Spectre made still some Impression on them. There was an unaccountable Irregularity in her Dress, a Wanness in her Complexion, and a Disproportion in her Features. Flames of Fire issued from her Nostrils, and a sulphurous Smoak from her Mouth, which together with the Condition some of the Company were in, made a very noisome and offensive Smell; and *I have been told*, says a very grave Alderman of St. Albans. *Some of them saw her cloven Foot.*

I come, *says she*, at length, (in an hollow Voice, more terrible ~~than the celebrated~~ Stentor, or the brawny *Caledonian*) I come, O ye Accomplices in Iniquity, to tell you of your Crimes, to bid you desist from these *Cabals*, for they are Fruitless, and prepare for Punishment that is certain. I have, as long as I could, assisted you in your glorious execrable Attempts, but Time is now no more; the Time is coming, when you must be Deliver'd up to Justice. As to you, O Son and Daughter, *said she*, turning to them, 'tis but a few revolving Moons, e'er you must both fall a Sacrifice to your Avarice and Ambition, as I have told you heretofore, but your Mistress will be too Merciful, and tho' your ready Money must be Refunded, your Estate in Land will descend unto your Heirs. But you, O *Baconface*, you have Merited nothing to save either your Life or your Estate,

Estate, be contented therefore with the Loss of both : And *Clumsey*, says *she*, you must share the same Fate, your Insolence to your Lady, and the Beggars you brought in upon the Tenants will require it. *Dammyblood*, continues *she*, turning towards him, you must expect a considerable Fine ; but *Splitcause* and *Moufe* may come off more easily. She said, gave a Shriek, and, disappear'd ; and the Cabal dispers'd with the utmost Consternation.





A N
A C C O U N T
O F T H E

*Short Life, sudden Death, and POM-
POUS FUNERAL of Michy
Windybank, only CHILD to Sir
Oliver Windybank.*

IT is very uncertain where this Child
I was begotten, but the Mother was so
exceeding ill, during the Time of her
breeding, that the Father, who was a
doting and fond Husband; and who never had had
a Child before, carried her to *England*, to have
the Advice of the most *eminent Physicians*; to
whom (as it is constantly affirmed) he gave no
less in Fees, than one Thousand two Hundred
Guineas, and after some time, having *Assurances*
from them, that she was in no danger of a *Miscar-*
riage, he returned with her to *Ireland*, where, in
a short time, she fell in Labour, was *dangerously*
ill, and at length was safely deliver'd of a BOY.

The

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The *Child* came into the World with great *Skrieks* and *Cries*, which the Skilful about her imputed to *Gripes* and a *Windy-Cholick*, which still increasing, they call'd in for the Assistance of four eminent *Physicians*, who held a Consultation, and upon Enquiry finding, that the *Child* could not suck, and consequently must perish for want of Nourishment; advis'd to have it fed by a Spoon with *Asses Milk*, and that *Glysters* might be injected to help the *Gripes*.

The *Child* could not swallow a sufficient Quantity of the *Asses Milk*, to nourish and support it; and the *Gripes* encreasing, a *French Apothecary* was order'd to prepare and inject a *Glyster*, who declar'd upon the Experiment, that the *Parts* were so obstructed, that he could emit none of the *Liquid*, and that blowing in *Wind* would not recover it; in short, notwithstanding all *Art*, *Industry*, and *Expence*, the *Child* grew worse and worse, and being seized with violent *Convulsions*, departed this Life December the 9th, 1721.

Sir Oliver Windybank, in great Grief for the loss of his only *Child*, and not entirely despairing of another, (fearing *IT* might be seized with the same Distemper, and in order to enable the *Physicians* to make a better Judgment on the like Occasion) consented to have it opened, and sent for a *French Surgeon* to perform the Operation, with strict Orders to preserve the *Guts* and *Garbage*, and to convey them into the Tomb of the *Windybanks*, where the Body of *Michy* was to be deposited.

The first Part of the Body that was opened, was the *Chest*, where nothing was found but a little extravasated *Blood*, but opening farther, it appear'd that the *Liver* and *Lungs* were corrupted, and that there was a *Polypus* in the *Heart*, which stoppt Circulation.

The

The House was prodigiously crouded with Numbers, who came in, thro' Respect and Curiosity, and when the *Lower Belly* was open'd, there was such a nauseous Stench diffus'd, that about three fourths of the Number went out of the House, and the rest staid to see the Body embalm'd.

Sir Oliver resolving to give him a decent and pompous *Funeral*, suitable to his *Quality*, sent to the King at Arms, who both agreed upon the *Ceremonials* and *Procession* of the *Funeral* in manner following.

First, That the *Child* should be embalm'd and lap'd in *Sheets of Paper*.

Secondly, That for a *Coffin* he should be enclosed up in an *Iron Chest* to prevent *INFECTIO N*.

Thirdly, That he should be put into an *Hearse* to be drawn by six *Horses* cloathed in *black*, and that *Andrew Topham*, who proffer'd his *Service*, should drive the *Hearse* in a *Mask*, and that — was to be the *Postillion*.

Fourthly, That the *Escutcheons* adorning the *Hearse* should be the ~~insolvent~~ *Bonds* of Sir *Oliver* blotted and dyed *black*, with the *Arms* of the *Windybanks* painted and quarter'd in *white*.

Fifthly, That the *Chief Mourner* shou'd be the *Person* design'd for *Mich's* *Governour*, who was to be followed by twelve other *Mourners* next ally'd to the *Child*.

Sixthly, Eight *Female Mourners* led by eight *Clergymen* in *Scarfs* and *Crape Tippets*, with their *Faces* covered with *Hats* and *Hoods*.

Seventhly,

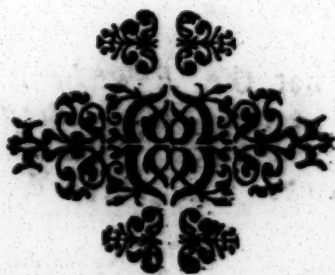
180 *An Account of the short Life, &c.*

Seventbly, Seventy-two poor *French Refugees*, being one for each Day of the *Child's* Life, with black Ribbons and black Bays-Frocks to carry the Links, conducted by one *French Baron*, with a black Hat, Cap, &c.

Eighbtly, Twenty two second Mourners remotely related to *Sir Oliver*.

Ninthly, The Attendants (instead of *Rosemary*) to carry *Skreds of Paper* inscribed, *MICHAEL WINDYBANK*, which are to be thrown after him into the *Vault*.

Tenthly, The Corps to be Interr'd by one *French Dean*, after the Extempore Manner. ¶ The *four Physicians* were not present at the *Funeral*, but had Mourning sent Them.





A N
EXAMINATION
Of Certain
Abuses, Corruptions, and Enormities
IN THE
City of Dublin.

NOTHING is held more commendable in
N all great Cities, especially the Metro-
polis of a Kingdom, than what the
French call the *Police*; by which Word
is meant the Government thereof, to prevent the
many Disorders occasioned by great Numbers of
People and Carriages, especially through narrow
Streets. In this Government our famous City of
Dublin is said to be very defective, and univer-
sally complained of. Many wholesome Laws
have been enacted to correct these Abuses, but
are ill executed; and many more are wanting,
which I hope the united Wisdom of the Nation
(whereof so many good Effects have already ap-
peared

peared this Session) will soon take into their most profound Consideration.

As I have been always watchful over the Good of mine own Country, and particularly for that of our renowned City, where (*absit invidia*) I had the Honour to draw my first Breath; I cannot have a Minute's Ease or Patience to forbear enumerating some of the greatest *Enormities*, *Abuses*, and *Corruptions* spread almost through every Part of *Dublin*; and proposing such Remedies as, I hope, the Legislature will approve of.

The narrow Compass to which I have confined myself in this Paper, will allow me only to touch at the most important Defects, and such, as I think, seem to require the most speedy Redress.

And first, perhaps there was never known a wiser Institution than that of allowing certain Persons of both Sexes, in large and populous Cities, to cry through the Streets many Necessaries of Life; it would be endless to recount the Conveniences which our City enjoys by this useful Invention, and particularly Strangers, forced hither by Business, who reside here but a short time; for, these having usually but little Money, and being wholly ignorant of the Town, might at an easy Price purchase a tolerable Dinner, if the several Criers would pronounce the Names of the Goods they have to sell, in any tolerable Language. And therefore till our Law-makers shall think it proper to interpose, so far as to make these Traders pronounce their Words in such Terms, that a plain Christian Hearer may comprehend what is cryed; I would advise all new Comers to look out at their Garret Windows, and there see whether the Thing that is cryed be *Tripes* or *Flummery*, *Buttermilk* or *Cowheels*. For, as things are now managed, how is it possible for an honest Country-man, just arrived, to find out what is meant; for Instance, by the following Words,
with

with which his Ears are constantly stunned twice a Day, *Muggs, Fuggs and Porringers, up in the Garret, and down in the Cellar.* I say, how is it possible for any Stranger to understand, that this Jargon is meant as an Invitation to buy a Parthing's worth of Milk for his Breakfast or Supper, unless his Curiosity draws him to the Window, or till his Landlady shall inform him. I produce this only as one Instance, among an Hundred much worse, I mean where the Words make a Sound wholly inarticulate, which give so much Disturbance, and so little Information.

The Affirmation solemnly made in the Cry of *Herrings*, is directly against all Truth and Probability, *Herrings alive, alive here*; the very Proverb will convince us of this; for what is more frequent in ordinary Speech, than to say of some Neighbour for whom the Passing-Bell rings, that *he is dead as a Herring.* And, pray how is it possible, that a Herring, which as Philosophers observe, cannot live longer than one Minute, three Seconds and a half out of Water, should bear a Voyage in open Boats from *Howth to Dublin*, be tossed into twenty Hands, and preserve its Life in Sieves for several Hours. Nay, we have Witnesses ready to produce, that many Thousands of these Herrings, so impudently asserted to be alive, have been a Day and a Night upon dry Land. But this is not the worst. What can we think of those impious Wretches, who dare in the Face of the Sun, vouch the very same Affirmative of their *Salmon*, and cry, *Salmon alive, alive*; whereas, if you call the Woman who cries it, she is not ashamed to turn back her Mantle, and show you this individual Salmon cut into a dozen Pieces. I have given good Advice to these infamous Disgracers of their Sex and Calling, without the least Appearance of Remorse, and fully against the Conviction of their own Consciences. I have mentioned

tioned this Grievance to several of our Parish Ministers, but all in vain; so that it must continue till the Government shall think fit to interpose.

There is another Cry, which, from the strictest Observation I can make, appears to be very modern, and it is that of *Sweet-hearts*, and is plainly intended for a Reflection upon the Female Sex, as if there were at present so great a Dearth of Lovers, that the Women, instead of receiving Presents from Men, were now forced to offer Money, to purchase *Sweet-hearts*. Neither am I sure, that this Cry doth not glance at some Disaffection against the Government; insinuating, that while so many of our Troops are engaged in foreign Service, and such a great Number of our gallant Officers constantly reside in *England*, the Ladies are forced to take up with Parsons and Attornies: But, this is a most unjust Reflection, as may soon be proved by any Person, who frequents the Castle, our publick Walks, our Balls and Assemblies, where the Crowds of *Toupees* were never known to swarm as they do at present.

There is a Cry, peculiar to this City, which I do not remember to have been used in *London*, or at least, not in the same Terms that it hath been practised by both Parties, during each of their Power; but, very unjustly by the *Tories*. While these were at the Helm, they grew daily more and more impatient to put all true *Whigs* and *Hannoverians* out of Employments. To effect which, they hired certain ordinary Fellows, with large Baskets on their Shoulders, to call aloud at every House, *Dirt to carry out*; giving that Denomination to our whole Party, as if they would signify, that the Kingdom could never be *cleansed*, till we were *swept* from the Earth like *Rubbish*. But, since that happy Turn of Times, when we were so *miraculously* preserved by just an *Inch*, from
Popery,

Popery, Slavery, Massacre, and the Pretender ; I must own it Prudence in us, still to go on with the same Cry, which hath ever since been so effectually observed, that the true *political Dirt* is wholly removed, and thrown on its proper Dunghills, there to corrupt, and be no more heard of.

But, to proceed to other Enormities: Every Person, who walks the Streets, must needs observe the immense Number of human Excrements at the Doors and Steps of waste Houses, and at the Sides of every dead Wall ; for which the disaffected Party have assigned a very false and malicious Cause. They would have it, that these Heaps were laid there privately by *British Fundaments*, to make the World believe, that our *Irish Vulgar* do daily eat and drink ; and, consequently, that the Clamour of Poverty among us, must be false, proceeding only from *Jacobites* and *Papists*. They would confirm this, by pretending to observe, that a *British Anus* being more narrowly perforated than one of our own Country ; and many of these Excrements upon a strict View appearing Cople-crown'd, with a Point like a Cone or Pyramid, are easily distinguish'd from the *Hibernian*, which lie much flatter, and with less Continuity. I communicated this Conjecture to an eminent Physician, who is well versed in such profound Speculations ; and at my Request was pleased to make Trial with each of his Fingers, by thrusting them into the *Anus* of several Persons of both Nations, and professed he could find no such Difference between them as those ill-disposed People alledge. On the contrary, he assured me, that much the greater Number of narrow Cavities were of *Hibernian* Origin. This I only mention to shew how ready the Jacobites are to lay hold of any Handle to express their Malice against the Government. I had almost forgot to add,

add, that my Friend the Physician could, by smelling each Finger, distinguish the *Hibernian* Excrement from the *British*, and was not above twice mistaken in an Hundred Experiments ; upon which he intends very soon to publish a learned Dissertation.

There is a Diversion in this City, which usually begins among the Butchers, but is often continued by a Succession of other People, through many Streets. It is call'd the *Cossing of a Dog* ; and I may justly number it among our Corruptions. The Ceremony is thus : A strange Dog happens to pass through a *Flesh-Market* : Whereupon an expert Butcher immediately cries in a loud Voice, and the proper Tone, *Coss, Coss*, several Times : The same Word is repeated by the People. The Dog, who perfectly understands the Term of Art, and consequently the Danger he is in, immediately flies. The People, and even his own *Brother Animals* pursue ; the Pursuit and Cry attend him perhaps half a Mile ; he is well worried in his Flight, and sometimes hardly escapes. This, our Ill-wishers of the *Jacobite* Kind, are pleased to call a *Persecution* ; and affirm, that it always falls upon Dogs of the *Tory* Principle. But, we can well defend ourselves, by justly alledging, that when they were uppermost, they treated our Dogs full as inhumanly : As to my own Part, who have in former Times often attended these *Processions*, although I can very well distinguish between a *Whig* and *Tory* Dog ; yet I never carried my Resentments upon a *Party Principle*, except it were against certain malicious Dogs, who most discover'd their Malice against us in the *worst of Times*. And, I remember too well, that in the wicked Ministry of the Earl of *Oxford*, a large Mastiff of our Party being unmercifully *Coss'd*, ran, without thinking, between my Legs, as I was coming up *Fishamble-street* ; and, as I am of low Stature, with
very

very short Legs, bore me riding backwards down the Hill, for above two Hundred Yards: And, altho' I made use of his Tail for a Bridle, holding it fast with both my Hands, and clung my Legs as close to his Sides as I could, yet we both came down together into the Middle of the Kennel; where after rowling three or four Times over each other, I got up with much ado, amidst the Shouts and Huzzas of a Thousand malicious *Jacobites*: I cannot, indeed, but gratefully acknowledge, that for this and many other Services and Sufferings, I have been since more than overpaid.

This Adventure may, perhaps, have put me out of Love with the Diversion of *Cossing*, which I confess myself an Enemy to, unless we could always be sure of distinguishing *Tory Dogs*; whereof great Numbers have since been so prudent, as entirely to change their Principles, and are now justly esteemed the best *Worriers* of their former Friends.

I am assured, and partly know, that all the Chimney-Sweepers Boys, where Members of P——t chiefly lodge, are hired by *our Enemies* to sculk in the Tops of Chimneys, with their Heads no higher than will just permit them to look round; and at the usual Hours when Members are going to the House, if they see a Coach stand near the Lodging of any *loyal* Member, they call *Coach, Coach*, as loud as they can bawl, just at the Instant when the Footman begins to give the same Call. And this is chiefly done on those Days, when any Point of Importance is to be debated. This Practice may be of very dangerous Consequence. For, these Boys are all hired by *Enemies* to the Government; and thus, by the Absence of a few Members, for a few Minutes, a Question may be carried against the *true Interest* of
of

of the Kingdom, and very probably, not without an Eye towards the *Pretender*.

I have not observed the Wit and Fancy of this Town, so much employed in any one Article, as that of contriving Variety of Signs to hang over Houses, where *Punch* is to be sold. The Bowl is represented full of Punch, the Ladle stands erect in the Middle, supported sometimes by one, and sometimes by two Animals, whose Feet rest upon the Edge of the Bowl. These Animals are sometimes one black *Lyon*, and sometimes a Couple; sometimes a single *Eagle*, and sometimes a spread one, and we often meet a *Crow*, a *Swan*, a *Bear*, or a *Cock*.

Now, I cannot find how any of these Animals, either separate, or in Conjunction, are, properly speaking, either fit Emblems or Embellishments, to advance the Sale of Punch. Besides, it is agreed among Naturalists, that no Brute can endure the Taste of strong Liquor, except where he hath been used to it from his Infancy: And, consequently, it is against all the Rules of Hieroglyph, to assign those Animals as Patrons, or Protectors of *Punch*. For, in that Case, we ought to suppose, that the Host keeps always ready the real Bird, or Beast, whereof the Picture hangs over his Door, to entertain his Guest; which, however, to my Knowledge, is not true in Fact. For not one of those Birds is a proper Companion for a *Christian*, as to aiding and assisting in making the *Punch*. For the Birds, as they are drawn upon the Sign, are much more likely to mute, or shed their Feathers into the Liquor. Then, as to the *Bear*, he is too terrible, awkward, and slovenly a Companion to converse with; neither are any of them all, handy enough to fill Liquor to the Company: I do, therefore, vehemently suspect a *Plot* intended against the Government, by these Devices. For, although the *Spread-Eagle* be the

Arms

Arms of *Germany*, upon which Account it may possibly be a lawful *Protestant* Sign; yet I, who am very suspicious of fair Out-sides, in a Matter which so nearly concerns our Welfare, cannot but call to Mind, that the *Pretender's* Wife is said to be of *German* Birth: And that many *Popish* Princes, in so vast an Extent of Land, are reported to excel both at making and drinking *Punch*. Besides, it is plain, that the *Spread-Eagle* exhibits to us the perfect Figure of a *Cross*, which is a Badge of *Popery*. Then, as to the *Cock*, he is well known to represent the *French* Nation, our old and dangerous Enemy. The *Swan*, who must of Necessity cover the entire Bowl with his Wings, can be no other than the *Spaniard*, who endeavours to engross all the Treasures of the *Indies* to himself. The *Lyon* is indeed, the common Emblem of Royal Power, as well as the Arms of *England*: but to paint him black, is perfect *Jacobitism*, and a manifest Type of those, who blacken the Actions of the best Princes. It is not easy to distinguish, whether that other Fowl painted over the *Punch-Bowl*, be a *Crow* or *Raven*? It is true, they have both been held ominous Birds; but I rather take it to be the former; because it is the Disposition of a *Crow*, to pick out the Eyes of other Creatures; and often even of *Christians*, after they are dead; and is therefore drawn here, with a Design to put the *Jacobites* in Mind of their old Practice, first to lull us a-sleep, (which is an Emblem of Death) and then to blind our Eyes, that we may not see their dangerous Practices against the State.

To speak my private Opinion, the least offensive Picture in the whole Sett, seems to be the *Bear*; because he represents *Ursa Major*, or the *Great Bear*, who presides over the *North*, where the *Reformation* first began, and which, next to *Britain*, (including *Scotland* and the *North of Ireland*)

land) is the great Protector of the *Protestant Religion*. But, however, in those Signs where I observe the *Bear* to be *chained*, I can't help surmising a *Jacobite* Contrivance, by which these Traytors hint an earnest Desire of using all *true Whigs*, as their Predecessors did the primitive Christians; I mean, to represent us as *Bears*, and then hallow their *Tory-Dogs* to bait us to Death.

Thus I have given a fair Account of what I dislike, in all those Signs set over those Houses that invite us to *Punch*: I own it was a Matter that did not need explaining, being so very obvious to the most common Understanding. Yet, I know not how it happens, but, methinks, there seems a fatal Blindness, to overspread our corporeal Eyes, as well as our intellectual; and I heartily wish, I may be found a false Prophet. For, these are not bare Suspicions, but manifest Demonstrations.

Therefore, away with those *Popish, Jacobite*, and idolatrous Gew-gaws. And I heartily wish a Law were enacted, under severe Penalties, against drinking any *Punch* at all. For nothing is easier, than to prove it a disaffected Liquor. The chief Ingredients, which are Brandy, Oranges, and Lemmons, are all sent us from *Popish* Countries; and nothing remains of *Protestant* Growth but Sugar and Water. For, as to Biscuit, which formerly was held a necessary Ingredient, and is truly *British*, we find it is entirely rejected.

But I will put the Truth of my Assertion, past all doubt: I mean, that this Liquor is by one important Innovation, grown of ill Example, and dangerous Consequence to the Publick. It is well known, that, by the true original Institution of making *Punch*, left us by Captain Ratcliff, the Sharpness is only occasioned by the Juice of Lemmons, and so continued till after the happy Revolution.

Jacobites. Oranges, alas! are a meer Innovation, and in a Manner *Out of Yesterday*. It was the Politicks of *Jacobites* to introduce them gradually: And, to what Intent? The Thing speaks it self. It was cunningly to shew their Virulence against his sacred Majesty King *William*, of ever glorious and immortal Memory. But of late, (to shew how fast Disloyalty increaseth) they came from one to two, and then to three Oranges; nay, at present we often find *Punch* made all with Oranges, and not one single Lemmon. For the *Jacobites*, before the Death of that immortal Prince, had, by a Superstition, formed a private Prayer, that, as they squeezed the Orange, so might that Protestant King be squeezed to Death: According to that known Sorcery described by *Virgil*, *Limas ut hic durefcit, & hac ut cera liquefcit*, &c. And, thus the *Romans*, when they sacrificed an Ox, used this Kind of Prayer. *As I knock down this Ox, so may thou, O Jupiter, knock down our Enemies*. In like manner, after King *William's* Death, whenever a *Jacobite* squeezed an Orange, he had a mental Curse upon the glorious Memory, and a hearty Wish for Power to squeeze all his Majesty's Friends to Death, as he squeezed that Orange, which bore one of his Titles, as he was Prince of Orange. This I do affirm for Truth; many of that Faction having confess'd it to me, under an Oath of Secrecy; which, however, I thought it my Duty not to keep, when I saw my dear Country in Danger. But, what better can be expected from an impious Set of Men, who never scruple to drink CON-FUSION to all true Protestants, under the Name of *Whigs*? a most unchristian and inhuman Practice, which to our great Honour and Comfort, was never charged upon us, even by our most malicious Detractors.

The Sign of two Angels, hovering in the Air, and with their right Hands supporting a Crown,

is met with in several Parts of this City ; and hath often given me great Offence : For, whether by the Unskilfulness, or dangerous Principles of the Painters, (although I have good Reasons to suspect the latter) those *Angels* are usually drawn with such horrid *Countenances*, that they give great Offence to every loyal Eye, and equal Cause of Triumph to the *Jacobites*, being a most infamous Reflection upon our most able and excellent Ministry.

I now return to that great Enormity of City *Cries* ; most of which we have borrowed from *London*. I shall consider them only in a *political* View, as they nearly affect the Peace and Safety of both Kingdoms ; and having been originally contrived by wicked *Machiavels*, to bring in *Popery*, *Slavery*, and *Arbitrary Power*, by defeating the *Protestant* Succession, and introducing the *Pretender*, ought, in Justice, to be here laid open to the World.

About two or three Months after the happy *Revolution*, all Persons, who possess any Employment, or Office, in Church or State, were obliged by an Act of Parliament, to take the Oaths to King *William* and Queen *Mary* : And a great Number of disaffected Persons, refusing to take the said Oaths, from a pretended Scruple of Conscience, but really from a Spirit of *Popery* and *Rebellion*, they contrived a Plot, to make the swearing to those Princes odious in the Eyes of the People. To this End, they hired certain Women of ill Fame, but loud shrill Voices, under Pretence of selling Fish, to go through the Streets, with Sieves on their Heads, and cry, *buy my Soul*, *buy my Soul* ; plainly insinuating, that all those, who swore to King *William*, were just ready to sell their *Souls* for an Employment. This Cry was revived at the Death of Queen *Anne*, and, I hear, still continues in *London*, with great Offence

to all true Protestants; but, to our great Happiness, seems to be almost dropt in *Dublin*.

But, because I altogether condemn the Displeasure and Resentment of *High-flyers, Tories, and Jacobites*, whom I look upon to be worse even than profest Papists, I do here declare, that those Evils, which I am going to mention, were all brought upon us in the worst of Times, under the late Earl of Oxford's Administration, during the four last Years of Queen Anne's Reign. That wicked Minister was universally known to be a Papist in his Heart. He was of a most avaricious Nature, and is said to have dyed worth four Millions sterl. besides his vast Expences in Building, Statues, Gold Plate, Jewels, and other costly Rarities. He was of a mean obscure Birth, from the very Dregs of the People, and so illiterate, that he could hardly read a Paper at the Council-Table. I forbear to touch at his open, prophane, profligate Life; because I desire not to rake into the Ashes of the Dead, and therefore I shall observe this wise Maxim: *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

This flagitious Man, in order to compass his black Designs, employ'd certain wicked Instruments (which great Statesmen are never without) to adapt several London Cries, in such a Manner as would best answer his Ends. And, whereas it was upon Grounds grievously suspected, that all Places at Court were sold to the highest Bidder: Certain Women were employed by his Emissaries, to carry Fish in Baskets on their Heads, and bawl thro' the Streets, *buy my fresh Places*. I must, indeed, own, that other Women used the same Cry, who were innocent of this wicked Design, and really sold their Fish of that Denomination to get an honest Livelyhood; but the rest, who were in the Secret, although they carried Fish in their Sieves or Baskets, to save Appearances; yet they had likewise, a certain Sign, somewhat resembling

bling that of the *Fras-Mafans*, which the Purchasers of *Places* knew well enough, and were directed by the Women whither they were to resort, and make their Purchase. And, I remember very well; how oddly it look'd, when we observed many Gentlemen finely dress'd, about the Court-end of the Town, and as far as *York-Buildings*, where the Lord Treasurer *Oxford* dwelt, calling the Women who cry'd *buy my frash Places*, and talking to them in the Corner of a Street, after they understood each other's Sign; but we never could observe that any Fish was bought.

Some Years before the fine Cries last mentioned, the Duke of *Savoy* was reported to have made certain Overtures to the Court of *England*, for admitting his eldest Son by the Dutcheß of *Orleans's* Daughter, to succeed to the Crown, as next Heir, upon the *Pretender's* being rejected, and that Son was immediately to turn *Protestant*. It was confidently reported, that great Numbers of People disaffected to the then *Illustrious*, but now *Royal House of Hanover*, were in those Measures. Whereupon, another Sett of Women were hired by the *Jacobite* Leaders, to cry through the whole Town, *buy my Savoy's, dainty Savoy's, curious Savoy's*. But, I cannot directly charge the late Earl of *Oxford* with this *Conspiracy*, because he was not then chief Minister. However, the wicked Cry still continues in *London*, and was brought over hither, where it remains to this Day, and in my humble Opinion, a very offensive Sound to every true Protestant, who is old enough to remember those dangerous Times.

During the Ministry of that corrupt and *Jacobite* Earl, abovementioned, the secret pernicious Design of those in Power, was to sell *Flanders* to *France*; the Consequence of which, must have been the infallible Ruin of the *States-General*, and would have open'd the Way for *France* to obtain
that

that universal Monarchy, after which they have so long aspired; to which the *British* Dominions must next, after *Holland*, have been compelled to submit. And the *Protestant* Religion would be rooted out of the World.

A Design of this vast Importance, after long Consultation among the *Jacobite* Grandees, with the Earl of *Oxford* at their Head, was at last determin'd to be carried on by the same Method with the former; it was therefore again put in Practice; but the Conduct of it was chiefly left to chosen Men, whose Voices were louder and stronger than those of the other Sex. And upon this Occasion, was first instituted in *London*, that famous Cry of **FLOUNDERS**. But the Cryers were particularly directed to pronounce the Word *Flaunders*, and not *Flounders*. For, the Country which we now by Corruption call *Flanders*, is in it's true Orthography spelt *Flaunders*, as may be obvious to all who read old *English* Books. I say, from hence begun that thundring Cry, which hath ever since stunned the Ears of all *London*, made so many Children fall into Fits, and Women miscarry; *come buy my fresh Flaunders, curious Flaunders, charming Flaunders, alive, alive, ho*; which last Words can, with no Propriety of Speech, be apply'd to Fish manifestly dead, (as I observed before in *Herrings* and *Salmon*) but very justly to ten Provinces, which contain many Millions of living *Christians*. And the Application is still closer, when we consider, that all the People were to be taken like *Fishes* in a Net; and, by Assistance of the *Pope*, who sets up to be the *universal Fisher of Men*, the whole innocent Nation, was, according to our common Expression, to be *laid as flat as a Plounder*.

I remember, my self, a particular Cryer of *Flaunders* in *London*, who arrived at so much Fame for the Loudness of his Voice, that he had the

Honour to be mentioned upon that Account, in a Comedy. He hath disturbed me many a Morning, before he came within Fifty Doors of my Lodging. And, although I were not in those Days so fully apprized of the Designs, which our common Enemy had then in Agitation, yet, I know not how, by a secret Impulse, young as I was, I could not forbear conceiving a strong Dislike against the Fellow; and often said to my self, This Cry seems to be forged in the *Jesuits* School: Alas, poor *England*! I am grievously mistaken if there be not some *Popish* Plot at the Bottom. I communicated my Thoughts to an intimate Friend, who reproached me with being too visionary in my Speculations: But, it proved afterwards, that I conjectured right. And I have often since reflected, that if the wicked Faction could have procured only a Thousand Men, of as strong Lungs as the Fellow I mentioned, none can tell how terrible the Consequences might have been, not only to these two Kingdoms, but over all *Europe*, by selling *Flanders* to *France*. And yet these Cries continue unpunished, both in *London* and *Dublin*; although I confess, not with equal Vehemency or Loudness, because the Reason for contriving this desperate Plot, is, to our great Felicity, wholly ceased.

It is well known, that the Majority of the *British* House of Commons in the last Years of *Queen Anne's* Reign, were in their Hearts directly opposite to the *Earl of Oxford's* pernicious Measures; which put him under the Necessity of bribing them with Sallaries. Whereupon he had again Recourse to his old Politicks. And accordingly, his Emisfaries were very busy in employing certain artful Women of no good Life or Conversation, (as it was fully proved before Justice P——) to cry that Vegetable commonly called *Sollary*, through the Town. These Women differed from the com-

com-

common Cryers of that Herb, by some private Mark which I could never learn; but the Matter was notorious enough, and sufficiently talked of, and about the same Period was the Cry of *Sollary* brought over into this Kingdom. But since there is not at this present, the least Occasion to suspect the Loyalty of our Cryers upon that Article, I am content that it may still be tolerated.

I shall mention but one Cry more, which hath any Reference to Politicks; but is indeed, of all others the most insolent, as well as treasonable, under our present happy Establishment. I mean that of *Turnups*; not of *Turnips*, according to the best Orthography, but absolutely *Turnups*. Although this Cry be of an older Date than some of the preceding Enormities; for it began soon after the Revolution; yet was it never known to arrive at so great an Height, as during the Earl of Oxford's Power. Some People, (whom I take to be private Enemies) are, indeed, as ready as my self to profess their Disapprobation of this Cry, on Pretence that it began by the Contrivance of certain old Procureesses, who kept Houses of ill Fame, where lewd Women met to draw young Men into Vice. And this they pretend to prove by some Words in the Cry; because, after the Cryer had bawled out *Turnups, ho, buy my dainty Turnups*, he would sometimes add the two following Verses.

*Turn up the Mistress, and turn up the Maid,
And turn up the Daughter, and be not afraid.*

This, say some political Sophists, plainly shews that there can be nothing further meant in this infamous Cry, than an Invitation to Lewdness, which indeed, ought to be severely punished in all well regulated Governments; but cannot be fairly interpreted as a Crime of State. But, I hope,

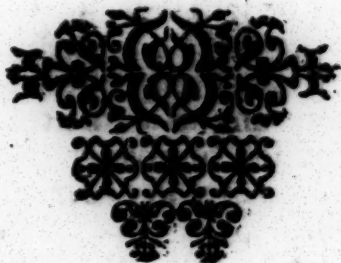
hope, we are not so weak and blind to be deluded at this Time of Day, with such poor Evasions. I could, if it were proper, demonstrate the very Time when those two Verses were composed, and name the Author, who was no other than the famous Mr. Swan, so well known for his Talent at Quibbling, and was as virulent a *Jacobite* as any in *England*. Neither could he deny the Fact, when he was taxed for it in my Presence by Sir *Harry Dutton-Colt*, and Colonel *Davenport*, at the *Smyrna Coffee-House*, on the 10th of *June*, 1701. Thus it appears to a Demonstration, that those Verses were only a Blind to conceal the most dangerous Designs of that Party, who from the first Years after the happy Revolution, used a Cant Way of talking in their Clubs after this Manner: We hope, to see the Cards shuffled once more, and another King TURN UP Trump: And, when shall we meet over a Dish of TURNUPS? The same Term of Art was used in their Plots against the Government, and in their treasonable Letters writ in Cyphers, and decyphered by the famous Dr. *Wallis*, as you may read in the Tryals of those Times. This I thought fit to set forth at large, and in so clear a Light, because the *Scotch* and *French* Authors have given a very different Account of the Word TURNUP, but whether out of Ignorance or Partiality I shall not decree; because, I am sure, the Reader is convinced by my Discovery. It is to be observed, that this Cry was sung in a particular Manner by Fellows in Disguise, to give Notice where those Traytors were to meet, in order to concert their villainous Designs.

I have no more to add upon this Article, than an humble Proposal, that those who cry this Root at present in our Streets of *Dublin*, may be compelled by the Justice of the Peace, to pronounce Turnip, and not Turnup; for, I am afraid, we have

have still too many Snakes in our Bosom; and it would be well if their Cellars were sometimes searched, when the Owners least expect it; for I am not out of Fear, that *latet anguis in Herba*.

Thus, we are zealous in Matters of small Moment, while we neglect those of the highest Importance. I have already made it manifest, that all these Cries were contrived in the worst of Times, under the Ministry of that desperate Statesman, *Robert* late Earl of *Oxford*, and for that very Reason ought to be rejected with Horror, as begun in the Reign of *Jacobites*, and may well be number'd among the Rags of *Popery* and *Treason*: Or if it be thought proper, that these Cries must continue, surely they ought to be only trusted in the Hands of true *Protestants*, who have given Security to the Government.

F I N I S.

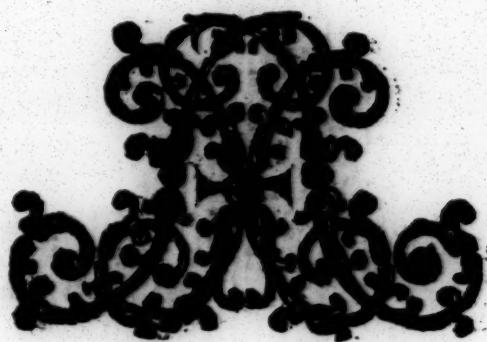


MISCELLANIES
I N
VERSE.



To which are Added Several
Occasional POEMS

Not in the
English EDITION.



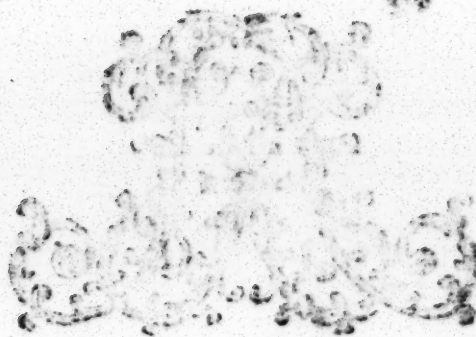
Re-printed in the YEAR, 1733.

VERSE

OPTIONAL FORMS

1901

NEW EDITION





THE
JOURNAL
OF A
Modern Lady.

T was a most unfriendly Part
 In you, who ought to know my Heart,
 So well acquainted with my Zeal
 For all the Female Commonweal:
 How cou'd it come into your Mind,
 To pitch on me, of all Mankind,
 Against the Sex to write a Satyre,
 And brand me for a Woman-Hater?
 On me, who think them all so fair,
 They rival *Venus* to a Hair;
 Their Virtues never ceas'd to sing,
 Since first I learn'd to tune a String.
 Methinks I hear the Ladies cry,
 Will he his Character belye?

The JOURNAL of

Must never our Misfortunes end?
 And have we lost our only Friend?
 Ah lovely Nymphs, remove your Fears,
 No more let fall those precious Tears,
 Sooner shall, &c.

[Here several Verses are omitted.]

The Hound be hunted by the Hare,
 Than I turn Rebel to the Fair.

'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
 Then gave the Subject out of Spite:
 The *Journal of a Modern Dame*
 Is by my Promise what you claim:
 My Word is past, I must submit,
 And yet perhaps you may be bit.
 I but transcribe, for not a Line
 Of all the Satyre shall be mine.
 Compell'd by you to tag in Rhimes
 The common Slanders of the Times,
 Of modern Times, the Guilt is yours,
 And me my Innocence secures.
 Unwilling Muse begin thy Day,
 The Annals of a Female Day.

By Nature turn'd to play the Rake-well,
 (As we shall shew you in the Sequel)
 The modern Dame is wak'd by Noon,
 Some Authors say not quite so soon,
 Because, though sore against her Will,
 She sat all Night up at *Quadrill*.
 She stretches, gapes, unglues her Eyes,
 And asks if it be time to rise;
 Of Head-ach, and the Spleen complains;
 And then to cool her heated Brains,
 Her Night-gown and her Slippers brought her,
 Takes a large Dram of Citron Water.
 Then to her Glass, and "Betty, pray
 "Don't I look frightfully to Day?"

ca. But,

" But, was it not confounded hard ?
" Well, if I ever touch a Card :
" Four *Mattadores*, and lose *Codill* !
" Depend upon't, I never will.
" But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix
" The Ladies here to Night by Six."
Madam, the Goldsmith waits below,
He says, his Business is to know
If you'll redeem the Silver Cup
You pawn'd to him ? — " First shew him up.
Your Dressing-Plate, he'll be content
To take, for Interest *Cent. per Cent.*
And, Madam, there's my Lady *Spade*
Hath sent this Letter by her Maid.
" Well, I remember what she won ;
" And hath she sent so soon to dun ?
" Here, carry down those ten Pistoles
" My Husband left to pay for Coals :
" I thank my Stars they are all light ;
" And I may have Revenge to Night."
Now, loit'ring o'er her Tea and Cream,
She enters on her usual Theme ;
Her last Night's ill Success repeats,
Calls Lady *Spade* a hundred Cheats :
She slipt *Spadillo* in her Breast,
Then thought to turn it to a Jest.
There's Mrs. *Cut* and she combine,
And to each other give the Sign.
Through ev'ry Game pursues her Tale,
Like Hunters o'er their Evening Ale.

Now to another Scene give Place,
Enter the Folks with Silks and Lace :
Fresh Matter for a World of Chat,
Right *Indian* this, right *Macklin* that ;
Observe this Pattern ; there's a Stuff,
I can have Customers enough.
Dear Madam, you are grown so hard,
This Lace is worth twelve Pounds a Yard :

Madam,

Madam, if there be Truth in Man,
I never sold so cheap a Fan.

This Business of Importance o'er,
And Madam almost dress'd by Four;
The Footman, in his usual Phrase,
Comes up with, "Madam, Dinner stays;
She answers in her usual Style,
"The Cook must keep it back a while;
"I never can have Time to Dress,
"No Woman breathing takes up less;
"I'm hurry'd so, it makes me sick,
"I wish the Dinner at *Old Nick*."
At Table now she acts her Part,
Has all the Dinner-Cant by Heart:
"I thought we were to Dine alone,
"My Dear, for sure if I had known
"This Company would come to Day——
"But really 'tis my Spouse's Way;
"He's so unkind, he never sends
"To tell, when he invites his Friends:
"I wish ye may but have enough."
And while, with all this poultry Stuff,
She sits tormenting every Guest,
Nor gives her Tongue one Moment's Rest,
In Phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern Ladies call polite;
You see the Booby Husband sit
In Admiration at her Wit!

But let me now a while survey
Our Madam o'er her Evening Tea;
Surrounded with her Noisy Clans
Of Prudes, Coquets, and Harridans;
When frighted at the clam'rous Crew,
Away the God of Silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the Place,
And Modesty with blushing Face;

Now

a Modern Lady.

5

Now enters over-weening *Pride*,
And *Scandal* ever gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with Frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing Air;
Rude *Laughter* seeming like to burst;
And *Malice* always judging worst;
And *Vanity* with Pocket-Glass;
And *Impudence* with Front of Brass;
And studied *Affectation* came,
Each Limb, and Feature out of Frame;
While *Ignorance*, with Brain of Lead,
Flew hov'ring o'er each Female Head.

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
An Hundred Tongues, as Poets use,
When, to give ev'ry Dame her due,
An Hundred Thousand were too few!
Or how should I, alas! relate,
The Sum of all their senseless Prate,
Their Inuendo's, Hints, and Slanders,
Their Meanings lewd, and double 'Entendres.
Now comes the gen'ral Scandal-Charge,
What some invent, the rest enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a Lye;
" You have the Tale as cheap as I:
" I must conceal my Author's Name,
" But now 'tis known to common Fame.

Say, foolish Females, Old and Blind,
Say, by what fatal Turn of Mind,
Are you on Vices most severe
Wherein yourselves have greatest Share?
Thus every Fool herself deludes;
The Prudes condemn the absent Prudes;
Mopsa, who stinks her Spouse to Death,
Accuses *Chloe's* tainted Breath;
Hircina rank with Sweat, presumes
To censure *Phyllis* for Perfumes;

While

While crooked *Cynthia* swearing says,
 That *Florimel* wears Iron Stays:
Chloe's of ev'ry Coxeomb jealous,
 Admires how Girls can talk with Fellows,
 And full of Indignation frets
 That Women should be such Coquets:
Iris, for Scandal most notorious,
 Cries, "Lord, the World is so censorious!
 And *Rufa* with her Combs of Lead,
 Whispers that *Sappho's* Hair is Red:
Aura, whose Tongue you hear a Mile hence,
 Talks half a Day in Praise of Silence,
 And *Silvia* full of inward Guilt,
 Calls *Amoret* an arrant Jilt.

Now Voices over Voices rise;
 While each to be the loudest vies,
 They contradict, affirm, dispute,
 No single Tongue one Moment mute;
 All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
 They set the very Lap-Dog barking;
 Their Chattering makes a louder Din
 Than Fish-Wives o'er a Cup of Gin:
 Not School-boys at a Barring-out,
 Rais'd ever such incessant Rout:
 The Jumbling Particles of Matter
 In Chaos made not such a Clatter:
 Far less the Rabble roar and rail,
 When drunk with four Election Ale.

Nor do they trust their Tongue alone,
 To speak a Language of their own;
 But read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look,
 Far better than a printed Book;
 Convey a Libel in a Frown,
 And wink a Reputation down;
 Or by the tossing of the Fan,
 Describe the Lady and the Man.

But

a Modern Lady.

7

But see, the Female Club disbands,
Each twenty Visits on her Hands.
Now all alone poor Madam sits,
In Vapours and Hysterick Fits:
“ And was not *Tom* this Morning sent?
“ I’d lay my Life he never went:
“ Past Six, and not a living Soul!
“ I might by this have won a Vole.”
A dreadful Interval of Spleen!
How shall we pass the Time between?
“ Here *Betty*, let me take my Drops,
“ And feel my Pulse, I know it stops:
“ This Head of mine, Lord, how it swims!
“ And such a Pain in all my Limbs!”
Dear Madam, try to take a Nap —
But now they hear a Foot-Man’s Rap:
“ Go run, and light the Ladies up:
“ It must be One before we Sup.

The Table, Cards, and Counters set,
And all the Gamester Ladies met,
Her Spleen and Fits recover’d quite,
Our Madam can sit up all Night;
“ Whoever comes, I’m not within —
Quadrill’s the Word, and so begin.

How can the Muse her Aid impart,
Unskill’d in all the Terms of Art?
Or in harmonious Numbers put
The Deal, the Shuffle, and the Cut?
All the superfluous Whims relate,
That fill a Female Gamester’s Pate?
What Agony of Soul she feels
To see a Knave’s inverted Heels:
She draws up Card by Card, to find
Good Fortune peeping from behind;
With panting Heart, and earnest Eyes,
In hope to see *Spadillo* rise;

In

3 *The JOURNAL of*

In vain, alas! her Hope is fed;
 She draws an Ace, and sees it red,
 In ready Counters never pays,
 But pawns her Snuff-Box, Rings, and Keys.
 Ever with some new Fancy struck,
 Tries twenty Charms to mend her Luck.
 " This Morning when the Parson came,
 " I said, I should not win a Game.
 " This odious Chair how came I stuck in't,
 " I think, I never had good Luck in't.
 " I'm so uneasy in my Stays;
 " Your Fan, a Moment, if you please.
 " Stand further Girl, or get you gone,
 " I always lose, when you look on.
 Lord, Madam, you have lost Codill;
 I never saw you play so ill.
 " Nay, Madam, give me leave to say,
 " 'Twas you that threw the Game away;
 " When Lady *Trick/sy* play'd a Four,
 " You took it with a Matadore;
 " I saw you touch your Wedding-Ring
 " Before my Lady call'd a King.
 " You spoke a Word began with H,
 " And I know whom you mean to teach,
 " Because you held the King of Hearts:
 " Fie, Madam, leave these little Arts.
 That's not so bad as one that rubs
 Her Chair to call the King of Clubs,
 And makes her Part'ner understand
 A Matadore is in her Hand.
 " Madam, you have no Cause to flounce,
 " I swear, I saw you thrice renounce.
 And truly, Madam, I know when
 Instead of Five you fear'd me Ten.
Spadillo here has got a Mark,
 A Child may know it in the Dark:
 I guess the Hand, it seldom fails,
 I wish some Folks would pare their Nails.

While

a Modern Lady.

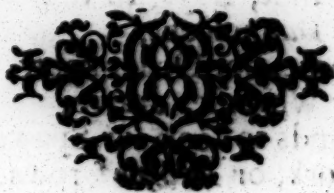
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While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common Form;
Most conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their Due;
It never interrupts the Game,
Or makes 'em sensible of Shame.

The Time too precious now to waste,
And Supper gobbled up in haste,
Again a-fresh to Cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
Yet shall I not again repeat
How oft they squabble, snarl and Cheat:
At last they hear the Watchman knock,
A frosty Morn—— Past Four a-Clock.
The Chair-Men are not to be found,
"Come, let us play the t'other Round.

Now, all in haste they huddle on
Their Hoods, their Cloaks, and get them gone:
But first, the Winner must invite
The Company to-morrow Night.

Unlucky Madam left in Tears,
(Who now again *Quadrill* forswears,)
With empty Purse, and aching Head,
Steals to her sleeping Spouse to Bed.



THE



THE Country-Life.

~~CHORUS~~ *HALIA*, tell in sober Days,
 How George, Nim, Dan, Dean, pass their
 Days.
~~CHORUS~~ Begin, my Muse; First, from our Bow'rs
 We issue forth at different Hours;
 At seven, the Dean in Night-gown drest,
 Goes round the House to wake the rest;
 At nine, grave Nim and George facetious
 Go to the Dean to read *Lucretius*;
 At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
 And kisses George, and ends our Lectures,
 And when she has him by the Neck fast,
 Hauls him, and scolds us down to Breakfast.
 We squander there an Hour or more,
 And then all Hands, Boys, to the Oar,
 All, Heteroetel Day except,
 Who neither Time, nor Omer kept,
 But by peculiar Whimsies drawn,
 Peeps in the Ponds to look for Spawn,
 O'ersees the Work, or *Drake** rows,
 Or spoils a Text, or mends his Hose;

* My Lord's Boat.

Or

The Country-Life.

11

Or — but proceed we in our Journal —
At two, or after, we return all.
From the four Elements assembling,
Warn'd by the Bell, all Folks come trembling;
From airy Garrets some descend,
Some from the Lake's remotest End:
My Lord and Dean the Fire forsake,
Dan leaves the Earthly Spade and Rake:
The Loit'ers quake, no Corner hides them,
And Lady *Betty* soundly chides them.
Now Water's brought, and Dinner's done;
With Church and King the Lady's gone:
(Not reck'ning half an Hour we pass
In talking o'er a moderate Glass.)
Dan, growing drowsy, like a Thief,
Steals off to dose away his Beef,
And this must pass for reading *Hammond* —
While *George* and *Dean* go to Back-Gammon,
George, *Nim*, and *Dean* set out at four,
And then again, Boys, to the Oar.
But when the Sun goes to the Deep,
(Not to disturb him in his Sleep,
Or make a Rumbling o'er his Head,
His Candle out, and He a-bed)
We watch his Motions to a Minute,
And leave the Flood, when he goes in it.
Now stinted in the shortning Day,
We go to Pray'rs, and then to play:
Till Supper comes, and after that,
We sit an Hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late — the old and younger Pairs,
By * *Adam* lighted, walk up Stairs.
The weary *Dean* goes to his Chamber,
And *Nim* and *Dan* to Garret clamber.
So when this Circle we have run,
The Curtain falls, and we have done.

* The Footman.

Vol. III.

K

I might

I might have mention'd sev'ral Facts,
 Like Episodes between the Acts;
 And tell who loses, and who wins,
 Who gets a Cold, who breaks his Shins;
 How *Dan* caught nothing in his Net,
 And how the Boat was overfet;
 For Brevity I have retrench'd
 How in the Lake the *Dean* was drench'd:
 It would be an Exploit to brag on,
 How valiant *George* rode o'er the *Dragon*,
 How steady in the Stern he sat,
 And sav'd his Oar, but lost his Hat:
 How *Nim* (no Hunter e'er could match him,)
 Still brings us Hares, when he can catch 'em:
 How skilfully *Dan* mends his Nets;
 How Fortune fails him, when he sets.
 Or how the *Dean* delights to vex
 The Ladies, or lampoon the Sex:
 Or how our Neighbour lifts his Nose
 To tell what ev'ry School-Boy knows,
 Then with his Finger on his Thumb
 Explaining, strikes Opposers dumb:
 Or how his Wife, that Female Pedant,
 (But now there need no more be said on't
 Shews all her Secrets of House-keeping;
 For Candles how she trucks her Dripping;
 Was forc'd to send three Miles for Yest
 To brew her Ale, and raise her Paste;
 Tells ev'ry Thing that you can think of,
 How she cur'd *Tammy* of the Chin-cough;
 What gave her Brats and Pigs the Meazles,
 And how her Doves were kill'd by Weezles;
 How Jowler howl'd, and what a Fright
 She had with Dreams the other Night.

But now, since I have gone so far on,
 A Word or two of Lord Chief Baron;
 And tell how little Weight he sets
 On all *Whig* Papers, and *Gazetts*;

But

The Country-Life.

13

But for the Politicks of *Pue* *
Thinks every Syllable is true.
And since he owns the King of *Sweden*
Is dead at last, without evading,
Now all his Hopes are in the *Czar* ;
“ Why, *Muscovy* is not so far,
“ Down the Black Sea, and up the Streights,
“ And in a Month he’s at your Gates :
“ Perhaps from what the Packet brings
“ By *Christiana* we shall see strange Things.”
Why should I tell of Ponds and Drains,
What Carps we met with for our Pains ;
Of Sparrows tam’d, and Nuts innumerable
To choke the Girls, and to consume a Rabble.
But you, who are a Scholar, know
How transient are all Things below,
How prone to change is humane Life !
Last Night arriv’d *Clem.* and his Wife —
This grand Event half broke our Measures ;
Their Reign began with cruel Seizures :
The *Dean* must with his Quilt supply
The Bed in which these Tyrants lie,
Nim lost his Wig-Block, *Dan* his *Jordan*,
(My Lady says she can’t afford one)
George is half scar’d out of his Wits,
For *Clem.* gets all the dainty Bits.
Henceforth expect a different Survey,
This House will soon turn topsy-turvy.
They talk of further Alterations,
Which causes many Speculations.

* A News-Writer.





O N

Gallstown-House.

'TIS so old, and so ugly, and yet so convenient,
 You're sometimes in Pleasure, tho' often in
 Pain in't;
 'Tis so large, you may lodge a Friend or two with
 Ease in't,
 You may turn and stretch at your Length, if you
 please, in't.
 'Tis so little, the Family live in a Press in't,
 And poor Lady BERRY has scarce Room to dress
 in't.
 'Tis so cold in the Winter, you can't bear to lye in't.
 And so hot in the Summer, you're ready to fry in't.
 'Tis so brittle, 'twould scarce bear the Weight of
 a Tun,
 Yet so staunch, that it keeps out a great deal of Sun.
 'Tis so crazy, the Weather with Ease beats quite
 thro' it,
 And you're forc'd ev'ry Year in some Part to re-
 new it.
 'Tis so ugly, so useful, so big, and so little,
 'Tis so staunch and so crazy, so strong and so brittle,
 'Tis at one Time so hot, and another so cold,
 It is Part of the New, and Part of the Old,
 It is just half a Blessing, and just half a Curse,
 I wish then, dear GEORGE, it were better or worse.

O N



O N

Cutting down the OLD THORN

A T

MARKET-HILL.

A T *Market-Hill*, as well appears
By Chronicle of antient Date,
There stood for many a hundred Years
A spacious Thorn before the Gate.

Hither came every Village-Maid,
And on the Boughs her Garland hung,
And here, beneath the spreading Shade,
Secure from Satyrs fat and fung.

* Sir *Archibald* that val'rous Knight,
The Lord of all the fruitful Plain,
Would come and listen with Delight,
For he was fond of rural Strain.

(Sir *Archibald*, whose fav'rite Name
Shall stand for Ages on Record,

* Sir *Archibald Acheson*, Secretary of State for
Scotland.

On Cutting down

By *Scotish* Bards of highest Fame,
 † Wife *Hawthorden* and *Sterlin's* Lord.)

But Time with Iron Teeth I ween
 Has canker'd all its Branches round ;
 No Fruit or Blossom to be seen,
 Its Head reclining tow' rds the Ground.

This aged, sickly, sapless Thorn
 Which must alas no longer stand ;
 Behold ! the cruel Dean in Scorn
 Cuts down with sacrilegious Hand.

Dame Nature, when she saw the Blow,
 Astonish'd gave a dreadful Shriek ;
 And Mother *Tellus* trembled so
 She scarce recover'd in a Week.

The *Silvan* Pow'rs with Fear perplex'd
 In Prudence and Compassion sent
 (For none could tell whose Turn was next)
 Sad Omens of the dire Event.

The Magpye, lighting on the Stock,
 Stood chatt'ring with incessant Din ;
 And with her Beak gave many a Knock
 To rouse and warn the Nymph within,

The Owl foresaw in pensive Mood
 The Ruin of her antient Seat ;
 And fled in Haste with all her Brood
 To seek a more secure Retreat,

Last trolled forth a gentle Swine
 To ease her Itch against the Stump,

† *Drummond* of *Hawthorden*, and *Sir William*
Alexander E. of Sterlin, both famous for their Poe-
 try, who were Friends to *Sir Archibald*.

And

And dismally was heard to whine
All as she scrubb'd her meazly Rump.

The Nymph, who dwells in every Tree,
(If all be true that Poets chant)
Condemn'd by Fate's supreme Decree,
Must die with her expiring Plant.

Thus, when the gentle *Spina* found
The Thorn committed to her Care,
Receive its last and deadly Wound,
She fled and vanish'd into Air.

But from the Root a dismal Groan
First issuing, struck the Murd'rer's Ears;
And in a shrill revengeful Tone,
This Prophecy he trembling hears.

"Thou chief Contriver of my Fall,
"Relentless Dean! to Mischief born,
"My Kindred oft' thine Hide shall gall;
"Thy Gown and Cassock oft be torn:

"And thy confed'rate Dame, who brags
"That she condemn'd me to the Fire,
"Shall rent her Petticoats to Rags,
"And wound her Legs with ev'ry Bry'r.

"Nor thou, Lord * *Arthur*, shalt escape:
"To thee I often call'd in vain,
"Against that Assassin in Crape,
"Yet thou could'st tamely see me slain.

"Nor, when I felt the dreadful Blow,
"Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy Spouse.
"Since you could see me treated so.
"An old Retainer to your House.

* Sir *Arthur Acheson*.

- " May that fell Dean, by whose Command
 " Was formed this *Machi'villian* Plot,
 " Not leave a Thistle on the Land;
 " Then who will own thee for a *Scot*?

 " Pigs and Fanaticks, Cows, and Teagues
 " Through all thy Empire I foresee,
 " To tear thy Hedges join in Leagues,
 " Sworn to revenge my Thorn and me.

 " And thou, the Wretch ordain'd by Fate,
 " *Neal Gabagan, Hibernian* Clown,
 " With Hatchet blunter than thy Pate
 " To hack my hallow'd Timber down;

 " When thou, suspended high in Air,
 " Dy'st on a more ignoble Tree,
 " (For thou shalt steal thy Landlord's Mare)
 " Then bloody *Caistiff* think on me.





A.

Pastoral Dialogue.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A Nymph and Swain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot*
 hight,
 Who went to weed the Court of *Gosford Knight*,
 While each with stubbed Knife remov'd the Roots
 That rais'd between the Stones their daily Shoots;
 As at their Work they sat in counterview,
 With mutual Beauty smit, their Passion grew.
 Sing heavenly Muse in sweetly flowing Strain,
 The soft Endearments of the Nymph and Swain.

DERMOT.

My Love to *Sheelah* is more firmly fixt
 Than strongest Weeds that grow these Stones be-
 twixt:

My Spud these Nettles from the Stones can part,
 No Knife so keen to weed thee from my Heart.

SHEELAH.

My Love for gentle *Dermot* faster grows,
 Than yon tall Dock that rises to thy Nose.
 Cut down the Dock, 'twill sprout again: but O!
 Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that Bry'r thy tender Leg shall rake:
 (I spare the Thistle for Sir *Arthur's* sake.)
 Sharp are the Stones, take thou this rushy Matt;
 The hardest Bum will bruise with sitting squat.

SHEELAH.

Thy Breeches torn behind, stand gaping wide;
 This Petticoat shall save thy dear Back-side;

K. 5

Nor

A Pastoral Dialogue.

Ner need I blush, although you feel it wet ;
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but Sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old stubborn Root I chanc'd to tug,
 When the Dean threw me this Tobacco-plug:
 A longer half-piorth never did I see ;
 This, dearest *Sheelah*, thou shalt share with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the Pantry-door this Morn' I slipt,
 And from the Shelf a charming Crust I whipt:
Dennis was out, and I got hither safe ;
 And thou, my dear, shalt have the bigger half.

DERMOT.

When you saw *Tady* at long-bullets play,
 You sat and lows'd him all the Sun-shine Day.
 How could you, *Sheelah*, listen to his Tales,
 Or crack such Lice as his betwixt your Nails ?

SHEELAH.

When you with *Oonah* stood behind a Ditch,
 I peept, and saw you kiss the dirty Bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch those nasty Sluts!
 I almost wisht this Spud were in your Guts.

DERMOT.

If *Oonah* once I kiss'd, forbear to chide :
 Her Aunt's my Gossip by my Father's Side :
 But, if I ever touch her Lips again,
 May I be doom'd for Life to weed in Rain.

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, tho' *Tady's* Locks could hold
 Ten thousand Lice, and ev'ry Louse was Gold,
 Him on my Lap you never more should see ;
 Or may I lose my Weeding-knife — and Thee.

DERMOT.

O, could I earn for thee, my lovely Lasa,
 A pair of Brogues to bear thee dry to Mass !
 But see, where *Norah* with the Sowins comes —
 Then let us rise, and rest our weary Bums.

Mary



MART the Cook-Maid's

L E T T E R

T O

Dr. SHERIDAN.

WELL ; if ever I saw such another Man since
 my Mother bound my Head,
 You a Gentleman ! marry come up, I wonder where
 you were bred ?
 I am sure such Words does not become a Man of
 your Cloth,
 I would not give such Language to a Dog, faith
 and troth.
 Yes, you call'd my Master a Knave : Fie Mr. *She-*
ridan, 'tis a Shame
 For a Parson, who shou'd know better Things, to
 come out with such a Name.
 Rhave in your Teeth, Mr. *Sheridan*, 'tis both a
 Shame and a Sin,
 And the Dean my Mastet is an honestest Man than
 you and all your kin :

H.

The Cook-Maid's Letter

He has more Goodness in his little Finger, than you
have in your whole Body,

My Master is a parsonable Man, and not a spindle-
shank'd hoddie doddy.

And now whereby I find you would fain make an
Excuse,

Because my Master one Day in anger call'd you
Goose.

Which, and I am sure I have been his Servant four
Years since *October*,

And he never call'd me worse than Sweet-heart
drunk or sober :

Not that I know his Reverence was ever concern'd
to my Knowledge,

Tho' you and your Come-rogues keep him out so
late in your Colledge.

You say you will eat Grass on his Grave : a Chri-
stian eat Grass !

Whereby you now confess your self to be a Goose
or an Ass :

But that's as much as to say, that my Master should
die before ye,

Well, well, that's as God pleases, and I don't be-
lieve that's a true Story.

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my
Master ; what care I ?

And I don't care who knows it, 'tis all one to
Mary.

Every body knows, that I love to tell Truth and
shame the Devil,

I am but a poor Servant, but I think Gentle Folks
should be civil.

Besides, you found Fault with our Vittles one Day
that you was here,

I remember it was upon a *Tuesday*, of all Days in
the Year.

And

to Dr. SHERIDAN.

23

And *Saunders* the Man says, you are always jesting
and mocking,

Mary said he, (one Day, as I was mending my
Master's Stocking,)

My Master is so fond of that Minister that keeps
the School;

I thought my Master a wise Man, but that Man
makes him a Fool.

Saunders said I, I would rather than a Quart of
Ale,

He would come into our Kitchen, and I would pin
a Dish-clout to his Tail.

And now I must go, and get *Saunders* to direct this
Letter,

For I write but a sad Scrawl, but my Sister *Marget*
she writes better.

Well, but I must run and make the Bed before my
Master comes from Pray'rs,

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming
up Stairs:

Whereof I cou'd say more to your Verses, if I could
write written hand,

And so I remain in a civil way, your Servant to
command

Mary.



A



A

DIALOGUE

Between

Mad MULLINIX and TIMOTHY.

M. I Own 'tis not my Bread and Butter,
 But prithee *Tim*, why all this Clutter?
 Why ever in these raging Fits,
 Dunning to Hell the *Jacobites*?
 When, if you search the Kingdom round,
 There's hardly twenty to be found;
 No, not among the Priests and Fryers.

T. Twixt you and me, G— damn the Lyars.

M. The Tories are gone ev'ry Man over
 To our Illustrious House of *Hanover*;
 From all their Conduct this is plain;
 And then —

T. G— damn the Lyars again.

Did not an Earl but lately vote,
 To bring in (I could cut his Throat)
 Our whole Accounts of publick Debts?

M. Lord, how this frothy Coxcomb frets? (*Aside.*)
T. Did

T. Did not an able Statesman-B—
This dang'rous horrid Motion dish-up
As *Popish* Craft? Did he not rail on't?
Shew Fire and Faggot in the Tail on't?
Proving the *Earl* a grand Offender,
And in a Plot for the *Pretender*?
Whose Fleet, 'tis all our Friends Opinion,
Was then embarking at *Avignon*.

M. These brangling Jars of *Whig* and *Tory*,
Are stale, and worn as *Troy-Town Story*.
The Wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your Faction, when their Game was new,
Might want such noisy Fools as you;
But you, when all the Show is past,
Resolve to stand it out the last;
Like *Martin Marra*, gaping on,
Not minding when the Song is done.
When all the *Bees* are gone to settle,
You clatter still your brazen Kettle,
The Leaders, whom you list'd under,
Have dropt their Arms, and seiz'd the Plunder,
And when the War is past, you come
To rattle in their Ears your Drum:
And as that hateful hideous *Grecian*
Thersites (he was your Relation)
Was more abhor'd and scorn'd by those,
With whom he serv'd, than by his Foes;
So thou art grown the Detestation
Of all thy Party through the Nation;
Thy peevish and perpetual Teazing,
With Plots, and *Jacobites*, and Treason;
Thy busy, never-meaning Face,
Thy screw'd-up Front, thy State Grimace,
Thy formal Nods, important Sneers,
Thy Whisp'rings foisted in all Ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But Nonsense wrapt up in a Stink.)

Have

Have made thy Presence, in a true Sense,
To thy own Side so damn'd a Nuisance,
That when they have you in their Eye,
As if the *Devil* drove, they fly.

T. My good Friend *Mullinix*, forbear,
I vow to G— you're too severe :
If it could ever yet be known,
I took Advice, except my own,
It shou'd be yours: But, D—— my Blood,
I must pursue the Publick Good :
The Faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the Memory of *Glorious* :
'Tis true, nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* Friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a Creature can be found,
To prance with me his Statue round.
The publick Safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me ;
And while this vital Breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail,
The *Tories* Terror, Scourge, and Flail.

M. *Tim*, you mistake the Matter quite;
The *Tories*! you are their *Delight* ;
And should you act a different Part,
Be grave and wise—— 'twould break their Heart.
Why, *Tim*, you have a Taste I know,
And often see a *Puppet-show* ;
Observe, the Audience is in Pain,
While *Punch* is hid behind the Scene :
But when they hear his rusty Voice,
With what Impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two Straws,
How *Solomon* decides the Cause,
Which the true Mother, which *Pretender* ;
Nor listen to the Witch of *Endor* ;
Shou'd *Faustus*, with the Devil behind him,
Enter the Stage, they never mind him ;

Mad Mullinix and Timothy. 27

If *Punch*, to spur their Fancy, shows
In at the Door his monstrous Nose,
Then sudden draws it back again;
O what a Pleasure mixt with Pain!
You every Moment think an Age,
'Till he appears upon the Stage;
And first his Bum you see him clap
Upon the Queen of *Sheba's* Lap:
The Duke of *Lorrain* drew his Sword,
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Revil'd all People in his Jargon,
And sold the *King of Spain* a Bargain;
St. *George* himself he plays his Wag on,
And mounts astride upon the *Dragon*;
He gets a thousand Thumps and Kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish Tricks;
In every Action thrusts his Nose,
The Reason why no Mortal knows;
In doleful Scenes that break our Heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a F—t.
There's not a Puppet made of Wood,
But what wou'd hang him if they cou'd;
While teizing all, by all he's teiz'd,
How well are the Spectators pleas'd!
Who in the Motion have no Share,
But purely come to hear and stare;
Have no Concern for *Sabra's* Sake,
Which gets the better, Saint or Snake,
Provided *Punch* (for there's the Jest)
Be soundly mawl'd, and plague the rest.

Thus, *Tim*, Philosophers suppose,
The World consists of Puppet-shows;
Where petulant conceited Fellows
Perform the Part of *Punchinelloes*;
So at this Booth, which we call *Dublin*,
Tim, thou'rt the *Punch* to stir up Trouble in;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a Rout,
Put all your Brother Puppets out,

Run.

A Dialogue between

Run on in a perpetual Round;
 To teaze, perplex, disturb, confound;
 Intrude with Monkey Grin and Clatter,
 To interrupt all serious Matter,
 Are grown the Nuisance of your *Clam*,
 Who hate and scorn you to a Man;
 But then, the Lookers-on, the *Tories*,
 You still divert with merry Stories;
 They wou'd consent, that all the Crew
 Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.

But tell me, *Tim*, upon the Spot,
 By all this Coyl what hast thou got?

If *Tories* must have all the Sport;

I fear you'll be disgrac'd at Court.

T. Got? *D.*— my Blood, I frank my Letters,

Walk by my Place before my Betters,

And simple as I now stand here,

Expect in Time to be a *P.*

Got? *D.*— me, why I got my Will?

Ne'er hold my Peace, and ne'er stand still;

I f—t with twenty Ladies by;

They call me Beast, and what care I?

I bravely call the *Tories*, *Facks*,

And Sons of Whores— behind their Backs.

But could you bring me once to think,

That when I strut, and stare, and stink,

Reville, and slander, fume and storm,

Betray, make Oath, impeach, inform,

With such a constant loyal Zeal,

To serve my self and Common-weal,

And fret the *Toriar* Souls to Death,

I did but lose my precious Breath,

And when I damn my Soul to plague 'em,

Am, as you tell me, but their May-game;

Consume my Vitals! they shall know,

I am not to be treated so;

I'd rather hang my self by half,

Than give those Nascals cause to laugh.

But

Mad Mullinix and Timothy.

But how, my Friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure?
No little Boys and Girls to cry
There's nimble Tim a passing by.
No more my dear delightful Way tread,
Of keeping up a *Rorty-Hatted*,
Will none the *Tory Dogs* pursue,
When through the Streets I cry *Holloo?*
Must all my D-mee's, Bloods, and Wounds,
Pass only now for empty Sounds?
Shall *Tory Rascals* be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected?
And when I roar, a *Plot, a Plot*,
Will our own Party mind me not?
So qualify'd to swear and lye,
Will they not trust me for a *Spy*?

Dear *Mullinix*, your good Advice
I beg, you see the Case is nice:
O, were I equal in Renown,
Like thee, to please this thankless Town:
Or bless'd with such engaging Parts,
To win the truant School-Boys Hearts!
Thy Virtues meet their just Reward,
Attended by the *Sable Guard*.
Charm'd by thy Voice the *Prentice* drops
The Snow-ball destin'd at thy Chops.
Thy graceful Steps, and Col'nel's Air,
Allure the *Cinder-picking Fair*.

M. No more — In Mark of true Affection,
I take thee under my Protection:
Thy Parts are good, 'tis not deny'd,
I wish they had been well apply'd.
But now observe my Counsel, (*viz.*)
Adapt your Habit to your *Phyz*;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As *Horace* says, *opus Epiippia*;
(There's *Lotis* too, that you may see
How much improv'd by Dr. ~~.....~~)

I have

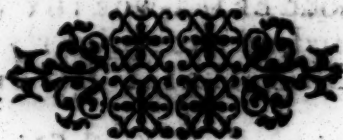
I have a Coat at home, that you may try
 'Tis just like this, which hangs by Geometry.
 My Hat has much the nicer Air,
 Your Block will fit it to a Hair:
 That Wig, I would not for the World
 Have it so formal, and so curl'd,
 'Twill be so oily and so sleek
 When I have lain in it a Week!
 You'll find it well prepar'd, to take
 The Figure of *Toupee* or *Shake*.
 Thus dress'd alike from Top to Toe,
 That which is which 'tis hard to know,
 When first in Publick we appear,
 I'll lead the Van, keep you the Rear:
 Be careful as you walk behind;
 Use all the Talents of your Mind,
 Be studious well to imitate
 My portly Motion, Mein and Gate;
 Mark my Address, and learn my Stile,
 When to look scornful, when to smile,
 Nor sputter out your Oaths so fast,
 But keep your Swearing to the last.
 Then at your Leisure we'll be witty,
 And in the Streets divert the City:
 The Ladies from the Windows gaping,
 The Children all our Motions aping.
 Your Conversation to refine,
 I'll take you to some Friends of mine,
Choice Spirits, who employ their Parts,
 To mend the World by useful Arts;
 Some cleansing hollow Tubes, to spy
 Direct the Zenith of the Sky;
 Some have the City in their Care,
 From noxious Steams to purge the Air;
 Some teach us in these dang'rous Days,
 How to walk upright in our Ways;
 Some, whose reforming Hands engage,
 To lash the lewdness of the Age;

over I

Some

Some for the Publick Service go,
Perpetual Envoys to and fro;
Whose able Heads support the Weight
Of twenty M——s of State:
We scorn, for Want of Talk, to jabber
Of Parties o'er our *Bonny-Clabber*;
Nor are we studious to enquire,
Who votes for Manours, who for Hire;
Our Care is to improve the Mind,
With what concerns all human Kind;
The various Scenes of mortal Life,
Who beats her Husband, who his Wife;
Or how the Bully at a Stroke
Knock'd down the Boy, the Lanthorn broke;
One tells the Rise of Cheese and Oatmeal,
Another when he got a hot Meal;
One gives Advice in Proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a Scold;
Or how by *Almanacks* 'tis clear,
That Herrings will be cheap this Year.

T. Dear *Mullinix*, I now lament
My precious Time so long mispent,
By Nature meant for nobler Ends,
O, introduce me to your Friends!
For whom, by Birth, I was design'd,
'Till Politicks debas'd my Mind:
I give my self entire to you,
G—d d—— the *Whigs* and *Tories* too.



EPITAPH.



EPITAPH.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of **ERA—S CH—IS**,
Who, with an **INFLEXIBLE** CONSTANCY and
INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,
In spite of **AGE** and **INFIRMITIES**.
In the Practice of **EVERY** HUMANE VICE;
Excepting **PRODIGALITY** and **HYPOCRISY**.
His **Insatiable** **AVARICE** exempted him from
the first,
His **Matchless** **IMPRUDENCE** from the second.
Nor was he more singular in the un-deviating
Pravity of his Manners; than successful in *Accu-*
mulating **WEALTH**

For, without **TRADE** or **PROFESSION**,
Without **TRUST** of **PUBLICK** **MONEY**,
And without **BRIBE-WORTHY** **SERVICE**,
He acquired, or more properly Created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only Person of his Time,
Who cou'd **CHEAT** without the Mask of **HONESTY**,
Retain his **Primæval** **MEANNESS** when possess'd of
TEN THOUSAND a Year,

And

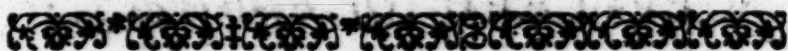
EPITAPH.

33

And having daily deserv'd the GIBNET for what
 he *did*,
 Was at last condemn'd to it for what he *could*
 not do.

Oh Indignant Reader!

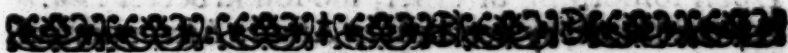
Think not his Life Useless to Mankind!
 PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable Designs,
 To give to After Ages a conspicuous PROOF
 and EXAMPLE
 Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT
 WEALTH in the Sight of GOD, by his bestow-
 ing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL
 MORTALS.



*Joannes jacet hic Mirandula — cetera normant
 Et Tagus Et Ganges — forsan & Antipodes.*

Apply'd to F. C.

HERB. Francis Ch———s lies——— Be civil!
 The rest God knows — perhaps the Devil.



Epigram.

Peter complains, that God has given
 To his poor Babe a Life so short:
 Consider Peter, he's in Heaven;
 'Tis good to have a Friend at Court.

Another.

MANUSCRIPT



Another.

YOU beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's no body at home.



EPITAPH [Of By-Words.]

HERE lies a round Woman, who thought
mighty odd -
Every Word she e'er heard in this Church about
God.
To convince her of God the good Dean did endeavour,
But still in her Heart she held *Nature* more *clever*.
Tho' he talk'd much of Virtue, her Head always
run
Upon something or other, she found better *Fun*.
For the Dame, by her Skill in Affairs Astronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the Clouds was but *comical*.
In this World, she despis'd ev'ry Soul she met here,
And now she's in't other, she thinks it but *Queer*.

It is good to have a Friend in Court
But it is better to have a Friend in Heaven
For the poor Devil in Heaven
Will not be so easily bought as the Devil in Court

Another.

EPIGRAM.



Epigram.

On seeing a worthy Prelate go out of
Church in the Time of *Divine Service*,
to wait on his Grace the D. of D——

Lord *Pam* in the Church (cou'd you think it)
kneel'd down,
When told the Lieutenant was just come to Town,
His *Station* despising, unaw'd by the *Place*,
He flies from his *God*, to attend on his *Grace*:
To the *Court* it was fitter to pay his *Devotion*,
Since *God* had no Hand in his Lordship's *Promotion*.



EPIGRAM.

When other Ladies to the Groves go down,
Corinna still, and *Fulvia* stay in Town;
Those Ghosts of Beauty ling'ring here reside,
And haunt the Places where their Honour dy'd.



EPIGRAM *from the French.*

SIR, I admit your gen'ral Rule
 That every Poet is a Fool :
 But you yourself may serve to shew it,
 That every Fool is not a Poet.



EPI TAPH.

WELL then, poor G—— lies under Ground !
 So there's an end of honest Jack.
 So little Justice here he found,
 'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.



EPIGRAM

On the Toasts of the Kit-Cat Club,
 Anno 1716.

W Hence deathless *Kit-Cat* took its Name,
 Few Criticks can unriddle :
 Some say from *Pastry Cook* it came,
 And some from *Cat* and *Fiddle*.

From

From no trim Beau's its Name it boasts,
 Grey Statesman, or green Wits;
 But from this Pell-mell-Pack of Toasts,
 Of old *Cats* and young *Kits*.



*To a LADY with the Temple
 of Fame.*

WHat's Fame with Men, by Custom of the
 Nation,
 Is call'd in Women only Reputation:
 About them both why keep we such a pothor?
 Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.



V E R S E S

*To be placed under the Picture of Eng-
 land's Arch-Poet: Containing a com-
 pleat Catalogue of his Works.*

SEE who ne'er was or will be half read,
 Who first sung 1 *Arthur*, then sung 2 *Alfred*,

1 Two Heroick Poems in Folio, twenty Books.
 2 Heroick Poem in twelve Books.

L 2

Prais'd

Prais'd great 3 *Eliza* in God's anger,
 Till all true *Englishmen* cry'd, hang her!
 Made *William's* Virtues wipe the bare A—
 And hang'd-up *Marlborough* in 4 *Arras*:

Then hiss'd from Earth, grew Heav'nly quite;
 Made ev'ry Reader curse the 5 *Light*;
 Maul'd human *Wit* in one thick 6 *Satyr*,
 Next in three Books, sunk 7 humane *Nature*,
 Un-did 8 *Creation* at a Jerk,
 And of 9 *Redemption* made damn'd Work.

Then took his Muse at once, and dipt her
 Full in the middle of the Scripture.
 What Wonders there the Man grown old, did?
 Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded,
 Made 10 *David* seem so mad and freakish,
 All thought him just what thought King *Achiz*,
 No Mortal read his 11 *Salomon*,
 But judg'd *Roboam* his own Son,
Moses 12 he serv'd as *Moses Pharaoh*,
 And *Deborah*, as She *Sise-rab*:
 Made 13 *Jeremy* full fore to cry,
 And 14 *Job* himself curse God and die.

-
- 3 Heroick Poem in Folio, ten Books.
 - 4 Instructions to *Vanderbank* a Tapestry-Weaver.
 - 5 Hymn to the *Light*.
 - 6 *Satyr* against *Wit*.
 - 7 Of the *Nature* of Man.
 - 8 *Creation*, a Poem in seven Books.
 - 9 The *Redeemer*, another Heroick Poem in six Books.
 - 10 Translation of all the *Psalms*.
 - 11 *Canticles* and *Ecclesiast*.
 - 12 Paraphrase of the *Canticles* of *Moses* and *Deborah*, &c.
 - 13 The *Lamentations*.
 - 14 The whole Book of *Job*, a Poem in Folio.

What

What Punishment all this must follow?
 Shall *Arthur* use him like King *Tollo*,
 Shall *David* as *Uriah* slay him,
 Or dext'rous *Deb'rah* *Sifera*-him?
 Or shall *Eliza* lay a Plot,
 To treat him like her Sister *Scot*,
 Shall *William* dub his better * End,
 Or *Marlb'rough* serve him like a Friend?
 No, none of these — Heav'n spare his Life!
 But send him, honest *Job*, thy *Wife*.

* Kick him on the Breech, not Knight him on the Shoulder.



Dr. S—— to Mr. P——e,

While he was writing the Dunciad.

POPE has the Talent well to speak,
 But not to reach the Ear;
 His loudest Voice is low and weak,
 The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
 Then diff'rent Studies chuse,
 The *Dean* sits plodding on a Book,
Pope walks, and courts the Muse.

Now Backs of Letters, though design'd
 For those, who more will need 'em,

40 *On writing the Dunciad.*

Are fill'd with Hints, and interlin'd,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each Atom by some other struck,
All Turns and Motion tries;
Till in a Lump together stuck,
Behold a *Poem* rise!

Yet to the *Dean* his Share allot;
He claims it by a Canon;
That, without which a Thing is not,
Is, causa sine qua non.

Thus, *Pope*, in vain you boast your Wit;
For, had our deaf Divine
Been for your Conversation fit,
You had not writ a Line.

Of *Prelate* thus, for preaching fam'd,
The Sexton reason'd well,
And justly half the Merit claim'd,
Because he rang the Bell.



*On the Countess of B—— cutting
Paper.*

P*allas* grew vap'rish once and odd,
She would not do the least right thing,
Either for Goddess or for God,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frown'd, and "Use (he cry'd) those Eyes
" So skilful, and those Hands so taper;
" Do something exquisite, and wise —
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut Paper.

This

On the Countess of B——, &c. 41

This vexing him, who gave her Birth,
Thought by all Heav'n a burning Shame;
What does she next, but bids on Earth
Her B—— do just the same.

Pallas, you give yourself strange *Airs*;
But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The Sense and Taste of one that bears
The Name of *Savil* and of *Boyle*.

Alas! one bad Example shown,
How quickly all the Sex pursue!
See Madam! see, the Arts o'erthrown,
Between *John Overton* and You.



On a certain Lady at Court.

I Know the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent and attend!)
I know a Reasonable Woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave thro' Pride, or gay thro' Folly,
An equal Mixture of good Humour,
And sensible soft Melancholy.

"Has she no Faults then (Envy says) Sir?"
Yes she has one, I must aver:
When all the World conspires to praise her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.



A
SOLDIER
AND A
SCHOLAR,
OR, A
*LADY's Judgment on those Two
Characters.*

~~SCENE~~ Hus spoke to my Lady the Knight full
 T of Care,
 Let me have your Advice in a weighty
 Affair :

This *Hamilton's Bawn*, while it sticks on my Hand,
 I lose by the House, what I get by the Land ;
 But how to dispose of it to the best Bidder,
 For a *Barrack*, or *Malt-house*, we now must consider :
 First, let me suppose, I make it a Malt-house,
 Here, I have computed the Profit will fall t'us ;
 There's

A Lady's Judgment on, &c. 43

There's nine hundred Pounds for Labour and Grain ;

I increase it to Twelve ; so Three hundred remain ;
A handsome Addition for Wine and good Cheer,
Three Dishes a Day, and Ten Hogheads a Year :
With a Dozen large Vessels my Vaults shall be stor'd ;

No little scrub Joint shall e'er come on my Board ;
And you, and the Dean, no more shall combine,
To stint me at Night to one Bottle of Wine ;
Nor shall I, for his Humours, permit you to purloin
A Stone and a half of good Beef from my Surloin.
If I make it a *Barrack*, the Crown is my Tenant :
My Dear, I have ponder'd again, and again on't,
In Poundage and Drawback, I lose half my Rent,
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the Court in every Debate ;
And rather than that, I would lose my Estate.

Thus ended the Knight : Thus began the meek
Wife :

It must, and it shall be a Barrack, my Life :
I am grown a mere Mopus, no Company comes,
But a Rabble of Tenants, and rusty dull *Rums* ;
With Parsons, what Lady can keep herself clean ?
I am all over dawb'd, when I sit by the * *Dean*.
But if you will give us a Barrack, my Dear,
The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here.
I then shall not value his Deanship a Straw ;
For the Captain, I'll warrant, will keep him in Awe.
Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
We'll tell him that Chaplains should not be so pert ;
That Men of his Coat should be minding their
Prayers,
And not among Ladies to give themselves Airs.

* Dean of St. Patrick's.

Thus argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain;
 The Knight his Opinion resolv'd to maintain.
 But *Hannah*, who listen'd to all that was past,
 And could not endure so vulgar a Taste,
 As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
 Cry'd, Madam, why surely my Master's posselt;
 Sir *Arthur* the Maltster! how fine it would sound?
 I'd rather the Bawn were sunk under Ground:
 But, Madam, I guess'd there would never come
 Good,
 When I saw him so often with * *Darby* and *Wood*,
 And now my Dream's out; for I was a-dream'd,
 That I saw a huge Rat; O-dear, how I scream'd!
 And after, methought, I lost my new Shoes,
 And *Molly*, she said, I should hear some ill News.
 Dear Madam, had you but the Spirit to teaze,
 You might have a Barrack, whenever you please;
 And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
 That for twenty Denials, you would not give out.
 If I had a Husband like him, I protest,
 Till he gave me my Will, I would give him no Rest.
 And rather than come in the same Pair of Sheets
 With such a cross Man, I would lie in the Streets.
 But, Madam, I beg, you'll contrive, and invent,
 And worry him out, till he gives his Consent.
 Dear, Madam, whene'er on a Barrack I think,
 An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a Wink,
 (For if a new Crotchet comes into my Brain,
 I can't get it out tho' I'd never so fain.)
 I fancy already, a Barrack contriv'd
 At *Hamilton's* Bawn, and the Troop is arriv'd:
 Of this, to be sure, Sir *Arthur* has Warning,
 And waits on the Captain betimes in the Morning.

* Sir *A* — *A* — *A* Receiver, and one of his Tenants.

Now see when they meet, how their Honours be-
have —

Noble Captain, your Servant — Sir *Arthur*,
your Slave.

You honour me much — The Honour is mine.
'Twas a sad rainy Night — But the Morning is fine.
Pray how does my Lady? — My Wife's at your
Service.

I think I have seen her Picture at *Jervais*.
Good morrow, good Captain — I'll wait on you
down.

You shan't stir a Foot — You'll think me a Clown.
For all the World, Captain, not half an Inch far-
ther —

You must be obey'd; your Servant, Sir *Arthur*.
My humble Respects to my Lady, unknown —
I hope you will use my House as your own.

— "Go bring me my Smock, and leave off your
"Prate,

"Thou hast certainly gotten a Cup in thy Pate.
Pray, Madam be quiet, what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my Head.
Next day, to be sure, the Captain will come,
At the Head of his Troop, with his Trumpet and
Drum:

Now, Madam, observe, how he marches in State,
The Man with the Kettle-drum enters the Gate,
Dub, dub, a dub, dub; the Trumpeters follow,
Tantara, Tantara; while all the Boys halloo.
See, now comes the Captain, all daws'd with
Gold Lace:

O law! the sweet Gentleman, look in his Face!
And see how he rides like a Lord of the Land,
And the fine Flaming-Sword he holds in his Hand!
And his Horse, the dear Creature, it prances and
rears;

With Ribbands in Knots, at his Tail and his Ears. —

At

At last comes the Troop at the Word of Command,
Drawn up in our Court, 'till the Captain cries,
Stand.

Your Ladyship lifts up the Sash to be seen,
(For sure I had dizen'd you out like a Queen;)
The Captain, to shew he is proud of the Favour,
Looks up to the Window, and cocks up his Beaver.
His Beaver is cockt, pray, Madam, mind that;
(For a Captain of Horse never takes off his Hat;
Because he has never a Hand that is idle,
For the Right holds the Sword, and the Left holds
the Bridle.)

Then he flourishes thrice his Sword in the Air,
As a Compliment due to a Lady so fair:
(How I tremble to think of the Blood it has spilt!)

Then he lowers the Point; then he kisses the Hilt.
Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:

"Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight, and walk in.
The Captain salutes you, with Congee profound;
And your Ladyship curtsies half-way to the Ground.
"Kit, run for your Master, and bid him come to
us;

"I'm sure he'll be proud of the Honour you do us:

"And, Captain, you'll do us the Favour to stay

"And take a short Dinner here with us To-day;

"You're heartily welcome; but as for good Cheer,

"You are come in the very worst Time of the Year.

"Had I but expected so worthy a Guest——

Lord, Madam, your Ladyship sure is in Jest:

You banter me, Madam, the Kingdom must grant--

"You, Officers, Captain, are so complaisant.

"Hift, Hussy, I think, I hear Somebody coming—

No, Madam, 'tis only Sir *Arthur* a humming.

To shorten my Tale, (for I hate a long Story,)

The Captain, at Dinner, appears in his Glory.

The * Dean and the ‡ Doctor have humbled their
Pride;

For the Captain's intreated to sit by your Side.

* Dr. Swift.

‡ Dr. Jenny.

And

And because he's their Betters; you carve for him
first;
The Parsons, for Envy, are ready to burst.
The Servants amaz'd are scarce ever able
To keep off their Eyes as he sits at the Table.
And *Molly* and I have thrust in our Nose,
To peep at the Captain, in all his fine Cloaths.
Dear, Madam, 'be sure, he's a fine spoken Man;
Do but hear, on the Clergy, how glib his Tongue
ran.

And Madam, said he, if such Dinners you give,
You'll never want Parsons as long as you live;
I ne'er knew a Parson without a good Nose;
But the Devil's as welcome, where-ever he goes.
G—d—— me, they bid us reform and repent;
But, Z——ds, by their Looks, they never keep
Lent.

Mr. Curate, for all your grave Looks, I'm afraid,
You cast a Sheep's Eye on her Ladyship's Maid:
I wish, she would lend you her lilly-white Hand,
In mending your Gown, and smoothing your Band.
(For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a
Ninny;

That the Captain suppos'd he was Curate to *Jenny*.)
Whenever you see a Cassock and Gown,
An hundred to one but it covers a Clown.
Observe how a Parson comes into a Room:
G—d—— me, he hobbles as bad as my Groom.
A Scholar, when just from the College broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry *Bo* to a Goose.
Your *Novids*, and *Bluturks*, and *Omers*, and Stuff;
By G—, they don't signify this Pinch of Snuff.
To give a young Gentleman right Education,
The Army's the very best School in the Nation.
My School-master call'd me a Dunce and a Fool;
But at Cuffs, I was always the Cock of the School.
I never could take to my Books for the Blood o'me;
And the Puppy confess, he expected no Good o'me.
Now,

48 *A Lady's Judgment on, &c.*

Now, Madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the Sight of a Book makes me sick to this Day.

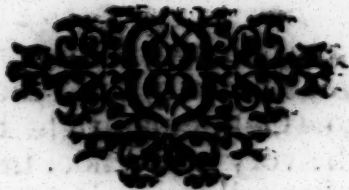
Never since I was born, did I hear so much Wit;
And, Madam, I laugh'd, till I thought I should split.
So then you look'd scornful, and sniff'd at the
Dean:

As who should say, "Now am I skinny and lean?
But he durst not so much as once open his Lips:
And the Doctor was plaguily down in the Hips.

Thus merciless *Hannah* run on in her Talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, "Will your Lady-
ship walk?"

Her Ladyship answers— I'm just coming down,
Then turning to *Hannah*, and forcing a Frown,
(Altho' it was plain, in her Heart she was glad;)
Cry'd, Hussy, why sure, the Wench is gone mad:
How could these Chimera's get into your Brains?
Come hither, and take this old Gown for your
Pains:

But the Dean, if this Secret should get to his Ears,
Will never have done with his Jibes and his Jeers:
For your Life, not a Word of this Matter, I charge
you;
Give me but a Barrack, a Fig for the Clergy.





Lady A - - - f - n

Weary of the

DEAN.

THE Dean wou'd visit Market-Hill;
Our Invitation was but slight
I said ——— why ——— Let him if he will,
And so I bid Sir A ——— write.

II.

His Manners would not let him wait,
Least we should think ourselves neglected,
And so we saw him at our Gate
Three Days before he was expected.

III.

After a Week, a Month, a Quarter,
And Day succeeding after Day,
Says not a Word of his Departure
Tho' not a Soul would have him stay.

IV.

I've said enough to make him blush:
Methinks, or else the Devil's in't,
But he cares not for it a Rush;
Nor for my Life will take the Hint.

V. Bat

50 *Lady A—f—n weary, &c.*

V.

But you, my Life, may let him know,
In civil Language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the Roads may grow,
And that he may command the Chaise.

VI.

Or you may say— my Wife intends,
Tho' I should be exceeding proud,
This Winter to invite some Friends,
And Sir, I know, you hate a Crowd.

VII.

Or, Mr. Dean— I should with Joy
Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to *Agbnacloy*;
Or Mr. M—r will take it ill.

VIII.

The House Accounts are daily rising
So much his Stay do's swell the Bills;
My dearest Life it is surprizing,
How much he eats, how much he swills.

IX.

His Brace of Puppies how they stuff,
And they must have three Meals a Day,
Yet never think they get enough;
His Horses too eat all our Hay.

X.

Oh! if I could, how I would maul
His Tallow Face and Wainscot Paws,
His Beetle-brows and Eyes of Wall,
And make him soon give up the Cause.

XI.

Must I be every Moment chid
With skinny, boney, snip and lean,
Oh! that I could but once be rid
Of that insulting Tyrant Dean.



TO



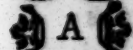
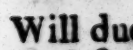
T O

Doctor D-l--y

O N T H E

L I B E L S

Writ against him.

 S some raw Youth in Country bred,
 A To Arms by Thirst of Honour led,
 When at a Skirmish first he hears
 The Bullets whistling round his Ears,
 Will duck his Head, aside will start,
 And feel a trembling at his Heart :
 Till, 'scaping off' without a Wound
 Lessens the Terror of the Sound :
 Fly Bullets now as thick as Hops,
 He runs into a Cannon's Chops.
 An Author thus, who pants for Fame,
 Begins the World with Fear and Shame,

When

52 *To Doctor D-l—y, on the*

When first in Print, you see him dread
 Each Pot-gun levell'd at his Head :
 The Lead yon Critick's Quill contains,
 Is destin'd to beat out his Brains.
 As if he heard loud Thunders roul,
 Cryes, Lord have Mercy on his Soul,
 Concluding, that another Shot
 Will strike him dead upon the Spot.
 But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
 He cannot see one Creature dropping :
 That, missing Fire, or missing Aim,
 His Life is safe, I mean his Fame,
 The Danger past, takes Heart of Grace,
 And looks a Critick in the Face.

Though Splendor gives the fairest Mark
 To poison'd Arrows from the Dark,
 Yet, * *in Your self when smooth and round,*
 They glance aside without a Wound.

'Tis said, the Gods try'd all their Art,
 How, *Pain* they might from *Pleasure* part ;
 But little could their Strength avail,
 Both still are fast'ned by the Tail.
 Thus, *Fame* and *Censure* with a Tether
 By Fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
 In Wit before the common Herd ?
 And yet, grow mortify'd and vex'd,
 To pay the Penalty annex.

'Tis Eminence makes Envy rise,
 As fairest Fruits attract the Flies.
 Shou'd stupid Libels grieve your Mind,
 You soon a Remedy may find ;

* *In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.*

Libels writ against him.

53

Lie down obscure like other Folks
Below the Lash of Snarlers Jokes.
Their Faction is five hundred odds,
For, ev'ry Coxcomb lends them Rods;
And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like Females o'er their Morning Tea.

You say, the Muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a Vein:
Then, if you find the Terms too hard,
No longer my Advice regard:
But raise your Fancy on the Wing;
The *Irish Senate's* Praises sing:
How jealous of the Nation's Freedom,
And, for Corruptions, how they weed 'em;
How each the Publick Good pursues,
How far their Hearts from private Views;
Make all true Patriots up to Shoe-boys
Huzza their Brethren at the *Blas-boys*.
And dread no more the Rage of Grub;
You then may soon be of the Club.

How oft' am I for Rime to seek?
To dress a Thought, I toyl a Week;
And then, how Thankful to the Town,
If all my Pains will earn a Crown.
Whilst, ev'ry Critick can devour
My Work and me in half an Hour.
Would Men of Genius cease to write,
The Rogues must die for want of Spight,
Must die for Want of Food and Rayment,
If Scandal did not find them Payment.
How chearfully the Hawkers cry
A Satyr, and the Gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd Poem pines
Unfold upon the Printer's Lines.

A Genius in the Rev'rend Gown,
Must ever keep its Owner down:

'Tis.

54 *To Doctor D-I—y, on the*

'Tis an unnatural Conjunction,
And spoils the Credit of the Function,
Round all your Brethren cast your Eyes ;
Point out the surest Men to rise :
That Club of Candidates in Black,
The least deserving of the Pack,
Aspiring, factious, fierce and loud,
With Grace and Learning unendow'd,
Will sooner coin a Thousand Lyes
Than suffer Men of Parts to rise :
They croud about Preferment's Gate,
And press you down with all their Weight.
For, as of old, Mathematicians
Were by the Vulgar thought Magicians ;
So Academick dull Ale-drinkers
Pronounce all Men of Wit, Free-thinkers.

Wit, as the chief of Virtue's Friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble Ends.
Observe what Loads of stupid Rimes
Oppress us in corrupted Times :
What Pamphlets in a Court's Defence
Shew Reason, Grammar, Truth, or Sense ?
For, though the Muse delights in Fiction,
She ne'er inspires against Conviction.
Then keep your Virtue still unmixt,
And let not Faction come betwixt.
By Party-steps no Grandeur clime at,
Tho' it would make you *England's* Primate :
First learn the Science to be dull,
You then may soon your Conscience lull ;
If not, however seated high,
Your Genius in your Face will fly.

When *Jove* was, from his teeming Head,
Of Wit's fair Goddess brought to Bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For after-birth a *Sooterkin* ;

Which,

Libels writ against him.

55

Which, as the Nurse pursu'd to kill,
Attain'd by Flight the Muses Hill;
There in the Soil began to root,
And litter'd at *Parnassus'* Foot.
From hence the Critick Vermin sprung
With Harpy Claws, and Pois'nous Tongue,
Who fatten on poetick Scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in Traps.
Dame Nature, as the Learned show,
Provides each Animal its Foe:
Hounds hunt the Hare, the wily Fox
Devours your Geese, the Wolf your Flocks;
Thus Envy pleads a nat'ral Claim
To persecute the Muses Fame;
On Poets in all Times abusive,
From *Homer* down to *Pope* inclusive.

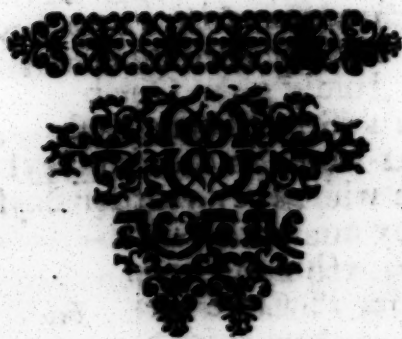
Yet, what avails it to complain?
You try to take Revenge in vain.
A Rat your utmost Rage defies
That safe behind the Wainscot lies:
Say, did you ever know by Sight
In Cheese an individual Mite?
Shew me the same pumerick Flea,
That bit your Neck but yesterday.
You then may boldly go in Quest
To find the Grub-Street Poet's Nest.
What Spunging-House in dread of Jail
Receives them while they wait for Bayl:
What Ally they are nestled in,
To flourish o'er a Cup of Ginn:
Find the last Garrat where they lay,
Or Cellar, where they starve to Day.
Suppose you had them all trepann'd
With each a Libel in his Hand,
What Punishment would you inflict?
Or call 'em Rogues, or get 'em kickt?
These they have often try'd before;
You but oblige 'em so much more:

Them-

36 *To Doctor D-l—y, on the, &c.*

Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their Trash the better sell.

You have been Libell'd— Let us know
What senseless Coxcomb told you so.
Will you regard the Hawker's Cryes
Who in his Titles always lyes?
Whate'er the noisy Scoundrel says
It might be something in your Praise:
And, Praise bestow'd in Grub-Street Rimes,
Would vex one more a thousand Times.
Till Block-heads blame, and Judges praise,
The Poet cannot claim his Baya,
On me, when Dunces are satyrick,
I take it for a Panegyrick.
Hated by Fools, and Fools to hate,
Be that my Motto, and my Fate.





A

R I D D L E

By the

Rev'd. *Doctor* D——y, inscrib'd to the
Lady C——t.

I Reach all Things near me, and far off to boot,
Without stretching a Finger, or stirring a Foot;
I take them all in too, to add to your Wonder,
Tho' many and various, and large and afunder.
Without jostling or crowding they pass side by side,
Thro' a wonderful Wicket, not half an Inch wide:
Then I lodge them at ease in a very large Store,
Of no breadth or length with a thousand Things
more :

All this I can do without Witchcraft or Charm,
Tho' sometimes, they say, I bewitch and do harm;
Tho' cold I inflame, and tho' quiet invade,
And nothing can shield from my Spell but a Shade,
A Thief that has rob'd you, or done you disgrace,
In magical Mirror I'll shew you his Face;
Nay, if you'll believe what the Poets have said,
They'll tell you I Kill, and call back the Dead:
Like Conjurers, safe in my Circle I dwell,
I love to look black too, it heightens my Spell.
Tho' my Magick is mighty in every Hue,
Who sees all my Power, must see it in Y O U.

Answered

Answered by the
Reverend Dean S——T.

WITH half an EYE
Your Riddle I spy

I observe your *Wicket*,
Hem'd in by a Thicket,

And whatever passes
Is strained thro' Glasses:

You're reported to dwell,
Like a Monk in a Cell.

You say it is quiet,
I flatly deny it;

It wanders about
Without stirring out;

No Passion so weak,
But gives it a tweak,

Love, Toy and Devotion,
Sets it always in Motion;

And as for the Tragick
Effects of its Magick,

Which you say it can kill,
Or revive at its Will,

The Dead are all found,
And revive above Ground.

After all you have writ,
It cannot be Wit,

Which plainly does follow
Since it flies from *Apollo*.

It's cowardice such

That it cries at a Touch;

'Tis a perfect Milkop,

Grows drunk with a Drop;

Another great Fault

It cannot bear Salt;

And a Hair can disarm

It of every Charm.

THE

The Bookseller, by Advice, has inserted
the following POEM, a *Key* to the same
being the First Piece in the Second
Volume of these Miscellanies.



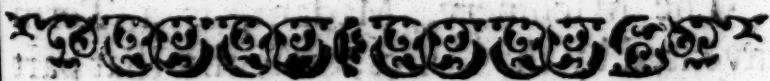
THE
RAPE of the **LOCK.**

AN
HEROI-COMICAL
P O E M.

Written in the Year, 1712.

*Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos,
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.*

MARTIAL.



Vol. III.

M

TO



T O

Mrs. *Arbella Fermor.*

M A D A M,

T will be in vain to deny, that I
 I have some regard for this piece,
 since I dedicate it to You. Yet
 you may bear me witness, it was intended
 only to divert a few young Ladies, who
 have good sense and good humour enough
 to laugh not only at their Sex's little un-
 guarded Follies, but at their own. But as
 it was communicated with the air of a
 Secret, it soon found its way into the
 world. An imperfect copy having been
 offer'd to a Bookseller, you had the good
 nature for my sake to consent to the pub-
 lication of one more correct: This I was
 forc'd to before I had executed half my
 design, for the Machinery was entirely
 wanting to compleat it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a Term
 invented by the Critics, to signify that part
 which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons,

are

are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies; let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determin'd to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the *Rosiorucian* doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his Works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The *Rosiorucians* are a People I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French Book call'd *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The *Gnomes*, or Dæmons of Earth, delight in mischief; but the *Sylphs*, whose habitation is in the air, are the best condition'd creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may

enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loss of your Hair, which I always name with Reverence.) The Human Persons are as fictitious as the Airy Ones; and the character of *Belinda*, as it is now manag'd, resembles You in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass thro' the world half so Uncensur'd as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring You that I am, with the truest esteem,

M A D A M,
Your most obedient,
Humble Servant,

A. Pope.



T H E
RAPE of the *LOCK*.

C A N T O I.

~~FROM~~ HAT dire Offence from am'rous causes
 W^hat springs,
 What mighty contests rise from trivial
 things,
 I sing—— This verse to C——, Muse! is due:
 This, ev'n *Belinda* may vouchsafe to view:
 Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
 If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could com-
 pel
 A well-bred Lord t'assault a gentle *Belle*?
 Oh say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
 Cou'd make a gentle *Belle* reject a Lord?
 And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then?
 And lodge such daring souls in Little men?

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
 And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day;
 M 3 Now

Now lapdogs give themselves the rowling shake,
 And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake :
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the
 ground,
 And the prest'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
 Her guardian *Sylph* prolong'd the balmy rest.
 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
 The Morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head.
 A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
 If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
 Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught,
 Of airy Elves by moon-light shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly
 flow'rs,
 Hear and believe ! thy own importance know,
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths from Learned Pride conceal'd,
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd :
 What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give,
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.
 Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
 The light Militia of the lower sky ;
 These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the King :
 Think what an Equipage thou hast in air,
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mold ;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly Vehicles to these of air.

Think

The Rape of the Lock.

65

Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead:
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And love of *Ombre*, after death survive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their first Elements the Souls retire:
The Sprites of fiery Termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a *Salamander's* name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
The graver Prude sinks downward to a *Gnome*,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in *Sylphs* aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some *Sylph* embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly Balls, and midnight Masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, and daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark;
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When musick softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their *Sylph*, the wise Celestials know,
Tho' *Honour* is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their
face,
For Life predestin'd to the *Gnomes* embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd.
Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping
train,

M 4

And

The Rape of the Lock.

And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
 And in soft sounds, *your grace* salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
 Teach Infants cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.

Of! when the world imagine Women stray,
 The *Sylphs* thro' mystic mazes guide their way,
 Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To one man's Treat, but for another's Ball?
 When *Florio* speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle *Damon* did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
 They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart;
 Where Wigs with Wigs, with Sword-knots Sword-
 knots strive,
 Beaus banish Beaus, and Coaches Coaches drive.
 This erring mortals Levity may call,
 Oh blind to truth! the *Sylphs* contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
 A watchful Sprite, and *Ariel* is my name.
 Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of Air,
 In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 E're to the main this morning Sun descend.
 But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warn'd by thy *Sylph*, oh pious Maid beware!
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can.
 Beware of all, but most beware of man!

He said; when *Shock*, who thought she slept too
 long;
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
 'Twas then *Belinda*! if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
 Wounds,

The Rape of the Lock.

67

Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner
read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
An heav'nly Image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior Priestesses, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket *India's* glowing gems unlocks,
And all *Arabia* breaths from yonder box.
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to Combs, the speckled, and the
white.

Here files of Pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
And *Betty's* prais'd for labours not her own.





THE
Rape of the Lock.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Lanch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-drest youths around her
shone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,
Ost' she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike:
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if *Ballas* had faults to hide:

IF

The Rape of the Lock.

69

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets her smooth iv'ry neck:
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy sprindges we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insure,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd,
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd:
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, e'er *Phœbus* rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love—— to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possesses the prize:
The Pow'r gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides,
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die.

Smooth

The Rape of the Lock.

Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play;
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
 All but the *Sylph* — with careful thoughts oppress'd,
 Th' impending woe fate heavy on his breast.
 He summons strait his Denizens of air;
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breath,
 That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Wait on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold.
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew;
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their
 wings.

Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was *Ariel* plac'd;
 His purple pinions opening to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye *Sylphs* and *Sylphids*, to your chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons hear!
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd,
 By laws eternal, to th' aerial kind.
 Some in the fields of purest *Æther* play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
 Some guide the course of wandring orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky.
 Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Hover, and catch the shooting stars by night;
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
 Or o'er the globe distill the kindly rain.

Others

The Rape of the Lock.

71

Others on earth o'er humane race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms divine the *British* Throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the fair;
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care.
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale,
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs,
To steal from rainbows e're they drop in show'rs
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft', in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelo.

This day, black Omens threat the brightest fair:
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break *Diana's* law,
Or some frail *China* jar receive a flaw,
Or stain her honour, or her new Brocade,
Forget her Pray'rs, or miss a masquerade,
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a Ball;
Or whether heav'n has doom'd that Shock must
fall.

Haste then ye spirits! to your charge repair;
The flutt'ring fan be *Zephyretta's* care;
The drops to thee, *Brillante*, we consign;
And *Momentilla*, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, *Crispissa*, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen *Sylphs*, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft' have we known that sev'nfold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale.

From

From a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stop'd in vials, or transfixt with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or Alom-Hypsticks with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flow'r:
Or as *Ixion* fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the fauns descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend,
Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair,
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.





THE
Rape of the Lock.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with
 flowers,
 Where *Thames* with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighb'ring *Hampton* takes its
 name.
 Here *Britain's* statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
 Here thou, great *Anna!* whom three realms obey,
 Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes
 Tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
 To taste a while the pleasures of a Court;
 In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last:
 One speaks the glory of the *British* Queen,
 And one describes a charming *Indian* screen;
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
 At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Snuff.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Mean while declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that Jury-men may dine;
The merchant from th' *Exchange* returns in peace,
And the long labours of the Toilet cease—
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventrous Knights,
At *Ombre* singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First *Ariel* perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore;
For *Sylphs*, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand;
And particoulour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care;
Let Spades be trumps she said, and trumps they
were,

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillo first, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.

The Rape of the Lock.

75

As many more *Manillio* forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him *Basto* follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one *Plebeian* card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears;
Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd;
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel-Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty *Pam* that Kings and Queens o'er-
threw,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of *Lu*,
Sad chance of war! now, destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to *Belinda* yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike *Amazon* her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldily spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of *Asia's* troops, and *Afric's* sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
In various habits, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions dis-united fall,
In heaps on heaps; one, fate o'erwhelms them all.
The

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance) the Queen of
Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and *Cadille*.

And now, (as oft' in some distemper'd state)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive
Queen:

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky,
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!
Sudden, their honour shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is
crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
And *China's* earth receives the smoking tyde.
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
While frequent cups prolong the rich repaste.
Strait hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)

Sent

The Rape of the Lock.

77

Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist e'er 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of * *Sylla's* fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for *Nisus'* injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill?
Just then, *Clarissa* drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case;
So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his finger's ends.
This just behind *Belinda's* neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head,
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious *Ariel* sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow' expir'd,
Relign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring *Forcex* wide,
T'inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched *Sylph* too fondly interpos'd;

* *Vide* Ovid. *Metam.* 8.

The Rape of the Lock.

Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the *Sylph* in twain,
 (* But airy substance soon unites again)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever !

Then flash'd the living lightnings from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
 When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last ;
 Or when rich *China* vessels, fal'n from high,
 In glittering dust, and painted fragments lie !

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
 (The victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine !
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a Coach and six, the *British* fair,
 As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,
 Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live !

What Time wou'd spare, from steel receives its
 date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate !
 Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of *Troy* ;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hairs shou'd
 feel
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel ?

* See Milton, *lib. 6.* of Satan cut asunder by the
Angel Michael.



T H E

Rape of the Lock.

C A N T O IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful Kings in battel seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not *Cynthia* when her Manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment and despair,
 As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.

For, that sad moment, when the *Sylphs* with-
 drew

And *Ariel* weeping from *Belinda* flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
 Repairs to search the gloomy cave of *Spleen*.

Swift

The Rape of the Lock.

Swift on his footy pinions flits the *Gnome*,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
 No cheerful breeze this fullen region knows,
 The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
 Here, in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and *Megrim* at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne : alike in place,
 But differing far in figure and in face.
 Here *Good Nature* like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd ;
 With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and
 noons,
 Her hand is fill'd ; her bosom with lampoons.

There *Affectation*, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
 Practis'd to lift, and hang the head aside,
 Faints into airs, and languishes with pride ;
 On the rich quilt, sinks with becoming woe,
 Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
 The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
 When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies ;
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise ;
 Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
 Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires :
 Now lakes of liquid gold, *Elysian* scenes,
 And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by spleen.
 Here living Teapots stand, one arm held out,
 One bent ; the handle this, and that the spout :
 A Pip-

The Rape of the Lock.

81

A Pipkin there like * *Homer's* Tripod walks;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the *Gnomes* thro' this fantastic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the pow'r — Hail wayward
Queen!

Who rule the sex, to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physick, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pelt, to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdain,
And thousands more in equal ninth maintain;
But oh! if e'er thy *Gnomes* could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face;
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I plant'd heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
Or e'er to costly lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch *Balanch* with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world their spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once *Ulysses* held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobbings, and passions, and the war of tongues.

* See *Hom. Iliad* 18. of *Vulcan's* walking Tripods.

The Rape of the Lock.

A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The *Gnome* rejoicing bears her gift away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day:

Sunk in *Thalesfris'* arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce *Thalesfris* fans the rising fire.
 O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd,
 (While *Hampton's* ecchos, wretched maid reply'd
 Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
 For this your Locks in paper durance bound,
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost!
 How shall I, then your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
 Sooner shall grass in *Hyde-park circus* grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of *Bow*;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to *Chaos* fall,
 Men, monkees, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!

She

She said ; then raging to Sir *Plume* repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir *Plume*, of amber Snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded Cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out — “ My Lord, why, what
“ the devil ?

“ Z——ds ! damn the Lock 'fore Gad, you must
be civil !

“ Plague on't ! 'tis past a jest — nay prithee,
pox !

“ Give her the hair — he spoke, and rapp'd his
box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But * by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair ;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But *Umbriel*, hateful *Gnome* ! forbears not so ;
He breaks the viol whence the sorrows flow.
Then see ! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languishing, half drown'd in tears,
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd ; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite Curl away !

* In allusion to Achilles's oath in Homer. *Il.* i.

Happy !

The Rapt of the Lock.

Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If *Hampton-Court* these eyes had never seen!
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
 By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
 Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant Northern land;
 Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
 Where none learn *Ombre*, none e'er taste *Bobee*!
 There kept my charms, conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.
 What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to
 come?

O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
 'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell;
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
 The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
 Nay, *Poll* fate mute, and *Shock* was most unkind!
 A *Sylph* too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
 See the poor remnants of these flighted hairs!
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
 These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
 The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in it's fellow's fate foresees its own;
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands;
 And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
 Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!





T H E
Rape of the Lock.

C A N T O V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain *Thalestris* with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair *Belinda* fails?
Not half so fix'd the *Trojan* could remain,
While *Anna* begg'd and *Dido* rag'd in vain.
Then grave *Clarissa* graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.

Say why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toalt?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our Coaches crowd the white glov'd
Beaus,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:

The Rape of the Lock.

That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
 Behold the first in virtue, as in face!
 Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away;
 Who would not scorn what hufwife's cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
 But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey,
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she, who scorns a man, must die a maid;
 What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good humour still whate'er we lose?
 And trust me, dear! good humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
 fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd;
Belinda frown'd, *Thalestris* call'd her Prude.
 To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
 Fans clap, silks ruffle, and tough whalebones crack;
 Heroes and Heroins shouts confus'dly rise,
 And base, and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapons in their hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

* So when bold *Homer* makes the Gods engage,
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
 'Gainst *Pallas*, *Mars*; *Latona*, *Hermes* arms;
 And all *Olympus* rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around;
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound;

* *Homer*, *Il.* 20.

Earth

The Rape of the Lock.

87

Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives
way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant *Umbriel* on a scone's height
Clap'd his glad wings, and fate to view the fight,
Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd *Thalestris* flies,
And scatters deaths around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.
O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,
Cry'd *Dapperwit*, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir *Fopling* upwards cast,
* Those eyes are made so killing—was his last :
Thus on *Meander's* flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring *Swan*, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir *Plume* had drawn *Clarissa* down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a trown ;
She smil'd to see the doughty Hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again.

† Now *Jove* suspends his golden scales in air,
Weights the Men's wits against the Lady's hair ;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce *Belinda* on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes :
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd :

* *A Song in the Opera of Camilla.*

† *Vid. Homer Il. 8., & Virg. Æn. 12.*

The Rape of the Lock.

Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;
 The *Gnomes* direct, to ev'ry atome just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden; with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd *Belinda* cry'd,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
 (* The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great great grandfire wore about his neck
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mothers hairs,
 Which long she wore, and now *Belinda* wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
 All that I dread is leaving you behind!
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in *Cupid's* flames, — but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she crys; and all around
 Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 Not fierce *Othello* in so loud a strain
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft' ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
 The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
 So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?

* In imitation of the progress of *Agamemnon's*
sceptre in *Homer*, ll. 2.

Some

The Rape of the Lock.

89

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
* Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There Hero's wits are kept in pondrous vases,
And Beau's in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are
found,
And lover's hearts with ends of riband bound;
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea;
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns with-
drew,
To *Proculus* alone confess'd in view)
A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not *Berenice's* Locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light,
The *Sylphs* behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the *Beau-monde* shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This, the blest Lover shall for *Venus* take,
And send up vows from *Rosamonda's* lake.
This *Partridge* soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks thro' *Galileo's* eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of *Louis*, and the fall of *Rome*.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn the ra-
vish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!

* *Vid.* Ariosto. Canto 34.
N. 4.

The Rape of the Lock.

Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, your self shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe *Belinda's* name!





T H E

Place of the Damn'd.

ALL Folks, who pretend to *Religion* and *Grace*,
 Allow there's a *HELL*, but dispute of the
 Place ;
 But if *HELL* by Logical Rules be defin'd
 The Place of the Damn'd, — I'll tell you my
 Mind.

Wherever the Damn'd do chiefly abound,
 Most certainly there's the *HELL* to be found,
 Damn'd *Poets*, Damn'd *Criticks*, Damn'd *Block-*
Heads, Damn'd *Knaves*,
 Damn'd *Senators* brib'd, Damn'd prostitute *Slaves* ;
 Damn'd *Lawyers* and *Judges*, Damn'd *Lords* and
 Damn'd *Squires*,
 Damn'd *Spies* and *Informers*, Damn'd *Friends* and
 Damn'd *Lyars* ;
 Damn'd *Villains* corrupted in every *Station*,
 Damn'd *Time-Serving Priests* all over the *Nation* ;
 And into the Bargain, I'll readily give you
 Damn'd ignorant *Prelates*, and *Counsellors Privy*.
 Then let us no longer by *Parsons* be Flam'd,
 For We know by these *Marks*, the Place of the
 Damn'd ;
 And *HELL* to be sure is at *Paris* or *Rome*,
 How happy for *Us*, that it is not at *Home*.



TO THE CITIZENS.

AND shall the *Patriot*, who maintain'd your
Cause,
From future *Ages*, only meet *Applause*,
Shall He, who timely rose t' his Country's *Aid*,
By her own *Sons*, her Guardians be betray'd!
Did *Heathen* Virtues in your Hearts reside,
These Wretches had been Damn'd for *Parricide*.

Shou'd **YOU** behold, whilst dreadful Armies
threat,
The sure Destruction of an injur'd State,
Some *Hero*, with Superiour Virtue bless'd,
Avert their Rage, and succour the Distress'd;
Inspir'd with Love of glorious *Liberty*,
Do Wonders to preserve his Country free.
He like the *Guardian Shepherd* stands, and they
Like Lions spoil'd of their expected **P R E Y**,
Each urging in his Rage the deadly Dart,
Resolv'd to pierce the generous Hero's Heart;
Struck with the Sight, your **SOULS** would swell
with Grief,
And dare ten thousand Deaths to his Relief,
But,

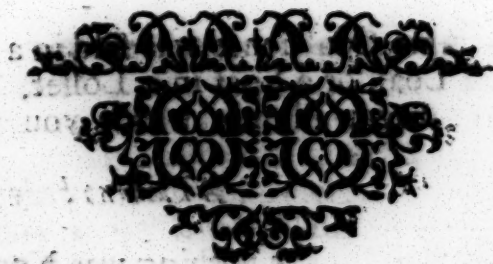
To the Citizens.

93

But, if the People be preserv'd, should Cry
He went too far, and he deserv'd to— Die,
Would not your Soul such Treachery detest,
And Indignation boil within your Breast,
Would not you wish that wretched State preserv'd
To feel the tenfold Ruine they deserv'd.

If then Oppression has not quite subdu'd
At once your Prudence and your Gratitude,
If you yourselves conspire not your Undoing,
And don't deserve, and won't draw down your
Ruine,
If yet to Virtue You have some Pretence,
If yet You are not lost to common Sense,
Assist Your Patriot in Your own Defence.
That stupid Cant, *He went too far*, despise;
And know that to be Brave is to be Wise:
Think how he struggl'd for YOUR LIBERTY,
And give him. FREEDOM, whilst your Selves
are Free.

M. B.



Am



An Excellent New

SONG

UPON THE

Late Grand-Jury.

POOOR *Monsieur* his Conscience preserv'd for a
Year,

Yet in one Hour he lost it, 'tis known far and near,
To whom did he lose it? — A Judge or a Peer.

Which no body can deny.

This very same Conscience was fold in a Closet,
For a bak'd Loaf, or a Loaf in a Loffet,
But a sweet Sugar Plumb, which you put in a
Poffet,

Which no body can deny.

O *Monsieur* to sell it for nothing was Nonsense,
For if you wou'd sell it, it shou'd have been long
since,

But now you have lost both your *Cake* and your
Conscience.

Which no body can deny.
So.

An Excellent New Song, &c. 95

So *Nel* of the Dairy before she was wed,
Refus'd Ten good Guineas for her Maiden-head,
Yet gave it for nothing to smooth-spoken *Ned*.
Which nobody can deny.

But *Monsieur* no wonder dat you were colloque
Since selling *de Contre* be now all *de Vogue*,
You be but von Fool after Seventeen Rogue.
Which nobody can deny.

Some sell it for Profit 'tis very well known,
And some but for sitting in Sight of the Throne,
And other some sell what is none of their own.
Which nobody can deny.

But *Philpot* and *Corker*, and *Burrows* and *Hayes*,
And *Rayner* and *Nicholson* challenge our Praise,
With Six other *Worthies* as Glorious as these.
Which nobody can deny.

There's *Donevan*, *Hart*, and *Archer* and *Blood*,
And *Gibson* and *Gerard* all true Men and good,
All Lovers of Ireland and Haters of Wood.
Which nobody can deny.

But the Slaves, that wou'd sell us shall hear on't in
Time,
Their Names shall be branded in Prose and in
Rhyme,
We'll paint 'em in Colours as black as their Crime.
Which nobody can deny.

But *P——r* and copper *L——b* we'll excuse,
The commands of your Betters you dare not refuse,
Obey was the Word when you wore Wooden Shoes.
Which nobody can deny.

An



An Excellent New
BALLAD:

OR,
 The true *En—s* D—n to be hang'd
 for a R—pe.

I.

OUR Brethren of *E—nd*, who love us so dear,
 And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
 A Blessing upon them, have sent us this Year,
 For the Good of our Church a true *En—s* D—n.
 A holier Priest ne'er was wrapt up in Crape,
 The worst you can say, he committed a R—pe.

II.

In his Journey to *D—n*, he lighted at *Ch—r*,
 And there he grew fond of another Man's Wife,
 Burst into her Chamber, and wou'd have Carest
 her,
 But she valu'd her Honour much more than her
 Life.

She buffeted and struggled, and made her Escape,
 To a Room full of Guests for fear of a R—pe.

III.

The D—n he pursu'd to recover his Game,
 And now to attack her again he prepares,
 But the Company stood in Defence of the Dame,
 They Cudgell'd, and Cufft him, and Kickt him
 down Stairs. His

An Excellent New Ballad, &c. 97

His D--nship was now in a damnable Scrape,
And this was no Time for committing a R-pe.

IV.

To D--n he comes, to the *Bagnio* he goes;
And orders the Landlord to bring him a Whore;
No Scruple came on him his Gown to expose,
'Twas what all his Life he had practis'd before.

He had made himself Drunk with the Juice of
the Grape,
And got a good Clap, but committed no R-pe.

V.

The D--n, and his Landlord, a jolly Comrade,
Resolv'd for a Fortnight to swim in Delight,
For why, they had both been brought up to the
Trade
Of drinking all Day, and whoring all Night.

His Landlord was ready his D--nship to ape
In ev'ry Debauch, but committing a R-pe.

VI.

This Protestant Zealot, this En--ish Divine
In Church and in State was of Principles sound,
Was truer than *Steele* to the H--ver Line,
And griev'd that a Tory should live above Ground.
Shall a Subject so Loyal be hang'd by the Nape,
For no other Crime but committing a R-pe.

VII.

By old Popish Cannons, as wise Men have Penn'd
em,
Each Priest had a Concubine, *jure Ecclesiæ*;
Who'd be D--n of F--ns without a *Commendum*?
And Precedents we can produce, if it please ye,
Then, why should the D--n, when Whores are
so cheap,
Be put to the Peril, and Toyl of a R-pe?

VIII.

If Fortune should please to take such a Crotchet,
(To thee I apply great *Smedley's* Successor)
To give thee *Lawn-Sleeves* a Mitre and Rotchet,
Whom would'st thou resemble? I leave thee a
Gueffer;
But

98 *An Excellent New Ballad on, &c.*

But I only behold thee in *Atherton's* Shape,
For *Sodomy* hang'd, as thou for a R-pe.

IX.

Ah! dost thou not Envy the brave *Colonel Gbar-*
tres,
Condemn'd for thy Crime, at three score and ten?
To Hang him all *En—nd* would lend him their
Garters;
Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish agen,
Then Throttle thy self with an Ell of strong
Tape,
For thou hast not a Groat to Attone for a R-pe.

X.

The D--n he was vex't that his Whores were so
willing,
He long'd for a Girl that would struggle and squal,
He ravish'd her fairly, and sav'd a good Shilling;
But, here was to pay the Devil and all.

His Trouble and Sorrows now come in a Heap,
And hang'd he must be for committing a R-pe!

XI.

If Maidens are ravish't, it is their own Choice,
Why are they so willful to struggle with Men?
If they would but lye quiet, and stifle their Voice,
No Devil nor D--n could Ravish 'em then,

Nor would there be need of a strong Hempen
Cape,
Ty'd round the D--n's Neck, for committing a
R-pe.

XII.

Our Church and our State dear *En—d* maintains,
For which all true Protestant Hearts should be glad;
She sends us our ——— and ——— and ———,
And better would give us, if better she had;

But, Lord how the Rabble will stare and will gape,
When the good *En—sb* D -n is hang'd up for a
R-pe..

A. Vini-



A Vindication of the LIBEL:

OR, A NEW

BALLAD;

*Written by a Shoe-Boy, on an Attorney,
who was formerly a Shoe-Boy.*

Qui Color ater erat, nunc est Contrarius atro.

WITH singing of Ballads, and crying of
News,
With whitening of Buckles and blackning of Shoes,
Did ——— set out, both Shoeless and Shirtless,
And Moneyless too, but not very Dirtless;
Two Pence he had gotten by Begging; that's all,
One bought him a *Brush*, and one a *Black-Ball*,
For Clouts at a loss, he cou'd not be much,
The Cloaths on his Back as being but such;
Thus vamp'd and accouter'd with *Clouts*, *Ball* and
Brush,
He gallantly ventur'd his Fortune to push,
Vespasian *thus being besmattered with Dirt*,
Was omen'd to be Rome's Emperor for't;
But as a wise Fiddler is noted, you know,
To have a good Couple of Strings to one Bow;
So

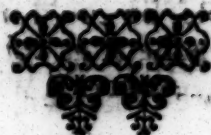
100 *A Vindication of the Libel, &c.*

So ——— judiciously thought it too little,
To live by the sweat of his Hands, and his Spittle,
He finds out another Profession as fit,
And straight he becomes a retailer of Wit;
One Day he cry'd ——— *Murders, and Songs, and
great News,*

Another as loudly ——— *Here blacken your Shoes:*
At ——— full often he fed upon Bits,
For winding of Jacks up, and turning of Spits,
Lick'd all the Plates round, had many a Grubbing,
And now and then got from the Cook-Maid a
Drubbing:

Such Bastings effect upon him could have none,
The Dog will be patient, that's struck with a Bone.
Sir Thomas observing this ——— withall
So expert and active at *Brushes and Ball,*
Was mov'd with Compassion and thought it a pity
A Youth should be lost, that had been so Witty,
Without more a-do he vamps up my Spark,
And now we'll suppose him an Eminent Clerk;
Suppose him an Adept in all the Degrees
Of Scribbling *cum dafso*, and hooking of Fees.
Suppose him a Miser, Attorney *per Bill*,
Suppose him a Courtier, ——— Suppose what you
will ———

Yet wou'd you believe, tho' I swore by the Bible,
That he took up two *News-Boys* for crying the
LIBEL.





A

Friendly Apology

FOR A

Certain Justice of Peace ; by way of De-
fence of ———— Esq;

*But he, by bawling News about,
And aptly using Brash and Clout,
A Justice of the Peace became,
To punish Rogues who do the same.*

HODIERAS.

By JAMES BLACKWELL, Operator for the Feet.

I Sing the Man, of Courage try'd,
O'er-run with Ignorance, and Pride,
Who boldly hunted out Disgrace,
With canker'd Mind, and hideous Face,
The first who made, (let none deny it,)
The Libel-vending Rogues be quiet.

The Fact was Glorious we must own,
For ——— was before unknown,
Contemn'd I mean, ——— for who wou'd chuse
So vile a Subject for the Muse ?

'Twas once the noblest of his Wishes,
To fill his Paunch with Scraps from Dishes,

For

For which he'd Parch before the Grate,
 Or wind the *Jack's* slow-rising weight,
 Such Toils as best his Talents fit,
 Or polish *Shoes*, or turn the *Spit*;
 But unexpectedly grown Rich in
 Squire ——— Family and Kitchen,
 He Pants to Eternize his Name,
 And takes the dirty Road to Fame,
 Believes that persecuting Wit,
 Will prove the surest way to it;
 So, with a C-l---l at his Back,
 The *Libel* feels his first Attack,
 He calls it a seditious Paper,
 Writ by another *Patriot Drapier*,
 Then Raves, and Blunders Nonsense thicker
 Than Justices o'er charg'd with Liquor:
 And all this with Design, no doubt,
 To hear his Praises hawk'd about,
 To send his Name thro' ev'ry Street,
 Which erst he roam'd with naked Feet,
 Well pleas'd to Live to future times,
 Tho' but in keen Statyric Rhymes.

So * *Ajax*, who, for aught we know,
 Was Justice many Years ago,
 And minded then no earthly things,
 But killing Libellers of Kings,
 Or, if he wanted Work to do,
 To run a bauling News-Boy thro',
 Yet he, when wrap'd up in a Cloud,
 Entreated Father *Jove* aloud,
 Only in Light to shew his Face,
 Tho' it might tend to his Disgrace.

And so, th' *Ephesian* Villain fir'd
 The Temple, which the World admir'd,
 Contemning Death, despising Shame,
 To gain an ever-odious Name.

* Vide Illiad vi. Ver. 645.



PROLOGUE

TO A

GREEK *Play, spoken by a Boy of Six
Years Old.*

YE Sons of *Athens*, grant me one Request,
And I'll requite ye with a pleasing Jest.
Protect me from my Master's cruel Rod,
Hide me, Oh! hide me from the Tyrant's Nod.
He penn'd a Prologue, which to me was shown
I lik'd it not, and told him, 'twould not down.
He said it Humour had, and Wit enough,
But to my thinking it was scurvy Stuff.
Howe'er, he made me get it all by Heart,
And thus instructed me to play my Part.

* Dear *Tommy*, Child, repeat the whole with Care,
" Here you must raise your Voice; but sink it there.
" Then in due Order take your Play-things up,
" Now whip your Gig, now spin your Castle-Top.
" Then take in Hand your *Virgil*, and your Kite,
" Throw *Virgil* on the Ground, set that to Flight,
" Then speak these Lines, I'm sure they'll give }
Delight.

Thus

104 *Prologue to a Greek Play.*

Thus he desired me to speak and act,
Believe me, Sirs, what I relate is Fact.
And now he waits expecting I shou'd say
That trifling Prologue to this serious Play.
But I must beg in that to be excus'd,
I would not have this Audience so abus'd,
Such Entertainment is not fit for Men,
Till they have reach'd their childish Age agen.
Not like that *reverend Sage*,* in whom appears
New Force of Reason in advanced Years.
Oh! could I celebrate with equal Parts
That Patron of Religion and of Arts.
The Stay of Right, the Church's chief Support
His Country's Champion, and her last Resort.

But I forbear; and now I must provide
For my own Safety, for I fear I've try'd
My Master's Patience, and his Anger mov'd,
In speaking what he ne'er would have approv'd.
I know my Danger, but I can't repent,
For being steady to a good Intent.

Thus firmly did *Hippolytus* pursue
The slippery Paths of Virtue, tho' he knew
His Ruin thence would certainly ensue.
Since our Conditions are so near the same,
They both alike your kind Compassion claim:
Grant your Protection then, ye Sons of Wit,
To poor *Hippolytus*, and poor *Tom Titt*.

* *The Bishop of Dublin, who was there.*





Of False Taste.

A N E P I S T L E

To the Right Honourable

RICHARD Earl of BURLINGTON,

Occasion'd by his publishing *Palladio's*
Designs of the Baths, Arches, Theatres,
&c. of Ancient *ROME*.

'TIS strange the Miser should his Cares em-
ploy
To gain those Riches he can ne'er enjoy?
Is it less strange the Prodigal should waste
His Wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must chuse his Pictures, Musick, Meats:
He buys from *Topham* Drawings and Designs,
For *Fountain* Statues, and for *Curio* Coins,
Kare Monkish Manuscripts for *Hearne* alone,
And Books for *Mead*, and Rarities for *Sloan*.

Think

Of false Taste.

Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine Wife (my Lord) or finer Whore.

For what has *Virro* painted, built, and planted?
Only to shew *how many* Tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir *Shylock*'s ill got Wealth to waste?
Some Dæmon whisper'd, "Knights should have a
Taste."

Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy Fool,
And needs no Rod, but *Sh—p—rd* with a Rule.
See sportive Fate, to punish aukward Pride,
Bids *Babo* build, and sends him such a Guide:
A standing Sermon! at each Year's Expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificene.

Offt have you hinted to your Brother Peer,
A certain Truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is, more needful than Expence,
And something previous ev'n to Taste—'Tis *Sense*;
Good Sense, which only is the Gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no Science, fairly worth the Seven.
A Light, which in *yourself* you must perceive;
**Jones* and ‡*Le Notre* have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot;
In all, let *Nature* never be forgot.
Consult the *Genius* of the *Place* in all,
That tells the Waters or to rise, or fall,
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the Heav'ns to scale,
Or scoops in circling Theatres the Vale,
Calls in the Country, catches opening Glades,
Joins willing Woods, and varies Shades from
Shades,

* *Inigo Jones*. ‡ *The famous Artist who design'd
the best Gardens in France, and plann'd Greenwich
and St. James's Parks, &c.*

Now

Of False Taste.

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Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and as you work, *Designs*.

Begin with *Sense*, of ev'ry Art the Soul,
Parts answ'ring Parts, shall slide into a Whole,
Spontaneous Beauties all around advance,
Start, ev'n from *Difficulty*, strike, from *Chance*;
Nature shall join you; *Time* shall make it grow
A Work to wonder at—— perhaps a *STOW.

Without it, proud *Versailles*! thy Glory falls,
And *Nero's* Terrasses desert their Walls:
The vast *Parterres* a thousand Hands shall make,
Lo! *Bridgman* comes, and floats them with a *Lake*;
Or cut wide *Views* thro' Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wish your Hill, and shelter'd Seat, again.

Behold *Villario's* ten-years Toil compleat,
His *Quincunx* darkens, his *Espaliers* meet,
The Wood support the Plain; the Parts unite,
And Strength of Shade contends with Strength
of Light;
His bloomy Beds a waving Glow display,
Blushing in bright Diversities of Day,
With silver quiv'ring Rills meander'd o'er—
—Enjoy them, you! *Villario* can no more;
Tir'd of the Scene *Parterres* and Fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a Field.

Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd *Sabinus*
stray'd,
Or sat delighted in the thick'ning Shade,
With annual Joy the red'ning Shoots to greet,
And see the stretching Branches long to meet!
His Son's fine Taste an op'ner *Vista* loves,
Foe to the *Dryads* of his Father's Groves,

* *The Seat and Gardens of the Lord Viscount Cob-
ham in Buckinghamshire.*

VOL. III.

O

One

One *boundless Green* or *flourish'd Carpet* views,
 With all the mournful Family of *Yews*;
 The thriving Plants ignoble Broomsticks made,
 Now sweep those Allies they were born to shade.

Yet hence the *Poor* are cloth'd, the *Hungry* fed;
Health to himself, and to his Infants *Bread*
 The Lab'rer bears; what thy hard Heart denies,
 Thy charitable Vanity supplies.
 Another Age shall see the golden Ear
 Imbrown thy Slop, and nod on thy Parterre.
 Deep Harvelts, bury all thy Pride has plann'd,
 And laughing *Ceres* re-assume the Land.

At *Timon's Villa* let us pass a Day,
 Where all cry out, 'What *Suns* are thrown away!
 So proud, so grand, of that stupendous Air,
Soft and *Agreeable* come never there.
 Greatness, with *Timon*, dwells in such a Draught,
 As brings all *Brobdignag* before your Thought;
 To compass this, his Building is a Town,
 His Pond an Ocean, his Parterre a Down;
 Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees?
 A puny Insect, shiv'ring at a Breeze!
 Lo! what huge Heaps of *Littleness* around!
 The Whole, a labour'd Quarry above Ground!
 Two *Cupids* squirt before: A Lake behind
 Improves the Keeness of the *Northern* Wind.
 His *Gardens* next your Admiration call,
 On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall!
 No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
 No artful Wildness to perplex the Scene:
 Grove nods at Grove, each Ally has a Brother,
 And half the Platform just reflects the other.
 The suff'ring Eye inverted Nature sees,
 Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as Trees,
 With here a Fountain, never to be play'd,
 And there a Summer-house, that knows no Shade.
 Here

Of False Taste.

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Here *Amphitrite* sails thro' Myrtle Bow'rs;
Then * *Gladiator's* fight, or die, in Flow'rs;
Un-water'd see the drooping Sea-horse mourn,
And Swallows roost in *Nilus's* dusty Urn.

Behold! my Lord advances o'er the Green,
Smit with the mighty Pleasure, to be seen:
But soft—by regular Approach—not yet—
First thro' the Length of yon hot Terras sweat,
And when up ten steep Slopes you've dragg'd your
Thighs,
Just at his Study-door he'll bless your Eyes.

His Study? with what Authors is it stor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their *dated Backs* he turns you round,
These *Aldus* printed, those *Du Sueil* has bound.
Lo some are *Vellum*, and the rest as good,
For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
For *Lock* or *Milton* 'tis in vain to look,
These Shelves admit not any Modern Book.

And now the Chappel's silver Bell you hear,
That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light Quirks of Musick, broken and uneven,
Make the Soul dance upon a Jig to Heaven.
On painted Gielings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the Saints of *Vernia*, or *Laguerra*,
On gilded Clouds in fair Expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your Eye.
To Rest, the Cushion, and soft *Dean* invite,
Who never mentions Hell to Ears polite.

But hark! the chiming Clocks to Dinner call;
An hundred Footsteps scrape the marble Hall:

* *The two famous Statues of the Gladiator pug-*
nans, & Gladiator moriens.

Of False Taste.

The rich Buffet well-colour'd *Serpents* grace,
 And gaping *Tritons* spew to wash your Face.
 Is this a Dinner? this a Genial Room?
 No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb;
 A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in State,
 You drink by Measure, and to Minutes eat.
 So quick retires each flying Course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there:
 Between each Act, the trembling Salvers ring,
 From Soup to Sweet wine, and *God bless the King*.
 In Plenty starving, tantaliz'd in State,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
 Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my Leave,
 Sick of his civil Pride, from Morn to Eve;
 I curse such lavish Cost, and little Skill,
 And swear, no Day was ever past so ill.

In you, my Lord, Taste sanctifies Expence,
 For Splendor borrows all her Rays from Sense.
 You show us, *Rome* was glorious, not profuse,
 And pompous Buildings once were things of use,
 Just as they are, yet shall your noble Rules
 Fill half the Land with *imitating Fools*,
 Who random Drawings from your Sheets shall take,
 And of one Beauty many Blunders make;
 Load some vain Church with old Theatric State;
 Turn Archs of Triumph to a Garden-gate;
 Reverse your Ornaments, and hang them all
 On some patch'd Dog-hole, ek'd with Ends of Wall,
 Then clap four Slices of Pilaster on't,
 And lac'd with Bits of Rustic, 'tis a Front:
 Shall call the Winds thro' long Arcades to roar,
 Proud to catch Cold at a *Venetian Door*;
 Conscious they act a true *Palladian Part*,
 And if they starve, they starve by Rules of Art.

Yet thou proceed; be fallen Arts thy care,
 Erect new Wonders, and the Old repair,

Jones

Of False Taste.

Jones and *Palladio* to themselves restore,
And be whate'er *Vitruvius* was before :
Till Kings call forth th' Ideas of thy Mind,
Proud to accomplish what such Hands design'd,
Bid Harbours open, publick Ways extend,
And Temples, worthier of the God, ascend ;
Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain,
The Mole projected break the roaring Main ;
Back to his Bounds their subject Sea command,
And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land :
These Honours, Peace to happy *Britain* brings,
These are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.





THE
 MAN of TASTE,
 Occasion'd by an
 E P I S T L E
 Of Mr. POPE's
 On that Subject.

W Hœ'er he be that to a *Taste* aspires,
 Let him read this, and be what he desires.
 In men and manners vers'd from life I write,
 Not what was once, but what is now polite.
 Those, who of courtly *France*, have made the tour,
 Can scarce our *English* awkwardness endure.
 But honest men, who never were abroad,
 Like *England* only, and its *Taste* applaud.
 Strife still subsists, which yields the better *gout*;
 Books or the world, the many or the few.

True *Taste* to me is by this touchstone known,
 That's always best, that's nearest to my own.
 To.

The Man of Taste.

113

To shew that my pretensions are not vain,
My Father was a play'r in *Drury-lane*,
Pears and Pistachio-nuts my Mother sold,
He a Dramatick poet, she a Scold.
His tragick muse could Countesses affright,
Her wit in boxes was my Lord's delight.
No mercenary *Priest* e'er join'd their hands,
Uncramp'd by wedlock's unpoetick bands.
Laws my Pindarick parents matter'd not,
So I was tragi-comically got.
My infant tears a sort of measure kept,
I equal'd in *Distichs*, and in *Triplets* wept.
No youth did I in education waste,
Happy in an *Hereditary Taste*.
Writing ne'er cramp'd the sinews of my thumb,
Nor barb'rous birch e'er brush'd my brawny bum.
My guts ne'er suffer'd from a college-cook,
My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery-book.
Grammar in vain the sons of *Priscian* teach,
Good Parts are better than Eight Parts of Speech:
Since these declin'd, those undeclin'd they call,
I thank my Stars, that I declin'd 'em all.
To *Greek* or *Latin Tongues* without pretence,
I trust to mother Wit, and father Sense.
Nature's my guide, all Sciences I scorn,
Pains I abhor, I was a *Poet born*.

Yet is my *gout* for criticism such,
I've got some *French*, and know a little *Dutch*.
Huge commentators grace my learned shelves,
Notes upon books out-do the books themselves.
Criticks indeed are valuable men,
But hyper-criticks are as good agen.
Tho' *Blackmore's* works my soul with raptures fill,
With notes by *Bentley* they'd be better still.
The *Boghouse-Miscellany's* well design'd,
To ease the body, and improve the mind.
Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,
For he displeases me, that pleases all.

The Man of Taste.

Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
 Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.
 To him as Nature, when he ceas'd to see,
 Milton's an *universal Blank* to me.
 Confirm'd and settled by the Nations voice,
 Rhyme is the poet's pride, and peoples choice.
 Always upheld by national Support,
 Of Market, University, and Court:
 Thompson, write blank; but know that for that
 reason,
 These lines shall live, when thine are out of season.
 Rhyme binds and beautifies the Poet's lays,
 As London Ladies owe their shape to stays.

Had Cibber's self the *Careless Husband* wrote,
 He for the Laurel ne'er had had my Vote:
 But for his Epilogues and other Plays,
 He thoroughly deserves the *Modern Bays*.
 It pleases me, that *Pope* unlaurell'd goes,
 While *Cibber* wears the Bays for Playhouse Prose.
 So Britain's Monarch once uncover'd fate,
 While *Bradshaw* bully'd in a broad-brimm'd hat.

Long live old *Curll*! he ne'er to publish fears,
 The speeches, verses, and last wills of Peers.
 How oft has he a publick spirit shewn,
 And pleas'd our ears regardless of his own?
 But to give Merit due, though *Curll's* the Fame,
 Are not his Brother-bookfellers the same?
 Can Statutes keep the *British* Press in awe,
 While that sells best, that's most against the Law?

Lives of dead *Play'rs* my leisure hours beguile,
 And *Session-Papers* tragedize my stile.
 'Tis charming reading in * *Opbelia's* life,
 So oft a Mother, and not once a Wife:

* Mrs. Oldfield, an Actress.

She

The Man of Taste.

She could with just propriety behave,
Alive with Peers, with Monarchs in her grave:
Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept,
By Prebends † bury'd, and by ‡ Generals kept.

T' improve in Morals *Mandevil* I read,
And *Tyndal's* Scruples are my settled Creed.
I travell'd early, and I soon saw through
Religion all, e'er I was twenty-two.
Shame, Pain, or Poverty shall I endure,
When ropes or opium can my ease procure?
When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,
Self-murder is an honourable way.
As * *Pasaran* directs I'd end my life,
And kill myself, my daughter, and my wife.
Burn but that *Bible*, which the Parson quotes;
And men of spirit all shall cut their throats.

But not to writings I confine my pen,
I have a taste for buildings, musick, men.
Young travell'd coxcombs mighty knowledge boast,
With superficial Smatterings at most.
Not so my mind, unsatisfied with hints,
Knows more than *Budgel* writes, or *Roberts* prints.
I know the town, all houses I have seen,
From *High-Park* corner down to *Bednal-Green*.
Sure wretched *Wren* was taught by bungling *Jones*,
To murder mortar, and disfigure stones!
Who in *Whitehall* can symmetry discern?
I reckon *Covent-garden* Church a Barn.
Nor hate I less thy vile Cathedral, *Paul*!
The choir's too big, the cupola's too small:
Substantial walls and heavy roofs I like,
'Tis *Vanbrug's* structures that my fancy strike:

† In *Westminster-Abbey*. ‡ C——I Ch—ch—ll.

* Count *Pasaran*, an *Italian*, who wrote a philosophical Treatise on Death.

The Man of Taste.

Such noble ruins ev'ry pile wou'd make,
 I wish they'd tumble for the prospect's sake.
 To lofty *Chelsea* or to *Greenwich* Dome,
 Soldiers and sailors all are welcom'd home.
 Her poor to palaces *Britannia* brings,
 St. *James's* hospital may serve for kings.
 Building so happily I understand,
 That for one house I'd mortgage all my land.
Doric, *Ionie*, shall not there be found,
 But it shall cost me threescore thousand pound.
 From out my honest workmen, I'll select
 A *Bricklay'r*, and proclaim him architect;
 First bid him build me a stupendous Dome,
 Which *having finish'd*, we set out for *Rome*;
 Take a week's view of *Venice* and the *Brent*,
 Stare round, see nothing, and come home content.
 I'll have my *Villa* too, a sweet abode,
 It's situation shall be *London* road:
Pots o'er the door I'll place like *Cit's* balconies,
 Which **Bently* calls the *Gardens of Adonis*.

I'll have my *Gardens* in the fashion too,
 For what is beautiful that is not new?
 Fair four-legg'd temples, theatres that vye,
 With all the angles of a *Christmas*-pye.
 Does it not merit the beholder's praise,
 What's high to sink? and what is low to raise?
 Slopes shall ascend where once a green-house stood,
 And in my horse-pond I will plant a wood.
 Let misers dread the hoarded gold to waste,
 Expende and alteration shew a *Taste*.

In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,
 And know their several beauties by their *Price*.
Auctions and *Sales* I constantly attend,
 But chuse my pictures by a *skilful friend*.

* *Bently's Milton*, Book 9, Ver. 439.

Originals

The Man of Taste.

117

Originals and copies much the same,
The picture's value is the painter's name.

My taste in Sculpture from my choice is seen,
I buy no statues that are not obscene.
In spite of *Addison* and ancient *Rome*,
Sir *Cloudeſſy Shovel's* is my fav'rite tomb.
How oft have I with admiration stood,
'To view some City-magistrate in wood?
I gaze with pleasure on a Lord May'r's head,
Cast with propriety in gilded lead.
Oh could I view through *London* as I pass,
Some broad Sir *Balaam* in *Corinthian* brass;
High on a pedestal, ye *Freemen*, place
His magisterial Paunch and griping Face;
Letter'd and Gift, let him adorn *Cheapside*,
And grant the *Tradefmen*, what a * *King's* deny'd.

Old Coins and Medals I collect, 'tis true,
Sir *Andrew* has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.
But among friends, if I the truth might speak,
I like the modern, and despise th' antique.
Tho' in the draw'rs of my *japan Bureau*,
To Lady *Gripeall* I the *Cesars* shew,
'Tis equal to her Ladyship or me,
A copper *Otho*, or a *Scotch Banbee*.

Without *Italian*, or without an ear,
To *Bononcini's* musick I adhere:
'Musick has charms to sooth a savage beast,
And therefore proper at a Sheriff's feast.
My soul has oft a secret pleasure found,
In the harmonious Bagpipe's lofty sound.
Bagpipes for men, shrill *German-flutes* for boys,
I'm *English* born, and love a grumbling noise.

* The Common Council of London refus'd to let
the Statue of the late King William be erected.

The

The Man of Taste.

The Stage should yield the solemn Organ's note,
 And Scripture tremble in the Eunuch's throat.
 Let *Senesino* sing, what *David* writ,
 And *Hallelujahs* charm the pious pit.
 Eager in throngs the town to *Hester* came,
 And * *Oratorio* was a lucky name.
 Thou, *Heeideggre*! the *Englisch* taste has found,
 And rul'st the mob of quality with sound.
 In *Lent*, if *Masquerades* displease the town,
 Call 'em *Ridotto's*, and they still go down:
 Go on, Prince *Phyz*! to please the British nation,
 Call thy next *Masquerade* a *Convocation*.

Bears, Lyons, Wolves, and Elephants I breed!
 And *Philosophical Transactions* read.
 Next Lodge I'll be *Free-Mason*, nothing less,
 Unless I happen to be *F. R. S.*

I have a *Palate*, and (as yet) *two Ears*,
 Fit company for *Porters*, or for *Peers*.
 Of ev'ry useful knowledge I've a share,
 But my top talent is a bill of fare,
 Sir Loins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,
 Pleas'd with frogs fricasseed, and coxcomb-pies.
 Dishes I chuse, though little, yet genteel,
Snails the first course, and *Peepers* crown the meal.
 Pigs heads with hair on, much my fancy please,
 I love young colly-flow'rs if stew'd in cheese }
 And give ten guineas for a pint of peas.
 No tatling servants to my table come,
 My Grace is *Silence*, and my waiter *Dumb*.
 Queer Country-puts extol Queen *Bess's* reign,
 And of lost hospitality complain.
 Say, thou that dost thy father's table praise,
 Was there *Mahogena* in former days?

* *A new Name that Heeideggre the Master of the
 Opera-House gave to the Opera of Hester.*

Oh!!

The Man of Taste.

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Oh! could a British Barony be sold!
I would bright honour buy with dazzling gold.
Could I the *privilege of Peer* procure,
The rich I'd bully, and oppress the poor.
To give is wrong, but it is wronger still,
On any terms to pay a tradesman's bill.
I'd make the insolent Mechanicks stay,
And keep my ready money all for play.
I'd try, if any pleasure could be found,
In *tossing-up* for twenty thousand pound.
Had I whole Counties, I to *White's* would go;
And set lands, woods, and rivers, at a throw.
But should I meet with an unlucky run,
And at a throw be gloriously undone;
My *debts of honour* I'd discharge the first;
Let all my *lawful Creditors* be curst:
My *Title* would preserve me from arrest,
And seizing *hired horses* is a jest.
I'd walk the mornings with an *oaken stick*,
With gloves and hat, like my own footman, *Dick*.
A footman I wou'd be, in outward show,
In sense, and education, *truly so*.
As for my *head*, it should ambiguous wear:
At once a periwig, and its own hair.
My hair I'd powder in the women's way,
And *dress*, and *talk of dressing*, more than they.
I'll please the maids of honour if I can;
Without black-velvet-britches, what is man?
I will my skill in *button-holes* display,
And brag how oft I shift me ev'ry day.
Shall I wear cloaths, in *awkward England* made?
And sweat in cloth, to help the *woollen trade*?
In *French* embroid'ry and in *Flanders* lace:
I'll spend the income of a treasurer's place.
Deard's bill for baubles shall to thousands mount;
And I'd out-di'mond ev'n the * *Di'mond Count*.

* An Italian Priest, who pretended to be a Sovereign Prince in Italy, and went by the Name of the Count D'Ughi in England. I would!

The Man of Taste.

I would convince the world by taudry cloaths,
 That *Belles* are less effeminate than beaux,
 And Doctor *Lamb* should pare my Lordship's
 toes. }

To boon companions I my time would give,
 With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live.
 I would with *Jockeys* from *Newmarket* dine,
 And to *Rough-riders* give my choicest wine.
 I would caress some *Stableman* of note,
 And imitate his language, and his coat.
 My ev'nings all I would with *sharpers* spend,
 And make the *Thief-catcher* my bosom friend.
 In *Fig* the Prize-fighter by day delight,
 And sup with *Colly Cibber* ev'ry night.

Should I perchance be fashionably ill,
 I'd send for * *Misaubin*, and take his pill.
 I should abhor, though in the utmost need,
Arbutnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead:
 But if I found, that I grew worse and worse,
 I'd turn off *Misaubin* and take a Nurse.
 How oft, when eminent physicians fail,
 Do good old womens remedies prevail?
 When beauty's gone, and *Chloe's* struck with years,
 Eyes she can couch, or she can syringe ears.
 Of Graduates I dislike the learned rout,
 And chuse a female Doctor for the gout.

Thus would I live, with no dull *pedants* curs'd,
 Sure, of all blockheads, *Scholars* are the worst.
 Back to your *Universities*, ye fools,
 And dangle Arguments on strings in schools:
 Those schools which *Universities* they call,
 'Twere well for *England* were there none at all.

* A French Surgeon, famous for curing the venereal Disorders.

With

The Man of Taste.

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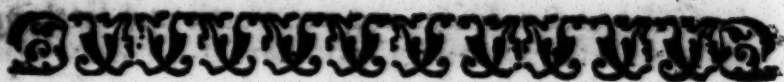
With ease that loss the nation might sustain,
Supply'd by *Goodman's Fields* and *Drury-lane*.
Oxford and *Cambridge* are not worth one farthing,
Compar'd to *Haymarket*, and *Covent-garden*:
Quit those, ye *British* Youth, and follow these,
Turn players all, and take your 'Squires degrees.
Boast not your incomes now, as heretofore,
Ye book-learn'd Seats! the Theatres have more:
Ye stiff-rump'd heads of Colleges be dumb,
A singing Eunuch gets a larger Sum.
Have some of you three hundred by the Year,
Booth, *Rich*, and *Cibber*, twice three thousand clear.
Should *Oxford* to her sister *Cambridge* join
A Year's *Rack-rent*, and *Arbitrary fine*:
Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd,
For Playhouse, Opera, Ball and Masquerade.
Glad I congratulate the judging Age,
The players are the world, the world the stage.

I am a Politician too, and hate
Of any party, ministers of state:
I'm for an *Act*, that he, who serv'n whole Years
Has serv'd his *King* and *Country*, lose his ears.

Thus from my birth I'm qualified you find,
To give the laws of *Taste* to human kind.
Mine are the gallant Schemes of Politicks,
For books, and buildings, politicks, and dress.
This is *True Taste*, and who so likes it not,
Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot.



THE



The Ballyspellin

B A L L A D.

I.
ALL you that wou'd
 Refine your Blood,
 As pure as sam'd *Luellin*,
 By Waters clear,
 Come every Year,
 To drink at *Ballyspellin*.

II.
 Tho' Pox or Itch,
 Your Skins enrich,
 With Rubies past the telling;
 'Twill clear your Skin,
 Before you've been
 A Month at *Ballyspellin*.

III.
 If Lady's Cheek,
 Be green as Leek,
 When she comes from her Dwelling;
 The kindling Rose,
 Within it blows,
 When she's at *Ballyspellin*.

IV. The

The Ballyspellin Ballad.

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IV.

The footy Brown
That comes from Town,
Grows here as fair as *Helen*,
Then back she goes,
To kill the Beaus,
By dint of *Ballyspellin*.

V.

Our Ladies here,
As fresh and fair,
As *Rose* or bright *Dunkellin*;
And *Mars* might make
A fair mistake,
Were he at *Ballyspellin*.

VI.

We men submit,
As they think fit,
And here is no Rebelling;
The Reason's plain,
The Ladies Reign,
They're Queens at *Ballyspellin*.

VII.

By matchless Charms,
Unconquer'd Arms,
They have the way of Quelling
Such desp'rate Foes,
As dare oppose,
Their Power at *Ballyspellin*.

VIII.

Cold Water turns
To Fire and burns,
I know, because I fell in,
A Stream that came,
From one bright Dame,
Who drank as *Ballyspellin*.

IX.

Fine Beaus advance,
Equipt for dance,

To

The Ballyspellin Ballad.

To bring their *Ann* or *Nell* in;

With so much Grace,

I'm sure no Place,

Can vie with *Ballyspellin*.

X.

No Politicks,

No subtle Tricks,

No Man his Country selling,

We eat, we drink,

We never think

Of these at *Ballyspellin*.

XI.

The troubl'd in Mind,

The pult with Wind,

Do all come here Pell-mell in;

And they are sure,

To work their Cure,

By drinking *Ballyspellin*.

XII.

Tho' Dropsy fills

You to the Gills,

From Chin to Toe, tho' swelling,

Pour in, Pour out,

You can not doubt

A Cure at *Ballyspellin*.

XIII.

Death throws no Darts,

Through all these Parts,

No Sexton's here a knelling.

Come, Judge and Try,

You'll never die,

But live at *Ballyspellin*.

XIV.

Except you feel,

Darts tipt with Steel,

Which here are every Bell in;

When from their Eyes,

Sweet Ruin flies,

We die at *Ballyspellin*!

XV. Good

The Ballyspellin Ballad.

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XV.

Good Cheer, sweet Air,
Much Joy, no Care,
Your Sight, your Taste, your Smelling;
Your Ears, your Touch
Transported much,
Each Day at *Ballyspellin*.

XVI.

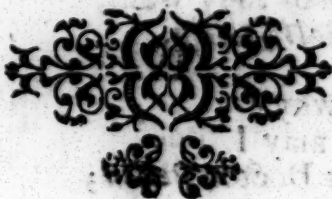
Within this Ground,
We all sleep sound,
No noisy Dogs a Yelling,
Except you wake
For *Celia's* sake,
All night at *Ballyspellin*.

XVII.

There all you see,
Both he and she,
No Lady keeps her Cell in;
But all partake,
The Mirth we make,
Who drink at *Ballyspellin*.

XVIII.

My Rhymes are gone,
I think, I've none
Except I should bring Hell in;
But since I'm here,
(To Heav'n so near)
I can't at *Ballyspellin*.



THE



T H E A N S W E R.

I.
DARE you dispute
You sawcy Brute?
And think there's no Rebelling,
Your scurvy Lays,
And senseless Praise,
You give to *Ballyspellin*?

II.
Howe're you bounce,
I here pronounce,
Your Med'cine is repelling;
Your Water's Mud,
And sours the Blood,
When drank at *Ballyspellin*.

III.
Those pocky Drabs,
To cure their Scabs,
You thither are compelling;
Will back be sent,
Worse than they went,
From nasty *Ballyspellin*.

IV.
Luellin why?
As well may I
Name honest Doctor *Pellin*;
So hard sometimes,
You tugg for Rhimes
To bring in *Ballyspellin*.

The Answer.

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V.

No Subject fit
To try your Wit,
When you went Collonelling;
But dull Intrigues,
'Twixt Jades and Teagues,
That met at *Ballyspellin*.

VI.

Our Lasses fair,
Say what you dare,
Who sowing make with shelling,
At *Market-Hill*,
More Beaus can kill,
Than yours at *Ballyspellin*.

VII.

Wou'd I was whipt,
When *Sheelab* stript,
To wash herself our Well in;
A Bum so white,
Ne're came in sight,
At paultry *Ballyspellin*.

VIII.

Your Mawkins there,
Smocks *Hempen* wear
Of *Holland* not an Ell in,
No not a Rag,
What e'er you brag,
Is found at *Ballyspellin*.

IX.

But *Tom* will prate,
At any Rate,
All other Nymphs expelling:
Because he gets
A few *Grisets*,
At lousy *Ballyspellin*.

X.

There's bony *Jane*
In yonder Lane,
Just o'er against the *Ball Inn*;

Where

The Answer.

Where can you meet,
A Lass so sweet,
Round all your *Ballyspellin*.

XII.

We have a Girl
Deserves an Earl,
She came from *Enniskillen*;
So fair so young,
No such among
The *Belles* at *Ballyspellin*.

XIII.

How wou'd you stare,
To see her there,
The foggy Mist dispelling;
That cloud the Brows,
Of ev'ry Blowse
Who lives at *Ballyspellin*.

XIII.

Now as I live,
I wou'd not give
A *Stiver* for a *Skellin*,
To towse and kifs,
The fairest Miss
That leakes at *Ballyspellin*.

XIV.

Who e're will raise
Such lies as these,
Deserves a good Cudgelling;
Who falsly boasts
Of *Belles* and *Toasts*,
At dirty *Ballyspellin*.

XV.

My Rhimes are gone,
To all but one,
Which is, Our Trees are felling;
As proper Quite,
As those you write,
To force in *Ballyspellin*.

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